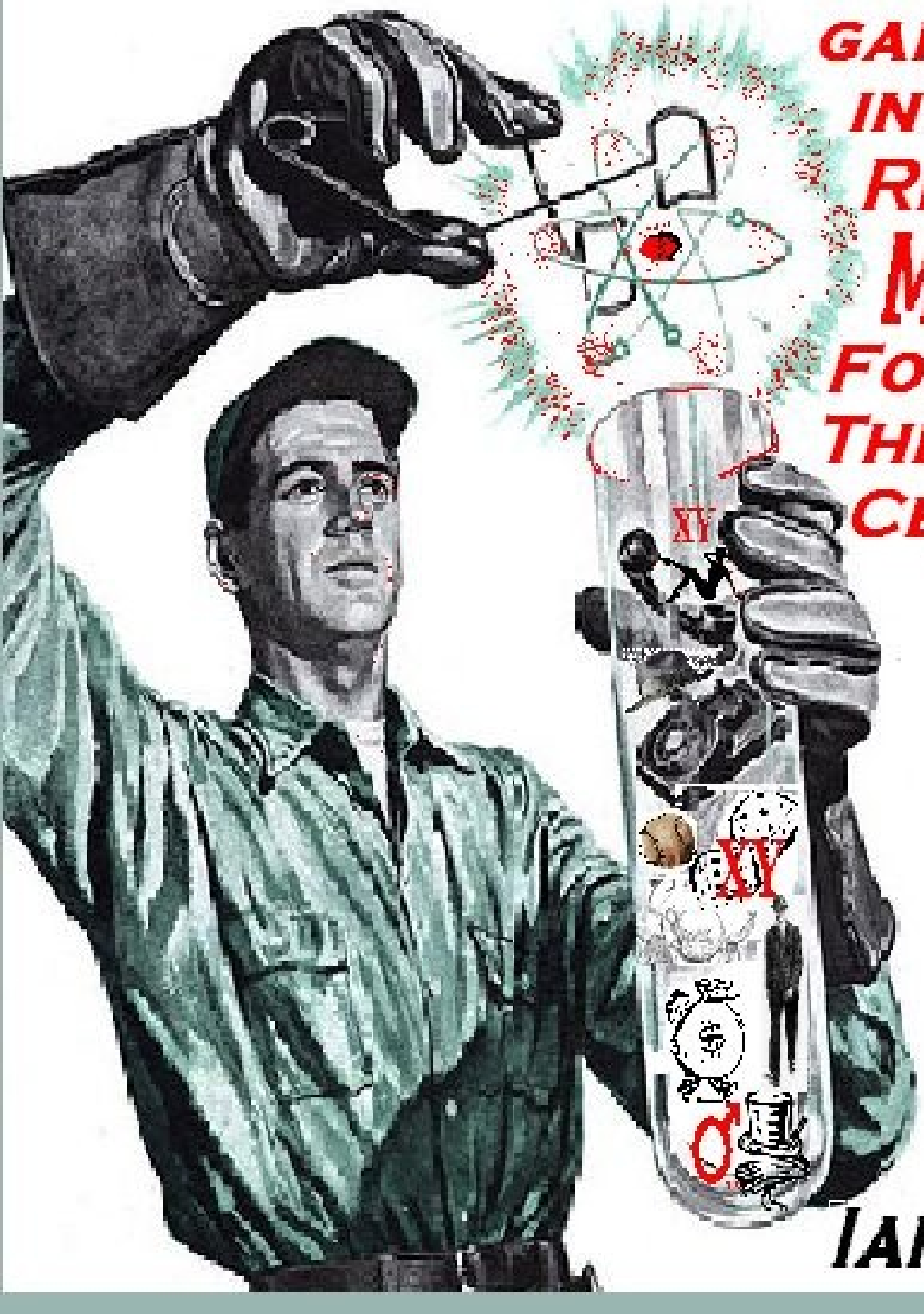
# THE MANOSPHERE!

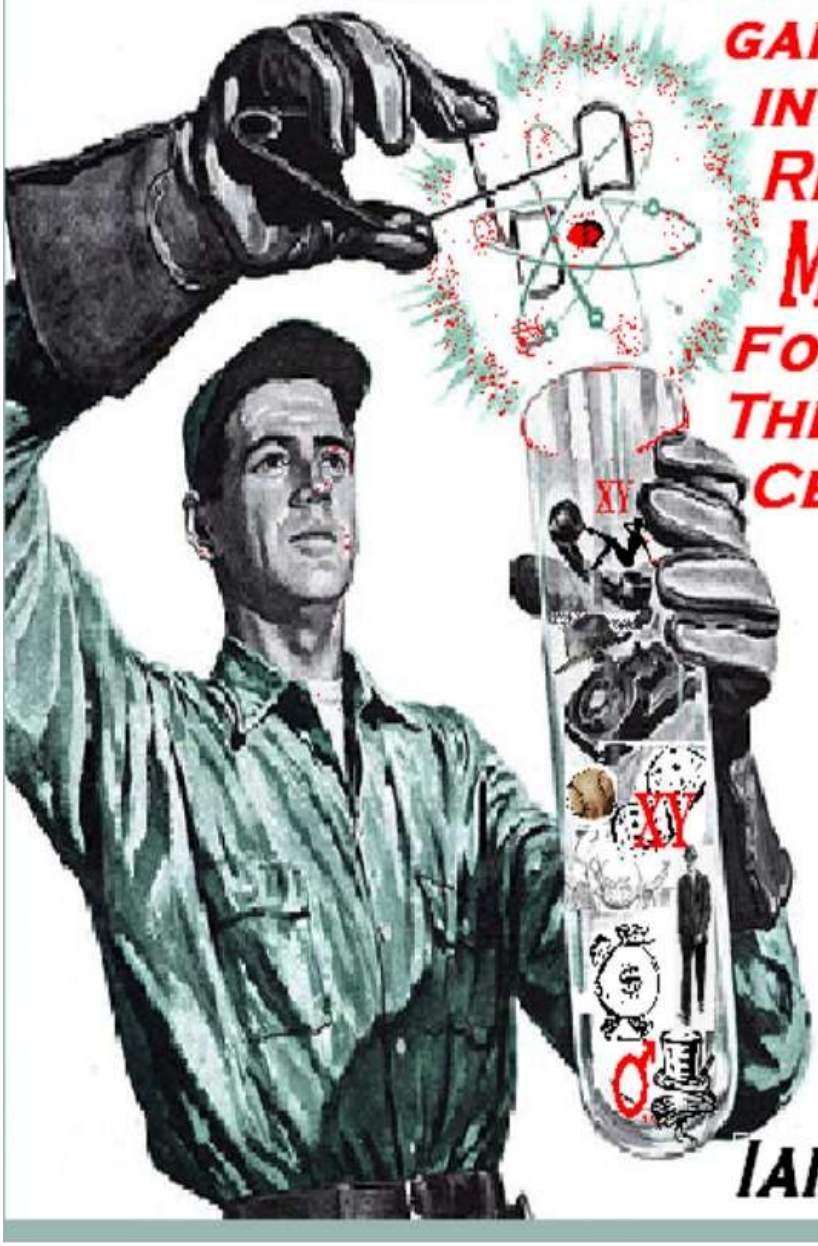
## How the RED PILL, GAME, and the INTERNET are REVALORIZING MASCULINITY For The 21st Century!




By
Ian Ironwood

# THE MANOSPHERE!

## HOW THE RED PILL, GAME, AND THE INTERNET ARE REVALORIZING MASCULINITY FOR THE 21ST CENTURY!




BY IAN IRONWOOD

# The Manosphere:

# A New Hope For Masculinity

# By Ian Ironwood

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**FIRST KINDLE EDITION**

**Red Pill Press**

**For my Father, my Brothers, and my Sons,**

**The most important Men in my life.**

**One gives me Wisdom.**

**One gives me Comradarie.**

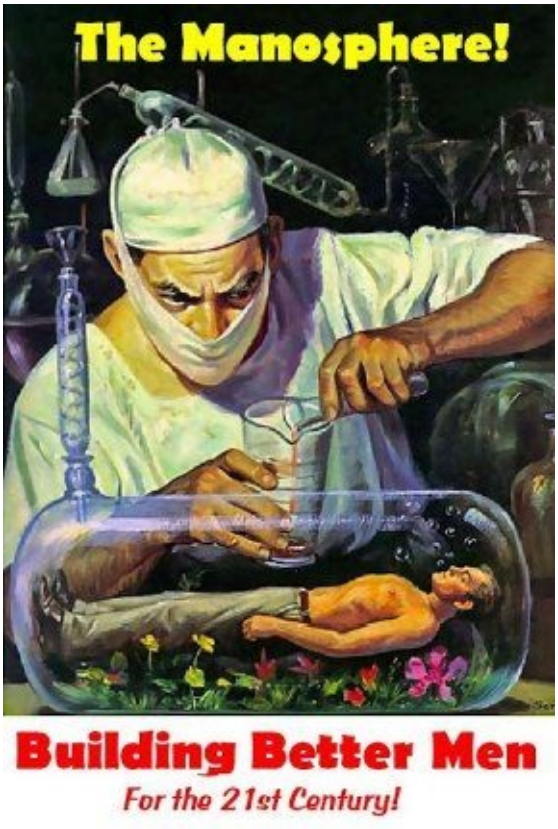
**One gives me Courage.**

**All give me Strength.**

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# Author's Forward:




## *What is the Manosphere?*

What little is written *about* the Manosphere that's not actually *in* the Manosphere has usually been written by its opponents. A cursory glance might give the casual observer the impression that it's just a bunch of cranky old angry conservative men who want to go back to the 1950s. Terms like "misogynistic" and "anti-woman" and "hatemongers" and worse have been leveled at the bloggers who make up the Manosphere.

In some cases the harsh terms seem justified. In others they are decidedly *not.* Indeed, more often than not the critics are so enraged by the challenge to some of their basic precepts that they cannot get over their own sense of outrage enough to see the validity of the content, and its importance. The Manosphere often sees that kind of reactionary response to its discussions – the men there are used to it. All too often it is the standard response from women to men when

they try to reasonably discuss matters of importance and subjects of interest to their gender.

Instead of participating in a frank discussion about gender relations, appreciating that there are, in fact, two sexes involved, many feminists and misguided sympathizers assume that ANY criticism of feminism from men is automatically worthy of condemnation and derision, and make a point of informing the men in question how misguided and ignorant they are, and how they probably don't like gays or black people, either. And live in their mother's basement. And never got touched by a girl.

That impression would be highly misleading. The Manosphere is more than that. *Far* more. If you get distracted by the rhetoric, you're missing the important stuff . . . and that important stuff is *mushrooming* in importance.

For those who are unfamiliar with this corner of the internet, the Manosphere is the nascent and evolving collection of blogs discussing topics of masculine interests and men's' issues. Every day, hundreds of thousands, if not millions of men, visit these sites in search of wisdom and understanding about what it means to be a male in the 21st century, particularly in the face of a culture irrevocably changed by feminism. Trying to draw a tighter circle around the phenomenon is difficult – but I think I've hit upon a good metaphor to describe it.

***The Manosphere is like a comet.***

I don't mean that in the usual metaphorical sense, wherein it would be compared to a rarely seen, spectacular (and undeniably phallic) event portending great changes and the end of empires. No, I mean it in the *literal* sense, informed by science. The Manosphere is like a comet in that it is essentially a **dirty snowball**.

In case you fell asleep before that particular show came on the **Discovery Channel**, the head of a comet, broken down to its constituent components, is a "dirty snowball": a mixture of rock, dust, and ice attached to a common center of local mass on a common trajectory across the solar system.

Comets spend most of their life dutifully plodding through the outer reaches of our local stellar neighborhood, lurking in the Oort Cloud far beyond our notice. But the Sun's gravity relentlessly lures the dirty snowballs back into the light on

a periodic basis. As the comet gets nearer the sun, the solar radiation fans out the dust and ice from the dirty snowball into a brilliant "tail".

But it's still just a dirty snowball, when you get up close. And the Manosphere is like that.

The memes and the ideas behind it have been there all along, in the silence of the cultural Oort Cloud. The invisible, indefinable gravitational center of the Manosphere is no less than Masculinity, itself. There has been an unease about masculinity – a recognition of crisis by the friends and foes of men, particularly in the face of a changing femininity – that has been around for decades, now. The signs and symptoms of this unease were as clear as portents and omens, murky and misunderstood. Only when that irregular mass got exposed to the strong energy of the internet did it start to show itself . . . and now the tail of that metaphorical comet is starting to be seen in the sky by those who know to look.

Okay, enough with the tortured metaphors. I'll be returning to this one so often you'll get sick of it.

When trying to pin down just *what* constitutes "the Manosphere", suddenly things get complicated. Like many other social or intellectual movements, just where it begins and ends depends entirely on your perspective. But after long investigation and consideration, I believe the best and most *useful* definition of the Manosphere is this**: a collection of internet blogs, cultural discussion groups, interpersonal interactions and digital clubhouses whose focus revolves around *issues and interests common to men and masculinity***.

That covers a *lot* of territory. But so does a comet's tail.

The Manosphere is often split by its critics into two broad areas, the Men's Rights Advocates (**MRAs**) – groups advocating for masculine issues like fair child custody, divorce, alimony and visitation laws for fathers, equitable sentencing between the genders for similar crimes, combating falsely made allegations of rape – and the "Pick-Up Artists" (**PUAs**) – groups and individuals advocating the best ways of removing the panties and inhibitions of women for the purposes of sexual seduction.

But while both of those points-of-mass are vital and important to the Manosphere, they do *not* define it. Men's issues and interests go beyond that,

and often into some intriguing (anthropologically speaking) areas including politics, religion, economics, psychology, philosophy, sociology, and beyond. Both the PUA communities and the MRA communities are legitimate and valued voices within the greater Manosphere, particularly since their interests often overlap. Particularly on the subject of sex.

**Sex, you see, is a near-universal masculine interest and male issue.** (We had a meeting. It was unanimous.)

Since most men have sex with women (but not all – there are plenty of gay men lurking in the Manosphere, despite the soft homophobia that abounds, because *they're dudes too* and struggle with most of the same things straight dudes do) a lot of the talk about sex *concerns* women. Since feminism is such a powerful force in the lives of many Western women **a primary focus of the Manosphere's discussions about feminism revolve around the affect it has had on men and masculinity.**

(Spoiler alert: the discussions are *rarel*y known for their congratulatory positivity.)

Not all the Manosphere is anti-feminist, and few parts are legitimately anti-woman. Accusations of misogyny, while overblown, have legitimate basis . . . but then again, some of the voices in the Manosphere belong to men who have been *savagely* treated by women. And the blatant misandry on feminist sites like Jezebel is at least as appalling from a social perspective. Yet men's issues are not even acknowledged as rising to the level of social concern, for most feminists. In the context of Gender Feminism, as it has evolved, it is *impossible* for straight men to be victims. The Oppressors *cannot* be the Oppressed . . . and even if they are, *the suffering of women trumps the suffering of men.*

No one blames a female rape victim for her misandry ("man-hating"), in light of the psychological and emotional trauma she has endured. Yet a man who has been emotionally or physically abused, who has had his children taken from him, who has been denied justice in a system that favors women in domestic issues, who has been financially ruined and socially devastated by a woman to the point where an actual, *physical* rape by the cellmate of your choice would be preferable, in all honesty . . . that man is considered a "misogynist" and a "whiner" by his feminist-leaning critics *if he dares voice his anger and rage.*

Until, in rare cases, he's described as a "disturbed loner with a troubled domestic past", in the news report covering the aftermath of his shooting rampage.

The Manosphere is an *angry* place. Feminists love to talk dismissively about the anger there, as if male anger invalidates any reasonable point behind the anger. But that anger is understandable by any objective measure. **That's because our culture has treated men, as a class, very poorly while asking so much from them.**

The anger in the Manosphere isn't, as some critics claim, merely a reaction to the "loss of male privilege" or a "fear of strong women" or other tired chestnuts. It's *real.* It's *palpable.* There is a profound sense of loss, of displacement, of betrayal, and yes, *anger*, in the men who have taken up the keyboard to discuss gender issues from the XY perspective. For the last 40 years, men have been trying to adapt to the chaotic result of the Sexual Revolution and the dictates of feminism, and at long last they are getting fed up.

But don't think that the Manosphere is merely the haven of bitter divorcees and rejected losers. The Manosphere is far more than that. It is, in a very real sense, the reestablishment of the intellectual underpinnings of an unapologetically *new patriarchal culture* in the West. It is a repository of wisdom specific to masculine endeavors, and it *attracts angry, passionate men who are dedicated to their cause.*

History is *replete* with lessons about just what can happen when that occurs.

As the Manosphere's tail begins to grow and glow, it has the potential power to be a guiding hand for the young man struggling with his masculinity, a library for the young adult establishing a mating strategy, a married man's refuge and counsel in troubled times, and a mature man's opportunity to expound on the lessons he's learned in his life, informing and initiating a new generation of men into the world. Within this comet you will find experience and perspectives that have brought profound insight and wisdom to thousands of men who were deprived of that from their own fathers by fate and circumstance.

This isn't the first time a "men's movement" has gotten started in the West, of course. As far back as the late 1970s, inspired by feminism's "Women's Liberation", there were parallel groups forming for "Men's Liberation" – although there wasn't much consensus on just what that *meant*. Mostly it was a

simple transference of feminist ideals to men and masculinity.

The problem was, the two were fundamentally incompatible, especially once Gender Feminism came along, and even the most devout male feminists had to acknowledge that they had little idea what to do with that knowledge in the greater context of the "gender wars". Every time men got together to discuss their issues, if they weren't gay they were treated by women with suspicion at best and with misandry at worst. Masculinity was under full attack from all sides, and the *only* one who seemed to be sticking up for men, *as* men, was **Asa Barber's *Men*** column in **Hugh Hefner's *Playboy Magazine***.

In the 1980s the Mythopoetic movement attempted to steer masculine identity into the spiritual and psychological, thanks to the influence of Joseph Campbell's work on mythology, like his seminal ***Hero With A Thousand Faces***, and books lamenting the loss of the masculine spirit, like ***Iron John*** and ***Fire in the Belly***. The late 1980s and early 1990s was the Age of the Drum Circle and the Sweat Lodge for the Men's Movement.

Unfortunately, as empowering as that was, eventually you crawled out of the sweat lodge and you were still that same dude with the same problems at work and a troubled marriage – and now you were dehydrated. Mythopoetics was transformative to many men, myself included. But part of that transformation was the mystic realization **that it didn't matter how at peace we each were with our penis . . . the rest of the world was *still* out to get it.**

The "Men's Movement" of the 1990s included a lot of IPOs and money and therapy, when you could afford it, and a lot of dudes could. It was the dawn of the Digital Age and the Age of the Metrosexual. Suddenly, as everyone was getting filthy rich off of electrons and bright ideas, your feelings about your father and masculine social expectations *paled* in comparison to the allure of using your bonus check to upgrade to a sports car, a bigger condo, three weeks in Cabo or even consider marriage. But not *seriously*.

Of course, money didn't make the core issues afflicting masculinity go away, it just distracted us from them pleasantly. By the turn of the century, our pursuit of a fully-developed, scalable global digital infrastructure was sadly overtaken by events, and suddenly our undeveloped, poorly-designed masculinity was on our collective mind again as we faced the fresh horrors of the 21st century.

Only now we had *the internet.*

The early seeds of the modern Manosphere can be traced to the Usenet Newsgroups of the late 1980s, particularly the **alt.men** family of newsgroups. That's where the first pioneering discussions online began. That's where the Manosphere began, even though it wasn't known by that name. As it developed, it transformed with the technology, becoming in turn Yahoo! newsgroups, mailing lists, websites, and, eventually, blogs.

But the seeds of the idea were always there: *wouldn't it be cool if we had a place we could go and talk and be honest about the horseshit we wade through on a daily basis and* ***just be dudes?***

It was the blogs that really galvanized the Manosphere and made it into what it is now becoming. The blogs were the points-of-mass for discussion, and often begat other blogs, books, discussion groups, and the like about masculinity that fanned out into the long tail of the Manosphere.

Some took off and attracted hundreds of thousands of readers. Some sputtered out and closed shop as their authors became more sophisticated or opted out or both. At this point, as I discuss later in the book, limiting discussion of the Manosphere to just the blogs misses the fact that the internet is just one facet of an emerging masculine consensus. But intellectually, the blogs were the center of the Manosphere comet, and still are.

Starting at the core of the snowball, you can find some very distinct groups and philosophies. Of course the **MRAs** are a prominent one, as are the **PUAs**, but there are other proponents of masculinity and male issues that you couldn't *not* include. The **Old Married Guys (OMGs)**, for instance, and the **Men Going Their Own Way (MGTOW)**, and the **Traditional Christian Conservatives**, and the hundreds of sites devoted to the pursuit of Game would also, by definition, *have* to be included.

But so would sites specifically on fatherhood, marriage, custody and divorce, men's health, politics, and male-oriented economics. **Just because a blogger isn't bitching about how badly he got taken in his divorce doesn't mean he isn't part of the Manosphere.** A couple of the more racy sports sites could be included, as could a number of blogs on lifestyles associated with the military, motorsports, precision machinery, firearms, and construction work. Several porn

sites would easily make the list. As a collection of blogs and newsgroups centering around masculinity and male issues, sex is a *primary* topic.

That's because **sex is a <u>male issue</u>, just as reproductive freedom is a <u>female issue</u>.** So the Manosphere talks about sex. A *lot.*

If you add in the massive number of male-oriented sports sites, car sites, and other male-dominated interest sites, then the Manosphere becomes *vast*, like the tail of a comet.

Considering a site about sleeping more frequently with your wife is *certainly* a Manosphere site near the head of the comet . . . but is a site about fantasy football? Why yes, yes it is. A blog discussing the mythopoetic nature of masculinity is *clearly* in the Manosphere . . . but is a Mustang Owners Club discussion board a part? Oh, *mais ouis!* The popular blog ***Hooking Up Smart***, penned by a woman for women, is considered a *very* important part of the Manosphere . . . but is an anti-feminist site? Again, yes. Are all the Manosphere blogs written by Evangelical Christian white men? No, there are prominent atheists, Jews, and pagans writing about male issue from their perspective as well. Is the Manosphere a conservative bastion? Perhaps . . . but there are plenty of Progressive bloggers in the Manosphere, too. *One is writing this book.*

This book will deal mostly with the head of the dirty snowball, those parts of the Manosphere that clearly identify themselves as such. **But it should always be kept in mind that this book is intended as a *survey and an introduction,* not a comprehensive guide or exhaustive report.** Hell, I'm *not even a journalist*, so don't hold this book up to journalistic standards (if there are any left). I'm a writer using a pseudonym. More importantly, **I'm a dude**. **And I'm on a mission.**

And I'm not alone. For every Roissy or RooshV-style PUA "Jedi Master" out there, there are also *thousands* of men who participate in small ways, passionate not about hooking-up with a succession of hot chicks, for instance, but perhaps passionate about the bond they shared with their father over professional baseball, or how their relationship with their brothers changed when they got married, or how difficult it can be to be a man in a predominantly female office and distinguish yourself without being attacked for sexism. **Masculinity doesn't stop with our dicks.** It sprays out messily all over the place.

That's the Manosphere. That's the dirty snowball. You rarely know where it begins and ends. The more you try to "touch" it, the more it defies your definitions and resists your capability to be confined. **And the moment you say something definitive about it, there are a hundred exceptions to the rule that make your attempt moot or foolhardy.**

But if we go with the "dirty snowball" model, then you can figure out what the Manosphere is the same way you find a comet in the sky: **you back up enough until you can see the unifying principal, and then you agree that everything more-or-less in *that* area that is part of *that* thing can probably be safely determined to *be* that thing.** And in this case, the unifying principal happens to be Men and Masculinity.

Beyond that, *all bets are off.*

## Author's Introduction:
## Ian Meets The Manosphere

I guess it all began – for me, at least – when one of the managers at the Big Porn office I work at came to me and said *"Ian, how'd you like to write a book on picking up women?"*

Now, there are a lot of possible come-backs to that question, from the simple *"Dude, I've been married for **fifteen years** . . . it's been* two decades *since I picked up a woman!"* to the more sophisticated *"considering the tumultuous state of affairs in intergender interpersonal relationships, not to mention the chaotic dating landscape recently complicated by such factors as Facebook and internet dating, the construction of such a guide would be a Herculean undertaking."*

But I'm a professional. I asked the only real question that mattered.

"How much?"

He named a sum, far smaller than a conventional book advance, but then this was no conventional book. He then told me I had a month to do it. Editorial standards would be low, but he wanted a completed manuscript. There was a

look of challenge in his eye.

But that's not what made me do it. It was September, Christmas was three months away, and I have a wife, three kids and a mortgage. A professional doesn't let such opportunities pass by.

"I'll do it."

And that's how it all began . . . for me, at least.

The result of this whirlwind month of research and long nights on obscure sites all over the internet was a basic guide for how to meet and seduce women, emphasis on "basic". I interviewed local PUAs, hung out with a crew of grad students at Duke University (where Tucker Max went to Law School and the Lacrosse Team went to jail) research into evolutionary biology, an examination of the current demographics, I put everything I could into it, and I'm a pretty resourceful dude by all accounts.

Every night I cranked away at it, hacked it into form, and tried to make it as remedial as possible. At the end of the month, I had the completed book (entitled ***The Gentleman's Guide To Picking Up Women***) on deadline, I got my check, and a Merry Christmas was had by all.

But along the way, I had stumbled across the early formation of what became the Manosphere.

In particular I had stumbled on the fascinating science of "Game"; a somewhat aggressive seduction technique that was enjoying more and more success and notoriety, even as it was alarming the few feminists paying attention. You're going to hear a *lot* about Game, as it is known from one of the seminal and influential (if widely acknowledged as flawed) works on the subject, **Neil Strauss's *The Game*** [2005]. Strauss's work was also been one of the first Game books to gain notoriety among the mainstream. But since it really *has* been twenty years since I picked up a woman, the science of the "Crimson Arts" was of more academic interest to me than anything else.

But it was, as I said, *fascinating* to hear these intelligent young men use their minds, educations and resources in pursuit of one of the few things that made them happy these days: sex. And since I work marketing porn, I kept up on my

research about Game and watched how it developed.

These dudes were a choice demographic for me, after all. Knowing their sexual styles, their likes and dislikes, and their consumer attitudes made me a more effective marketer. And their dads were already paying my rent – the 40-something married guy is my biggest demographic.

I ignored most of the political bullshit at first – I was intrigued by the *psychology*.

Seduction is an important thing, even for an OMG (Old Married Guy). And you can't be in marketing, particularly porn marketing, unless you understand the psychology of your customers. The Game blogs were crude and rude, but they were also efficient and (surprisingly) effective. Names like Roissy and Roosh and Mystery started to rise to the surface among the others as these young men took a variety of techniques and started looking at them as a system: **a system for guys to get laid by hot girls with a minimum of bullshit.**

Whether that is inherently misogynistic or not I'll leave to your own judgment, but before you make your decision consider how much time and effort is spent on the XX side of the Force attempt to allure and attract men, as well as please them in bed. ***Cosmo*** and ***Glamour*** are focused *intently* on the subject. You simply can't pick up a copy of **Cosmopolitan** without seeing some derivation of the word SEX on the cover . . . *at least three times*. The average is four. I check every month. That's what we Sex Nerds do.

So if *Cosmo* and *Glamour* are designed to help *women* get laid, and that's *not* considered inherently misandrous, by logical extension then Roissy and Roosh shouldn't be considered *misogynous*, just because they want to teach guys *their* techniques designed to get them laid. (They might be for their political views, perhaps, but let's just stick to sex for now).

It didn't end with the Game blogs. From there I got led over to blogs by men that revolved around longer-term relationships than the PUAs one-night-stand bonanza. And from there I ran across the term *Manosphere* for the first time. I was, again, intrigued. I was a man. How could I not be intrigued? And what I found was breathtaking.

My exploration of this interesting, passionate, and fertile ground of masculinity,

and how it could very well lead to a resurgence of masculine pride and endeavor, seemed destined to become a book. Or at least result in higher porn sales, whichever.

Whether you consider it a counterpoint to feminism, authored-and-inspired by the fruits of feminist *theory*, or merely a way for dudes to score poon and bitch about their lives, the Manosphere is starting to form . . . and at some point (I don't remember exactly when) I realized: *this has the potential to change everything*.

***A whole internet subculture devoted to the pursuit of masculine interests.***

So I grabbed the comet by the tail and dove into that dirty snowball, and this is what I found. Each chapter contains not only a discussion about the blogs in that area, but also some contextual history and a little mythopoetics to cleanse your palate between courses. Because before you can understand the Manosphere and grasp its significance, you have to understand *how* we got where we are and why.

But first . . . *a brief note to my feminist sisters.*

## *A Personal Note To Feminists*



If consider yourself a feminist and I wrote this book right, it should piss you off.

I don't mind that. Parts are written *expressly* to piss you off. I'm an open *agent provocateur* for masculinity and men's issues. If I'm not pissing off feminists, I'm not doing my job. But despite your anger, Ladies (and misguided gents), this book should also make you *think* while you're writing your hate mail. Think about the future, and specifically the future *your* children (if any – more on this shortly) will inherit. Even if you aren't self-identified as a feminist, this book is probably going to piss you off . . . and make you think . . . for entirely different reasons.

Either way, you should pay attention, because feminism is a major cultural force in our society, and has been for decades, but it's important you understand just what feminism is, what it isn't, what it professes to be, what it wants to be, and the bloody legacy it has left in its wake. You may go weeks without thinking about feminism even if you're female . . . but feminism never stops thinking about *you.*

You will find several references to feminism in this book, and few of them will be positive. It may confuse you why men – perfectly good, *ordinary* men – seem to *loathe* feminism as ardently as they do in the Manosphere. After all, **isn't feminism merely the idea that all people should be treated equally in**

**society and under the law?**

Well . . . no. Not *really*.

I'm not speaking out of ignorance here, as you might presume. I've read a *lot* of feminist writers, in class and out, and I've engaged in debate with some pretty sophisticated feminists over the years. Indeed, usually when I discuss feminism with a woman, it doesn't take five minutes before I'm discussing it with far more knowledge of the subject than *they* have. I'm not saying that to be snotty – it's just the truth.

*Most* women, for example, don't understand that there are different schools-of-thought within feminism that emphasize different understandings of the ideology. If you're a feminist and you don't believe that, then you need to get out more.

Women who only *casually* identify as feminists usually *at most* understand "Women's Liberation" from marriage and family, "Equal Pay for Equal Work", and "Girls Can Do Anything Boys Can Do", and that exhausts the limits of their knowledge about an ideology they will defend valiantly from any attack.

Once you get to discussing Simone d' Beauvoir, Hanisch, Anzaluda, Chaftez, Sandoval, Lorde, Fausto-Sterling, Fine, Pateman, Dworkin and McKinnon and Paglia and Steinem and Starhawk, their eyes glaze over as they admit that they *haven't actually read* that much on feminism . . . but, like pornography, they're sure they *know what it is when they see it*.

So do I – more so than *they* do. I'm not ignorant. Actually, *most* men aren't ignorant. There's a lot of anger toward feminism in the Manosphere, but believe it or not it is *well-informed* anger, not mere knee-jerk reactionism. A *lot* of these men have read more feminist literature than *you* have – and they're upset with feminism *not* because they want to see you ignorant, oppressed, barefoot and pregnant . . . they are upset *because they're feeling attacked by feminism for* ***simply being men.***

You can dismiss it if you like, but it won't make it go away. It's one of those pesky "feelings" things. The men of the Manosphere are *angry* with your liberating, empowering ideology because they are seeing a side of feminism that *you don't* – because you think it's all about *equality.*

Once upon a time that may have been true. During the Rosie The Riveter days of WWII, and then the post-war flood of women in the workplace in the 1950s, equity under the law and in the workplace were, indeed, hallmarks of a nascent feminism. Equality under the law and in society was denied women, and they *very rightly* fought that tradition.

The old laws were designed to deal with an agricultural society where 90% of the people were subsistence farmers. We were better than that. We were in the Age of Industrialization, now. The age of the farm wife was *over.*

The ability for a woman to eschew the traditional role of wife and mother in favor of a career of her own was fought for and won, partially out of the strength of your feminist ancestors, and partially (and probably mostly) because of *pure economic necessity.* But the day where feminism equaled "women's liberation" passed long ago, even if that is where *your* personal idea of feminism still exists.

Wikipedia lists the following divisions within feminism, from theory to activism:

Liberal Feminism

# Conservative Feminism

# Libertarian Feminism

Separatist Feminism

# Ecofeminism

Marxist Feminism

Socialist Feminism

Postcolonial Feminism
Post-structural Feminism

Postmodern Feminism

Riot Grrl Feminism

Lipstick Feminism

First Wave Feminism

Second Wave Feminism

Third Wave Feminism

Fourth Wave Feminism
Sex-Positive Feminism

Each one of those comes with its own nifty little definition and exclusionary requirements. So before you get angry with the Manosphere about *our* stance on feminism, you might consider figuring out just *which feminism you're defending*. That might be important.

To us . . . well, in the Manosphere, there are two kinds of feminists: bad and worse. While that sounds trite and simplistic, not to mention misogynistic, there is method to our madness. **There are two kinds of feminism in the Manosphere.** Here's why:

While y'all were off exploring yourselves in college back in the 1980s, a different kind of feminism evolved. Forget the "waves" – consider early feminism, the Rosie-the-Riveter kind, to be Equity Feminism, predicated under the humanistic notion of equality between the genders. That's not really the kind of feminism the Manosphere objects to, although it brings plenty of problems of its own.

Honestly, few men in the Manosphere, however conservative, would openly advocate to a return of 1950s culture or technology. **Our post-industrial world requires workforce gender equity in many situations, and *we can handle that.*** It might frustrate us, piss us off, or get us in trouble on occasion, but the vast majority of men in the Manosphere don't really want it to change. Work culture has, for the most part, adapted to having both sexes working side by side in a post-industrial capacity.

The problem is the *second* kind of feminism, the far more insidious "Gender Feminism". That's the feminism that arose in the 1980s and established that mere "equality" was both *not enough* for women and *impossible* for women to achieve because *men would inevitably find a way to cheat them out of whatever it was they were trying to achieve just because we're men and* **therefore evil.**

Okay, that might be a little hyperbolic on my part. But only a little.

Gender Feminism is the ideology that supports the theory that the *only* future world worth pursuing is one in which women – *all* women – **no longer feel threatened**. By men. And while that sounds all warm and fuzzy and noble on the surface, there are some . . . dare I say "inequities" . . . in this ideology that

not only fly against the *original* ideals of gender equality promoted under Equity Feminism, but **actively promote the idea that men are inherently bad for human society and should be . . . *eliminated.***

You read that right. There is a small but vocal contingent of feminists – your feminist sisters, the ones you defend so vociferously – who are **promoting the idea that the future of humanity would be brighter without an XY chromosome at the end of it.**

Now, you might think that's just silliness, of course – *the radfems are just venting their spleens and no one takes them seriously, right?* No one *seriously* wants to get rid of *one half of the human race* because they aren't behaving the way the *other* half ostensibly wants them to . . . *right?*

Not so much. These women are *serious.*

The proposals have been coming for a while now. They are delivered in calm and thoughtful language, but they seek to establish the female ideal of harmony (which involves, apparently, a lot of consensus-seeking, pacifism, and BOGO shoe sales) as *the only legitimate way* to measure humanity's future.

That is, instead of seek a "level playing field" in the quest for equality, **Gender Feminists are seeking to re-write the game so that the other team isn't allowed to play.** They give excellent reasons for this: men are violent, controlling, competitive, aggressive, *etc.* etc. These same qualities, when viewed *in women* by Gender Feminists, are seen as positives. But it's rare for any gender feminist to say anything nice about men. Men ARE the problem.

And that's a problem for *us.*

Once you could depend on our chivalry and our self-restraint to keep us from getting angry at such *deeply disrespectful* (to put it mildly) areas of conjecture. After having our chivalry and self-restraint challenged for two generations, few of us seriously see that as an appropriate response. Face it, ladies, your ideology is alienating men from it – and you – at an alarming rate. Even formerly mild-mannered dudes are starting to take offense at the clearly offensive line of reasoning that your Gender Feminist sisters have been spewing.

Advocating everything from artificial testes to chemical sterilization, Gender

Feminism has relentlessly pushed against everything masculine and male in your lives. In its attempt to inextricably link gender and politics, it has helped construct the current morass of political bipolarism that paralyzes our society (though it is far from the only culprit). It has also gone out of its way to attack any attempt by men to utilize the same approach to gender as an attempt to return to "the Patriarchy".

The problem is that these – *literally* – man-hating feminists share the *same* label as the perfectly-reasonable women who merely want a fair shot at a career without having to sleep with someone to get it. **To us it seems that for every feminist who fights for pay equity or reproductive rights, there is another one who is fighting anything male or masculine-associated regardless of whether it is a good thing or a bad thing.** Some of these ladies are so adamant that they want (and I'm not making this up) mandatory re-education camps and chemical sterilization for men . . . *as a safety measure for women.*

Further, they feel the right of women to feel secure *at all times* takes active precedence over Men's Rights to do anything at *any time*. They have taken the title of feminism and transformed it from a humanistic pursuit of equal rights into **a manifesto of female supremacy**. They have taken the idea that women have been forever oppressed by men and used it to rationalize the most foul and intellectually violent acts against those who *dare* be born with a penis.

Feminism, to a Gender Feminist, isn't *about* equality. It's about *female exceptionalism*. They have a lot of pretty ways to try to rationalize it, in order to get your support, but when it comes down to it they are pushing for an exclusively-female society for the benefit of women. Men not only don't matter to the Gender Feminist – *they're eternal obstacles to feminine progress.*

Now while that might not seem like a big deal – after all, Gender Feminists seem to be in the minority, and who pays attention to them anyway? – the fact is that the opinions of those feminists spread out into mainstream feminism and color your perspective.

They tell you that you *deserve* to be safe regardless of how reckless you behave. They tell you that your actions in love and life *don't have real consequences*, that you get a pass from society because your female ancestors were oppressed and men *can't be* oppressed. They tell you that no matter what happens, *your problems are not your fault, but the fault of men.* There is literally *no* issue that

you have that a Gender Feminist cannot find a way to pin it on masculinity.

For those of us penis-bearers, we cannot afford to take that lightly any more. The days of universal chivalry left with the subsistence farm. Women, who once held a rare place on a pedestal in the minds of most men, have de-evolved into rude caricatures of themselves to most dudes: pushy, entitled, flaky and unconcerned with any type of accountability. Thanks to feminism, the feminine qualities we used to admire, we now avoid like the plague. **Thanks to feminism, every word we say to a woman is loaded with suspicion and doubt.**

Oh, sure, there are plenty of dudes who don't mind feminism – and a few misguided souls who try to claim the title "male feminist". To the Manosphere these men seem like Black Republicans do to Democrats: you know they exist, but you wonder just why anyone would publicly adhere to a philosophy that is so clearly against their best interests? It's a rule-of-thumb in the Manosphere that just as you shouldn't trust any barbecue sold to you by a pig, **you should be wary of any man who is so willing to embrace a philosophy that has as one of its abstract goals the eventual elimination of masculinity.**

This is all very personal to me, of course, because I not only have a penis, I have sons. And a daughter. Some folks see my participation in the Manosphere as an insult to her, that I'm indulging in harmful misogyny.

**But no one in the Manosphere is telling me that my daughter should be eliminated from the human race because her gender is "inconvenient" for them.**

My boys are growing up in a world that is hostile to men, where maleness is punished in a thousand little ways, and any attempt to criticize the structures that punish them is attacked as "sexist". When I hear from Gender Feminists how my sons will grow up to inevitably "oppress" women, *just by being dudes*, how can I – a Progressive – find *any* compelling reason to consider it anything but an antithetical ideology?

Gender Feminism encouraged women to look at being a woman as a *political statement*. If you are female, it argued, then you are *automatically* part of an oppressed class and always will be – and if you are male, you are *automatically* part of an oppressor class *and always will be*. In Gender Feminism, there is *no*

"meeting of the minds", no "equal playing field". The goal is not equality – it's "consensus". Meaning that their idea of a male-free (or even "male-lite") world is the *only* valid one, with no room for negotiation or compromise. With the commitment of revolutionaries and the zeal of fanatics, Gender Feminists never tire about telling you how bad men are, have *always* been, and *will always be.*

No matter how supplicant we are, no matter how much collective feminine ass we kiss, Gender Feminists have perpetually moved the goalposts until extinction is the only logical conclusion.

Don't believe me? Check out the profusion of feminist sci-fi "lez-topia" novels, fantastical tales of women-only planets where the only problems are what *men* bring into the equation. Start with ***Ammonite*** and see what Amazon suggests next – it's eye-opening. Then go lurk at a Gender Feminist blog or discussion group for a while. There are serious discussions about the real "need" for men *at all* in humanity.

Just think about the men in your life for a moment: fathers, brothers, sons, friends – and imagine a world where *they are all dead*. That is the "better world" which Gender Feminists see for humanity's future. While you may have ignored their specific words or proposals as far-fetched, passionate displays of empowered feminism, such talk sends a dread chill down the spine of the men who hear it.

While the genocidal Gender Feminist is admittedly rare, the fact that they profess their hatred of all things male *without serious criticism from mainstream feminism* is indicative of their influence. Indeed, thanks to Gender Feminism, *any* criticism of *any* feminist meme is instantly seen as an attack on *all* feminism, placing the gynocentric ideology above the practical reality of sharing the planet with men.

When a reasonable criticism of, say, overzealous pursuit of "fair" sexual harassment laws is met with steamrolling accusations of wholesale institutionalized sexism, then there can be no discussion. And without discussion there can be no compromise. Regardless of your personal view of feminism and the pursuit of equality, Gender Feminists have pre-poisoned the well. **Men are simply no longer invested in the idea of "equality" in light of the attacks on masculinity and male values they've endured.** The outrage and offense of women based on Gender Feminism now falls on deaf male ears,

and it has made *any* defense of feminism in casual conversation tinged with a subtle dread on both sides.

That might seem awfully unfair to most women – why should a small, vocal minority in a group be used to tarnish the good intentions and reasonable discussions of the rest? Yet that is where we stand today, over a decade into the new millennia. **To the majority of men, feminism is something to be ignored, at best, and tolerated when necessary.** Only a bare few liberal men are willing to claim the title of "feminist", and when they do *they are immediately looked upon with skepticism and suspicion by other men.*

And for good reason. Men who are willing to repudiate male values and denigrate their own gender – presumably in an attempt to curry favor with women – *are a risk to the security of men in general*. Masculine culture – and yes, there is such a thing – *values* those men who will pursue male values and masculine interests and *despises* those who capitulate out of fear.

That's not a "learned cultural artifact", that's a *human universal*. Men admire masculine men – *unapologetically* masculine men. And **Gender Feminism requires men to give up their masculinity**, even if Equity Feminism is largely silent on the matter.

Thanks to Gender Feminism, male sexuality has been the regular target of attack – with the tacit approval if not outright encouragement by Equity Feminists. Pursuit of a natural and healthy male sexuality has been demonized into "rape culture".

The no-fault divorce that was seen as liberation for women against the oppression of life-long matrimony has become a blunt tool of punishment to men, an existential threat to our ability to raise a family in security. The destruction of the male expectation of building a long-term family he can provide for securely has led to widespread male introversion and withdrawal from society. **If your man is afraid to commit, you can blame Gender Feminism.**

The pursuit of marriage and family has been denigrated into a nearly subhuman act, with Gender Feminists equating it to slavery and Equity Feminists entering marriages prepared for divorce before the ink is dry – indeed, the deeply disturbing celebration of divorce as a regular and expected feminine right-of-

passage is deeply insulting to the men of our culture.

While Equity Feminists support reproductive rights and the ability for a woman to leave an abusive relationship, Gender Feminists have pushed our culture to the point where **a woman who stays married to the same man is viewed as somehow deeply flawed .** . . because men, according to Gender Feminism, are *inherently oppressive*.

Worse, Gender Feminists have so repeatedly attacked the institution of fatherhood – and fathers in general – that **men actively seeking this most demanding of vocations would rather remain single and childless** than to deal with the potential disaster and heartache of divorce and loss of custody.

"The Patriarchy" might be the declared foe of Gender Feminists (and perhaps all feminists) but "the Patriarchy" is made up of *real* men with *real* children . . . **and condemning their relation and position by denigrating the word and the concept of fatherhood isn't doing a *damn* bit of good for your equality**. Instead, it's fostering a climate of increasing tension and resentment that is leading . . . well, read the book. I'll *show* you where it's leading. **I don't think you'll like it.**

So if you consider yourself a feminist and you find yourself pissed off over something you read here . . . **good.**

Because the men you're reading about are pissed off, too, and if you *really* believe in the ideals of equality and equity then you have to give due consideration of *why* they are pissed off, without automatically resorting to the standard Gender Feminist excuses for male anger: natural aggression, inability to civilize, inherent malevolence, petulance at lost privilege, or other bullshit rationalization.

Consider the idea that, *just maybe*, some of these dudes have a point, or at least a valid perspective. That they aren't *just* trying to oppress you and steal your feminine power. That they *don't* have an evil plan to condemn you to a life of penniless second-class status or keep you barefoot and pregnant and in the 1950s. These men *are* your brothers, your fathers, your sons. But they've been shown, time and time again, what happens to a dude when he dares criticize women or feminism, and so now it is only the anonymous power of the internet that allows them to be candid.

**Either men are *people* whose voices deserve to be heard by you, or they *aren't.*** Either they are worthy of your respect and admiration, or they aren't. Either you want to find a way in which men and women can share the bounty of our civilization to our mutual benefit, *or you don't.*

Figure out which one you believe in and then decide if you want to become part of a real conversation where ALL gender issues are on the table and open for discussion . . . or continue parroting the "Evil Patriarchy!" party line every time you meet resistance to what you consider to be "reasonable" feminist ideas. **Which way you go will be telling to every man in your life.**

Sex, of course, is where this divide is most profound. As you will see, feminism helped shatter the old style of courtship and marriage but it failed to replace it with a viable alternative, and now the sexual dysfunction of Americans fuels a billions-a-year industry of self-help courses, marital counseling, and seminars dedicated to "saving troubled marriages". . . largely unsuccessfully.

To Equity Feminists, sex on equal terms with men is an essential right. To Gender Feminists, there can *never* be equal terms with men, so sex – and male sexual expression – is forever and always an oppressive affront to female sexuality. Equity Feminists might dislike porn or like it . . . Gender Feminists see all hetero porn as rape, incarnate. It's a whacky world they live in. But they're dragging you Equity Feminist ladies into it whether you want to go or not.

Gender Feminists encourage women to see all other women as sisters in the struggle against male oppression, and encourages them to act in unison as such in areas of feminine interest. The men of the Manosphere have co-opted this idea, to the point where they are beginning to look at themselves not as White Americans or Black Americans or Latin Americans or Asian Americans, Wealthy or Working Class Americans . . . but as *Male* Americans.

For thousands of years men have devoted themselves to protecting, securing, and providing for their families and tribes and nations, first and foremost . . . but now Gender Feminism has made it OK for men to eschew all of that, go their own way, and selfishly look out for what is best for Men. Which is, of course, what Gender Feminism has been claiming we've been doing *all along.*

The Manosphere has not just become a haven for reactionary masculinity . . . it has transformed into an earnest attempt at reestablishing a ***positive ideal of masculinity***. You may not see that, under all the rhetoric and shit-talking, but that's what's going on. It doesn't look like it, because *you have no idea what a positive ideal of masculinity looks to men,* nor do you understand how masculinity works well enough to criticize the process with any credibility, but that's what is happening.

And thanks to the exclusionary example set by Gender Feminism, this new, post-industrial ideal of masculinity is going to be far more focused on the male pursuit of masculine interests *for their own sake* than making life easier for you and other women. You are now competitors, not comrades.

It's arguable just how complicit Equity Feminism is with Gender Feminism's unrelenting war on men. But there is such a profound overlap, from a masculine perspective, that it is unlikely the two Feminisms will ever be separate in our minds. We aren't likely to only seek out "good" feminists, for example. That would be like a black man seeing out the company of "good" racists. The ideology of Gender Feminism has, unfortunately, permeated mainstream and Equity Feminism to the breaking point.

Which is right about . . . *here.* The book you are reading now.

You shouldn't hate this book because it spread lies and "hate" about women.

You should hate this book because ***it forces the reader to acknowledge observable truths about women***, truths which significantly undermine portions of Gender Feminist ideology. Gender Feminists are going to rail against this book and the Manosphere because it teaches men the nuts-and-bolts of where to go to learn how to get themselves laid, among other things, and **Gender Feminists see sex as valid and non-rapey *only when it's under the control of women*.**

You're going to hate this book because in a greater sense it begins the process of **revalorizing the entire concept of masculinity for the post-industrial age.** Only, it's not going to turn out like feminism – either of them – wanted it to.

Sorry.

Gender Feminism has implicitly attempted to redefine masculinity – or at least edit it – since its inception. While it wasn't often put explicitly in those terms, in its quest for equality feminism has frequently attacked not just the actions or even the attitudes of men, but struck deeply against the **fundamental elements masculinity**. In the process, feminism dealt a sever blow to the development of healthy masculinity in two generations of Western men. Feminism managed to demonize men and masculinity in the popular culture.

And mostly we just *took* it like a prison bitch. We weren't acculturated to defend ourselves on the basis of our masculine nature – feminism had to teach us that gender exclusivism was *essential* to pursuing gender-based issues. We rarely saw ourselves, politically, *as* men. We saw ourselves in the context of our families and our societies and our occupations, not in the context of our gender. We were husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, employees, constituents, and cannon fodder . . . but in our minds we were all of those things *before* we were men, politically speaking.

Only when the evolving Gender Feminism started to try to dictate the terms of the new social contract in exclusively female terms did men begin to realize that the rules had changed dramatically, and against their favor and interest. And it is only now, after four decades of assault on our gender, that we're starting to figure out that the only way to ensure we are dealt with fairly as a gender is to communicate with each other about the issues and interests that affect us, *as* a gender.

That's kind of what feminism wanted all along: women being strong and independent, men being strong (but no stronger than women) and independent (but no more independent than women), as sensitive to the emotional currents in a relationship as they are to the tragic global situation. Men discussing the challenges of masculinity and exchanging counsel and wisdom on the affairs of the day and the complexities of gender relations. That is, indeed, what is happening in the Manosphere. Intellectually speaking, it's quite breathtaking.

Culturally speaking, it's quite depressing.

Once, we tell each other, being a man was an *art.* It was the art of taking an energetic, bright young man and beating his testosterone-laden body and sex-addled mind into an acceptable member of masculine society, ready to work for the common good, protect the weak and innocent, dare to strike out at tyranny,

suffer outrageously in the service of others and even die in defense of his home and his family. The process was not easy, nor gentle, and it was done outside of the realm of feminine sensibilities by specially-trained and highly experienced practioners of the art known, collectively, as "fathers".

One by one, the things we value as men have been targeted by feminism – both Equity and Gender varieties. And now that most of the "traditionally" masculine concepts and havens of masculine culture have been successfully gutted, feminism has successfully reduced the Art of Being a Dude In the 21st Century to ***getting into your panties when he can and then largely ignoring you the rest of the time.***

That's why the Manosphere is continually developing the concept of Game, which embodies that goal. **It's pretty much all we have left.**

Before you grill me as a neckbearded Bible-thumping crew-cut redneck Republican, know that I write not only as a man, but as a political Progressive who is committed to the ideals and principals of Humanism.

I'm pro-Choice, support reproductive freedom and physical security for all, promote same-pay for the same-work (among other social ideals, not all of which you will be comfortable with) and I don't want Title IX repealed. I listen to NPR, went to a highly liberal college, and wrote for liberal newspapers. I'm not only aware of feminism, I'm aware of its history and the personalities involved and read a lot of feminist literature. I've taken classes on feminism. I belong to a feminist-oriented religion.

But I'm *not a feminist.* I probably never was. Y'all made that *abundantly* clear during my Blue Pill days (more on this later). I tried to be, I did everything I could to impress you with my feminism, but in hindsight what I was seeking was *approval* from my female peers, validation for my passions and my intellect. Something feminism (either kind) is reluctant to *ever* grant a straight white dude.

If you want to know where the anger in the Manosphere came from, that's very simple: ***Gender Feminism created it.*** As a political and social ideology, Gender Feminism has had a tremendous impact on virtually every aspect of masculine endeavor, from sports to school to work to our bedrooms. Perhaps you ladies are blinded by the toil of the struggle, but you really *have* made quite the splash.

**We've noticed**.

How could we not? For fifty years, the experiment of feminism has empowered women, altered the composition and character of our society, and redefined nearly every aspect of human existence. In the West, it has seen women wield political and economic power in ways undreamt of by their ancestors. In the Third World it has seen an unprecedented emphasis on the basic human rights of women in cultures largely unchanged since the Middle Ages.

Feminism has inspired debate about the fundamental elements of human condition and brought a balance in perspective to all aspects of our culture. Feminism has been the guiding light for elevating the aspirations and achievements of women for five decades and beyond, to the protofeminist and societally-essential Abolition, Suffrage and Temperance movements.

Feminism has elevated the contributions of women in our society to the fore, and allowed millions of women the opportunity to shape their own destinies. It has been a beacon, a comfort, a pillar of strength for millions of women, and empowered them to better their conditions as they saw them. Feminism has been vital in opening our society and integrating once-separate spheres into a whole.

Feminism has been, arguably, the most fundamental shift in human culture to arise out of the 20th century to the benefit of women everywhere.

For men . . . *not so much.*

Whether you see Gender Feminism's willingness to denigrate men and masculinity (with the tacit acceptance and approval of Equity Feminism) as a *temporary* measure or a *permanent* entitlement, what I *can* tell you is that on this side of the equation it looks suspiciously like a **bullshit rationalization**. And when men see bullshit rationalizations, one of our masculine values dictates that we stop treating the speaker with all due respect. Why *would* we? If they aren't willing to take responsibility for their own actions, **why should *we* accept their judgment of *our masculinity?***

Nowhere is this disconnect more present than in the realm of dating and marriage and sexuality. If we're struggling at work and in general society, in the sphere of intersexual relations we're coughing up blood. Thanks to feminism

and the sexual revolution it ushered, men have become tepid, meek and mild in our relationships, and that greater sensitivity has been rewarded by collective femininity with a 50% divorce rate. **With masculine achievement and honor and respect taken from us, there's not much else left for us to do but *try to get laid*.**

That much we can understand about intergender relationships. Indeed, it's a primary male issue. When it comes down to it, when our masculinity is rejected then men turn to *objectification* and *distance* to deal with it. Gender Feminism rejected men and our masculinity, so we feel perfectly comfortable objectifying feminism and distancing ourselves from all feminism. So how did you respond? Gender Feminism tries to mock us and humiliate us and further emasculate us with derisive names and cruel japes. Shame is the natural go-to for Gender Feminism when it's confronted with a man who gets out of line. Shame him into doing what is "right"; that is, *what **you** want him to do.*

Only that doesn't work in the Manosphere. Men have developed a tolerance to shame through excessive exposure. We recognize the ability for a woman to shame a man is bound up with the old Agricultural Age social contract concerning marriage and family, which (as all feminism has been gleefully telling us) *no longer applies.*

So when a woman tries to use shame against a man to get her way, we've developed a kind of code for saying *"I'm terribly sorry, but the intellectual position under which you attempt to inspire a sense of gender-based emotional shame due to an appeal to a traditional Agricultural Age masculine meme is, thankfully, no longer valid in light of the post-feminist inquiry into the nature of gender; indeed, your attempt to emotionally coerce me through the use of such meme indicates your classic misunderstanding of that change. Cultural shame as a valid intergender tactic of debate is intrinsically tied up with the economic model under which the Patriarchy once flourished, a world in which the production of grain for the purposes of long-term food security was the primary focus of civilization. To use it in a post-industrial, gender-based context is as intellectually dishonest as mistaking a microcomputer with a small baked batter-bread confection topped with a high-fat, carbohydrate-rich layer and expecting our gender to take* that *conclusion seriously."*

But that takes too long, so we usually just say *"Nice try, Cupcake."* It just saves time.

We *know* you aren't going to like us no matter what we do, so *we're not going to try*. Most of us have attempted to have productive discussions about gender relations with feminists over the years, but when the feminist response is shame and humiliation about our masculinity, then we just have to accept that it doesn't matter to men what feminists say anymore. **There can be no dialog until you can hear *our* voices, and *you aren't going to like what we have to say*.**

It may bring you some solace that all of this anger and defensiveness and rude treatment is a mere noisy minority, much like the radfems advocating male genocide with such regularity. That we're all just a bunch of angry, bitter men who live in our parents' basements, jealous of a lost masculine privilege and frightened of strong, independent women, if not outright hateful. And you would be wrong.

But if it makes you feel better to think that, by all means, go ahead. In the meantime, the Manosphere will be expanding, changing, revolving, evolving, and attracting new men to it every day. The number of dudes "taking the Red Pill" (more on that later too) is growing, because **they're hungry for a world where their masculinity is valued, and being male is a respectable condition again**. Gender Feminism, with its lofty rhetoric and its bloodthirsty ideology, is losing adherents as it alienates both men and women with its increasingly spiteful rhetoric.

The Manosphere is the attempt, inspired by feminism, **to re-make masculinity *ourselves* in the wake of feminism's failed effort to do so.** The Manosphere seeks to revalorize masculinity (valorization means "to imbue with substantial meaning"). To see the way forward, *as men*, in a way that supports *male* interests and issues and contributes to the happiness of *men*, not women. Within the dirty snowball of the Manosphere, **men are talking to other men about what it means to be a man, and we're coming to some consensus on the subject.**

(Here's a hint: **the new masculinity doesn't mean that we will be acting more like women.** So no adoring househusbands rubbing your tired feet for you when you get home form the office, Ladies, sorry…

(…In fact, for the majority of you, ***no husbands at all***.)

The Manosphere will assist men in the revalorization of masculinity, but in the process of redefining and reestablishing it, **we will be doing so without feminist input, and damn little *female* input in general.** After all, women didn't invite male input back in the 1960s when they redefined femininity, so it's natural for men to extend that same courtesy. ***Men* will decide what masculinity is and what it means for the next millennia, *not* women**. And what men decide will not be in the best interests of women. Thank Gender Feminists for that, too.

This process has already begun. The Revolt of the Betas is at hand. Dudes are enjoying being dudes and if that irritates a few chicks . . . well, there are *plenty of you out there.* You ladies might find it frustrating that we aren't taking you seriously or listening to your vital input while we go through this process, but you'll have to accept it with the same stoic sense of inevitability as our fathers did when they were presented with their first divorce.

At most, you can sit back and criticize us until you're blue in the face . . . while we walk past you on the way toward domestic happiness with a foreign bride or a life of solitary fulfillment *without you*. Because just as you fish don't need a bicycle, us bicycles are realizing just *how many* fish there are in the sea . . . and some of them value us for our masculinity. We will choose *them*, not *you*. We can do that. You can't do anything about it. We control commitment. **We're men.**

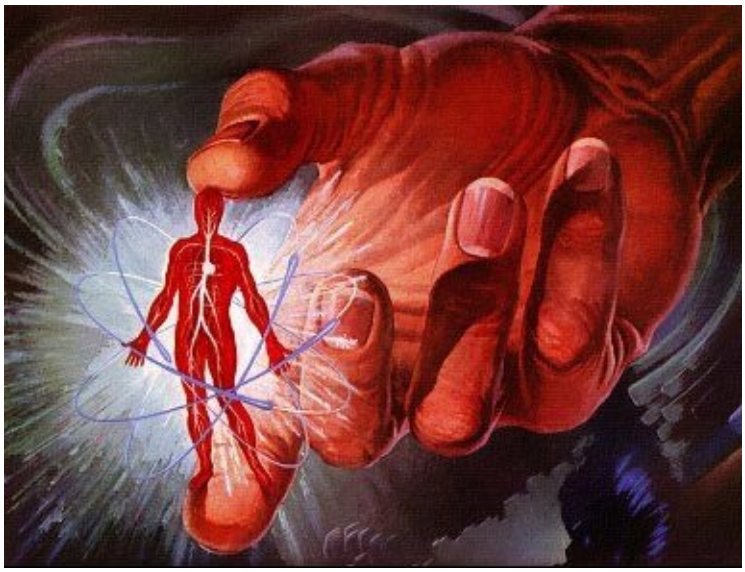
And if you think that attitude is blatantly sexist, in-egalitarian, discriminatory, unfair, and non-progressive?

Well . . . we're *okay with that.*

Enough ranting. Time to get down to the serious business of revalorizing masculinity. But to get there, you have to know how we got here, and that begins with the Fall of Masculine Interests.

*Before The Manosphere came . . .*

# The Fall of Masculine Interests



***Masculine Interests.***

Those two words aren't often used in our society, at least not in a positive way. Indeed, since the 1960s masculinity itself has been pretty battered. With the rise of feminism and the restructuring of our society in the post WWII era, "the Patriarchy" has been under unrelenting attack. You can't have been male in the last thirty years and not felt the heat: sexual harassment, imperialism, globalization, slavery, pollution, environmental degradation, if you had a penis you were culpable, if not directly responsible. And you had to have the empathy of a brick not to feel that sting.

Men are violent. Men are criminals. Men are inherently sexist. Men are rapists. Men are evil businessmen bent on destroying the Earth in pursuit of corporate dominance and expensive bimbos. Men are the agents of oppression. Men are inherently oppressive. Fatherhood is unnecessary and possibly superfluous. Men are cheaters. Men are liars. Men are warmongering fools. Men are *idiots*.

And the more masculine the man, and the more of those awful traits he's expected to have, the more he was held out for castigation by popular culture. Long before "politically correct" became a buzzword, the idea that Masculinity was incompatible with modern civilization became the ironic focus of much of both popular and academic thought since the 1940s. Add in the factors of race and class, and the message was clear: **the great abundance and high standard of living that Men in the West had given the world through industrialization**

**was not a sufficient enough achievement to excuse them from the pain and suffering they caused along the way**.

Coming out of WWII, that was a *big deal*.

The world had recoiled in horror at the Great War, which saw thousands slaughtered in moments thanks to mechanized warfare, from gas to airpower to tanks and machine guns. It had been "The War To End All War", and the stunned civilian population had, indeed, begun a concerted movement towards peace in its wake. But that horror paled in comparison next to the terrors of the 1930s and 1940s.

The collapse of the financial system and subsequent Great Depression made a mockery of the "Progress" of the 1920s. Famine, disease, malnutrition, unemployment and infant mortality reared their heads in every part of the world. In response the rival militant philosophies of Marxism and Fascism struggled for control of what was left, leading inevitably to war. New and Improved War. Mechanized war gave way to Industrialized War, Total War, in three dimensions, with no place safe from aerial bombardment. Millions died in every part of the world, not merely on a few select battlefields as had been the case in WWII. Nanjing, Dresden, Coventry, London, Paris, Singapore, all over the world the tendrils of the war reached with mechanical deadliness. But that wasn't the worst.

Fascism had begot Nazism, which nearly led to the systematic, industrial extermination of an entire ethnicity. The camps, the ovens, the bodies, they all demonstrated the Nazi's brutally efficient methodology, bereft of humanity. Never had such horror been seen in the world. A horror wrought by men, born of a fanatical desire to order the "undesirable" out of existence. And now, thanks to the magic of film, it *was* seen all over the world. But even *that* brutal genocide wasn't the worst.

The war ended with the development of the most powerful weapon in history, the Atomic Bomb. Over 100,000 civilians were wiped out the first time it was employed. It took one plane with a crew of seven. Never had so few been directly responsible for the deaths of so many in one attack. When **Robert Oppenheimer** said *"I am Death, Destroyer of Worlds"*, he was speaking about one world in particular. For the first time in human history, we had the capability to wipe out not just the people we didn't like, but all people.

Everywhere. Atomic war brought the concept of racial extinction to the eye of the world with brutal focus.

Man had figured out a way to eliminate Man.

Or, actually, *Men* had. *Men* led the nations, men led the militaries, men led the universities and the science departments and the projects that led to the development of atomic weaponry. Men had brought Fascism and Nazism and Marxism and Communism to plague a world already plagued with tanks, bombers, and machine guns. Men had cold-bloodedly planned and executed the premeditated extermination of an entire culture, had escorted the victims to their deaths, and had dealt with the aftermath.

So at the end of the War, it shouldn't have been a surprise that Men, as men, felt a huge, powerful burden of guilt about what their fellow men had done. Defeating the Nazis and the Japanese Empire seemed to pale in comparison to the atomic genie they'd unleashed on the world. Even the heroic felt their victory stained by the sin of atomic warfare.

Whether they expressed that guilt by advocating against further nuclear development, as Einstein and Oppenheimer did, or by embracing the danger by engineering the madness of Mutually Assured Destruction, the post-war Atomic period began with guilt for the past and hope for the future, and continued until the hope was replaced with resigned complacency about the future of the human race, and they were distracted from their guilt by the wonders of the new age.

But the guilt . . . it never went away. Men had sinned against all of humanity in our quest for power and control, and even "good" men with the best of intentions had failed to prevent such horrific catastrophes. All the toys and police actions and new gadgets in the world couldn't make the memory of Dresden, Auschwitz and Hiroshima *go away*. We could justify and rationalize it away any way we pleased, but the fact was it never went away. Men were *responsible*, and we knew it.

One would think that in the face of such a titanic crime that the spiritual realm would provide answers, but in this case *Christianity was culpable*. From the good Christians who bombed other good Christians to death all over Europe to the good Christians who pushed Jews into ovens and open graves to the good Christians who prayed before unleashing atomic death on an unsuspecting

civilian population, there were few spiritual refuges left in the religion. It simply was not designed to handle crimes of that magnitude. Even the biblical plagues of Egypt paled in comparison to the Holocaust and the Bomb and assorted Crimes Against Humanity.

The Catholic Church was heavily divided – literally – by the separation of Europe in the wake of its near-paralysis during the war. As many good Catholics fought on one side as the other, and the issue of the Holocaust, especially, confounded the Church's ability to cope. As far as Protestant faiths, they were just as divided and torn about the horror and just as unable to formulate a response. The Bible was just not designed to deal with the aftermath of genocide and weapons of mass destruction. It barely survived trying to fit a couple of unknown continents into its mythology.

The followers of the Prince of Peace had brought the worst sort of war to the world – the most they could do was indulge in navel-gazing ecclesiastical bickering over ritual and dogma, allowing the Big Questions of the 20th century go unanswered by religion. The institutional religions all had a great deal invested in the *status quo* – the *last* thing they wanted to do in the early part of the Cold War was lend aid and comfort to the enemy by considering the humanity and morality of both Total War and Nuclear Extinction. Instead they doubled-down on the Holocaust, hoped people wouldn't look too closely, and pushed to distract everyone by backing the establishment of a Jewish state to ease their guilt.

But Hiroshima and Auschwitz were blows that Christianity never truly recovered from. Between the atheistic Communists of the East and the secular military-industrial Establishment in the West, both were wary of any strong religious voice and both were willing to use political power to punish those denominations that rocked the boat. That didn't stop thousands of people of conscience from addressing the matters on their own in the context of religion, but Christianity, by and large, was whistling past the graveyard when it came to its moral responsibilities.

As a result, membership (mandated by state decree for nearly a thousand years) fell off dramatically after they opened the ovens at Auschwitz and dropped the bomb. Christianity simply had no answer to those big questions. Instead it distracted itself and its declining membership with attempts to re-capture the spirit that had conquered most of the world with evangelical fervor. It went from

being a highly-respected, moral power in the world to a minor aspect of life that more and more people decided they didn't need in the modern world.

And while Catholicism was totally moribund, the Protestants, unbound by strict doctrine or over-stressed by organization, were free to jump on the social bandwagon of "anti-Biblical" activities by the secular world to distract everyone from the fact that it had largely been Christians who had performed industrialized warfare, industrialized murder, and super-sized atomic bombs. Homosexuality, perversion, licentiousness, the moral decay of society, Rock & Roll and comic books were all fair game.

The problem was that Christianity was developed in its present form at the height of the Agricultural Revolution, and perpetuated and refined a system designed with land-ownership, feudal obligations and very specific classes in mind.

By 1900, not much of that was still relevant anymore, and as industrialization rocked the foundation of our society – marriage and family – religion's hold over those social institutions weakened to the point of impotency. The era of the Patriarch, the father as the head-of-household and representative of the larger Patriarchy, was dying as the need for a strong inheritance system and a large family faded. Marriage 1.0 was doomed even before WWII, but it took a while for the society and laws to catch up with the cultural shift.

Of course, there are always those who cling to the glories of the past and see them as blueprints for fixing the future. In the case of the Manosphere, the epitome of those who wish to return to that Ag Age "traditional" marriage cling to scripture for support . . . but often it is the Church, itself, that seems to be obstructing their desire to live a religious, Biblically-inspired life.

They're the Traditional and Conservative Christians, and that's where we'll begin our survey of the Manosphere.



**TradCons:**
**The Traditional and Christian Conservatives**

There are, unsurprisingly, a large number of politically and socially conservative men within the Manosphere. And a large number of traditional Christian men who despair at how the modern state of gender affairs has departed so far from Biblical mandate.

This is what most liberals and progressives think of when they think *"Conservative Christian White Men"*, just before their sanctimonious sneer. No doubt a host of stereotypes springs to mind around Christians who are Conservative and Male, and no doubt they are *every bit as accurate* as those which are conjured at the mention of a Liberal Feminist. Indeed, if you had to pick any one sliver of the Manosphere most opposite liberal feminism, you couldn't do much better than Conservative Christian men.

That the Bible fuels their feelings of displacement in our modern society is fairly obvious, but the plain fact of the matter is that these men are here within the Manosphere more because they are *men* than because they are *Christian.* They aren't here to preach, for the most part. They aren't here to evangelize. Indeed, they are plagued with doubts and crises of faith as they contend with the departure their family life has made from social and Biblical injunction. They are in the Manosphere to find answers, and many of them are here because they literally had no where else to turn. Not even the Bible.

This shouldn't come as a shock to anyone – if feminism staked out the Progressive movement and made it *increasingly unfriendly* to men and masculine interests, it was natural that those men would coalesce around the political *opposite* of extreme liberalism. Combine the political movement of Conservatism with the religious fervor of evangelical Christianity, and it's easy to see why there's a lot of overlap between the two groups.

Conservative Christian men have been in the crosshairs of the Left since the beginning of the Culture Wars, and they have been a potent political force in the past. But now that the great age of Conservative Christianity's political power draws to a close, many of these men have left activism or evangelism to address the deeper issues they face. Unsurprisingly, they tend to focus on the role that feminism has played in the change in our culture since the "Good Ol' Days".

There's plenty to criticize, after all: feminism and the Sexual Revolution has coincided with both the rise of the industrial welfare state *and* the dramatic decrease in American religiosity. It's not that Americans are less-religious now than they were a century ago – it's that far fewer Americans express that religiosity in terms of attending a *Church*. When you have a text-based religion that purports to have the inside scoop about the end of the world, the decline in churchiness and the departure from "traditional moral values" on the eve of Armageddon has scandalized and galvanized the true believers. For every nasty barb about "manboobs" or "right-wing Rednecks" the feminist activists and bloggers heap on the Right, the Conservative Christian men have thrown it right back.

Yet ironically the social and religious Conservatives in the Manosphere tend to be further from the mainstream Conservative movement than you might think – while they tend to support the same sort of resistance to liberal and progressive change as the rank-and-file conservatives do, they are also usually attacking the issues of men and masculinity through very pragmatic perspectives. They have a lot to say on the subject of social criticism. And not all of their criticism is saved for the agnostic Left. They have plenty to say about what's wrong with the modern Church as an institution, too.

But since Conservatives usually enjoy getting laid as much Liberals – within the bonds of a sanctified marital union, of course – there is actually a considerable overlap between the socially conservative bloggers and the Game bloggers in the Manosphere.

(We'll cover Game far more specifically in a future chapter; for now, just consider it "the masculine art of getting laid").

There are plenty of single Christian men who are either recovering from divorce and trying to reestablish themselves as single men unfamiliar with modern dating, or are terribly anxious about what kind of woman they want to marry, and how to select her from the potential future ex-wives they might meet.

The highly-influential Manosphere blogger **Dalrock**, for example, does a credible job in both camps, providing both practical advice on picking up women as well as social commentary that places Game in context for Christian men, Big Picture-wise. He is also a strong and rational proponent of Biblical values and an unceasing critic of the role the modern Church plays in validating anti-Biblical feminist doctrine.

The defunct but highly celebrated site ***In Mala Fide***, run by **Ferdinand Bardimu**, was an irreverent, entertaining and oftentimes-scathing running review of the frailties of liberalism. It was a favorite(until its voluntary demise in 2012) of a wide-array of Conservative Christian men who were seeking answers about how to be a man in the 21st century and still be able to keep your faith, your wife, and your self-respect intact.

Socially-conservative Christian Game bloggers often skew heavily into political conservatism, and they are almost uniformly supportive of the GOP (if convinced that "True Conservatism" is almost as absent in the Republican Party as it is the Democrats). Some of the anti-corporation vitriol the Christian Manosphere produces would look right at home on a Progressive blog like **Daily Kos**. I'll admit, as a non-Christian I personally find some of their opinions and predictions disturbing. But even a fairly progressive fellow like myself often finds jewels of wisdom and deep social insights from these bloggers, despite our political differences. **Men often get more conservative as they age – that doesn't make them poor resources for me just because we disagree politically.** They are men, looking for advice on how to be men, just like everyone else.

The topics of the Conservative Manosphere bloggers range from the epidemic of one-parent households, to the education and development of children, to the horrors of divorce, how the welfare state is ruining everything with taxes and

deficits and a permanent dependent underclass. But the principal focus on the right wing of the Manosphere tends to be How Feminism Fucked Things Up. And liberals. But particularly feminist liberals.

The rise of the Conservative Christian demographic as a response to liberal advances in culture including woMen's Rights, gay rights, and abortion has been tracked since the 1970s. In the 1980s the term 'backlash' was coined by feminists who saw these men, often in positions of power in corporate America, use their authority to close ranks against the rise of women in the workplace, or punish them professionally for their personal choices or political views.

Even as feminism attacked masculinity in general, it reserved especial acrimony for the Conservative Christian crowd. What followed the foundation of **Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority** in the late 1970s was two-decades of culture wars between the groups, with one brief anti-pornography alliance in the early 1980s.

From the feminist perspective, these men represented the last, old guard pocket of pure Patriarchy left in society. They represented the *worst* of American ignorance: they denied Evolution, expected to force society into a Biblical mold despite its great diversity, and – worst of all – they had *very* Biblical ideas about the gendered responsibilities of women in society.

There are plenty of liberal and progressive Christians . . . but they are as different in faith, belief, and perspective to the Conservative Christians as they would be to a Coptic priest or an Eastern Orthodox monk. Liberal Christianity eschews the Bible as the Literal Word of God in favor of a less restrictive ideology; to liberal Christianity the important bits in the Bible are the compassion and faith and inspiration, as well as a tinge of mysticism tied up into the Passion.

To the liberal Christian the proper focus of Biblical study is on God's infinite compassionate love; the rest of it is just interesting and exotic (and often arcane) historical window-dressing. While interesting in context, liberal Christians see the Great Commission and the religion as a whole as a spiritual-social welfare program that is at best a compelling motive for activism. And they don't understand how anyone would see it as anything else.

Liberals are often passionate about the First Amendment protections of religion and the press . . . after all, it is a Progressive ideal to embrace the diversity of our

society and respect all peoples, regardless of race, creed, color, national origin, or belief. Tolerance is a Progressive watch-word. Which puts them in an intellectual pickle, because that tolerance *must also* be inclusive of the rights of those such as the Conservative Christians who want to exercise their First Amendment right to practice their religion according to the dictates of their conscience.

Arguing *for* tolerance out of one side of your mouth while arguing *against* a specific ethno-religious culture on the other is a rather blatant display of intellectual dishonesty. Kind of like saying "*I hate bigots . . . and midgets.*"

The Conservative Christians see the Bible first and foremost as a divine commandment, a non-negotiable set of instructions for living righteously in the eyes of Jehovah. That's inclusive; when you truly accept the Bible as the basis for living your life, you have to accept the entire Bible, not just the parts you like. While some argue over just how much of the old Covenant was re-negotiated on the Cross, it is generally accepted that while shellfish are permitted and slavery is not, about most other issues the Bible is a comprehensive and infallible guide to living, regardless of the century. And that includes some pretty clear instructions about things like abortion, homosexuality and the permission of sin.

And that whole marriage thing.

The Bible has some very specific rules about marriage and family life, rules that worked really well in 300 BCE. If a man has the right and freedom to practice his religion, and that religion is adamant on certain topics like marriage, sex, and family life, then he is obligated to follow those beliefs regardless of the prevailing political climate on the subject. Most Conservative Christians I know aren't personally homophobic, within the context of their culture. They don't hate gay people. They just know that the Bible prohibits homosexuality, and if they are following the Bible as their creed then it really doesn't matter what the San Francisco City Council says . . . Deuteronomy hasn't changed.

Of course that also puts the Conservative Christians into a bit of an intellectual pickle, as they frequently celebrate their American national identity in the same breath as their devotion to Christ. And regardless of what a few sloppy scholars might have taught in Bible College, the Founding Fathers of the United States of America went out of their way to ensure that a pluralistic – and overtly secular –

society would result from their genius.

If the Bible has some pretty straightforward rules about some things, the Constitution has some pretty plain language about religious tests for office and such. Our Founding Fathers negotiated a non-sectarian, nominally Deist federal system that allowed everyone – even Jews – to be part of the government. And while it was, indeed, overtly Judeo-Christian in complexion, it was also very specifically designed to keep just the sort of theocratic excesses some Conservative Christians advocate from ruling public policy.

So if you are proud to be an American, and hold allegiance to the Constitution, it is *very difficult* to turn around and insist that the country should be run by Biblical standards. Kind of like *saying "I believe in unconditional Freedom for all . . . as long as no one deviates from my cultural expectations in the slightest*".

When it comes to sex and marriage, the Bible's rules are very explicit. Divorce was frowned upon to the extreme. So was adultery. And premarital sex. Virginity was officially prized, as it is in any agricultural culture. Those aren't *optional* elements of the Bible, they're pretty straightforward requirements to living in good standing with God. And marriage isn't just a cultural affectation – to Christianity it has been a holy sacrament since its inception. The Bible takes marriage seriously.

It lays out pretty clear expectations of both husband and wife, and "serial monogamy" wasn't mentioned. (Polygamy was, repeatedly, but no one takes that seriously but some Mormons and Moslems.) Sexual fidelity was an absolute expectation. And while Conservative Christians are usually willing to eschew stoning in favor of less severe punishments for violation, those who desire to live Biblically are not about to let five thousand years of divine commandment lapse because it's fashionable. The Word of God is Eternal. Stoning is optional. Marital fidelity is not.

Nor is it Biblically permitted for a wife to lead a household, or a marriage. That puts Conservative Christianity at odds with feminism, which says Oh Yes They Can. The freedom to practice one's religion is secondary, in the eyes of most progressive feminists, to the dictates of a pluralistic society with strong individual rights.

Feminism has never liked the Biblical interpretation of marriage even in its most

mild, modern form. Conservative Christians who practice a Biblically-based marriage with the devotion to scripture put the husband at the top of the filial food chain. In addition to prohibitions against cutting hair and wearing shorts, mostly that meant that Christian wives must submit to their husbands in the home and defer to them in social life, and that, feminism knew, Just Wouldn't Do.

To the Conservative Christians, feminism represented the *worst* depredations from the steamy, sulfury pits of hell . . . or at least a cultural counterpoint that was leading America unerringly into sin and damnation and away from even the most moderate churches. Feminism was out to destroy families by encouraging divorce, encouraging women not just to "stand up for themselves", but **to use emotions and the threat of legal action to usurp control of family life from men.** Nowhere was this battlefield more bloodied than the fundamental issue of abortion.

***Roe v. Wade*** was a cataclysmic event for both the feminist movement and the evangelical movement. Both sides saw a cause worth dying for – and worth killing for. But the issue is essentially a stalemate. Both sides have tacitly accepted the *status quo, stare decisis*. After three decades of cultural trench warfare, neither side looks poised to make any breakthroughs, despite each of them having control of the corridors of power at various times.

If the Administration of **George W. Bush** wasn't conservative enough to end abortion, it is widely thought, then nothing short of an Act of God will. If the Clinton Administration didn't secure woMen's Rights to control their own bodies, nothing will (short of a second Clinton Administration headed by another Clinton, perhaps).

But the Christian corner of the Manosphere isn't *about* abortion. It's not even about anti-feminism, although a lot of that comes up. It's about Men trying to be Men in the modern world and still stay true to their religious beliefs as they see them. And these are, by self-definition, *family* men.

They take the Biblical injunction to "go forth and multiply" literally. They want a wife and kids and the American Dream, preferably the 1950s version, and they've been attacked for pursuing that dream for decades. Feminists can call it "oppressive to women", but for the Conservative Christians in the Manosphere, the Bible is standard by which *everything* is measured, marriage not the least.

Sometimes these men are struggling with their own marriages, sometimes they are seeking to get married without making a tragic mistake, and some are happily married and are just sharing their techniques for staying that way. But almost all of them are unified in the belief that the way the modern Church is handling issues like out-of-wedlock births, single parents, homosexual marriage, feminism, divorce, and marriage in general is woefully out of sync with Biblical injunction.

Upon examination, one finds that the root of their displeasure revolves not around abortion, but around divorce. Particularly *hypergamous divorce*.

(Hypergamy is a biology term for "women want to marry the best man available . . . even if one or both of them are already married". Hypegamous divorce, where a woman ends one marriage because she essentially gets a "better offer", is one of the hallmarks of feminism despised by this group, as will be seen shortly. It is bad enough, they argue, that "liberalized" divorce laws defy biblical prohibition against the practice; it is far worse, they maintain, that the laws and culture actively encourage the treatment of an institution once held as sacred and permanent with all the solemnity of a cell phone contract)

Many are not members of any formal church, preferring instead to worship and study on their own instead of being corrupted by the plainly-social "Churchian" culture they contend is destroying both Christianity and America. While feminists are not spared their ire, some of their most devastating comments are about the Church, not women or even feminists.

### *"Man Up And Marry The Sluts!"*

At the heart of the Christian Manosphere's beef is that so many mainstream and even evangelical churches are attempting to adapt to the rigors of the modern world by rejecting what seems obvious from Biblical authority and tacitly approving the feminist version. The Bible imposes high moral standards and encourages a man to look to a woman's purity when considering marriage. A woman's virtue is an indicator of how right she is with Jehovah, among other things.

When that is contrasted with the advice Christian men are actually *getting* about

their mating options from the Church, there's a disconnect. The modern Church and even (or perhaps especially) the evangelical Church tends to advocate that men overlook a woman's past sins and settle down with the "wayward" to raise families. That comes as a shock to the men who are being advised. Most of them believe in the Biblical injunctions of virginity until marriage, marriageas-holy-sacrament, marriage-for-life, and absolute fidelity after the ceremony.

But that's not what they're hearing from the Church. Instead of holding out for a "good girl", in the Biblical sense, they are encouraged and even *urged* to ignore a woman's premarital promiscuity or divorce. And that can raise a storm of righteous anger of Biblical proportions in the Christian Manosphere.

> "…the problems that evangelical Churchianity do seem to notice with marriage are the homosexuals lobbying to be included within the governmental definition of it, and **the fact that people are just not signing up for their new marriage 2.0.** The latter is observed through the almost constant **anti-male shaming lectures that are coming from various figures in traditional and evangelical conservatism** such as Mark Driscoll, Bill Bennett, and others." -- *The Society of Phineas*

Emphasis mine. "Man Up!" has been a frequent rallying cry and spiritual order from the pulpit of several prominent religious figures in the last decade as they observe the chaos in the dating realm and look at appallingly high divorce rates and schools full of kids from broken families. The Church seems to continuously find fault with how the *men* of the church are responding to the women of the church, yet it seems *strangely silent* on the woman's traditional responsibilities under clear-cut divine law.

So why would even conservative and traditional clergy get so far away from the Bible on this? You didn't miss a Divine Update. Look at it as a matter of *practical economics.*

Most contemporary parishioners are female, that's a fact. So it's hard to blame the Churches for not catering to the few butts still in the pews as a matter of institutional survival. And since the women in the Church have been complaining about the lack of decent men willing to marry them (despite their own indiscretions), the preachers in the pulpits have been increasingly apt to try to browbeat men into doing just that.

Alarmed by the rapid decrease in church attendance following WWII, religious organizations have had to step *very lightly* around the popular feminism that has seen most women leave the home to enter the workforce . . . and often divorce or conceive children out-of-wedlock in the process. Unwilling to risk ostracizing this financially critical group (women are more faithful churchgoers than men by far) most denominations have softened their practical stand on the matter significantly since the 1970s, even when they nominally adhere to traditional doctrine at the pulpit.

It's rare not to see a church of any denomination without a significant number of single parents – mostly single mothers – seeking guidance and social support and a good moral environment for their children. The fact that these women have violated serious, sacred Biblical teachings rarely is mentioned from the pulpit. After all, the women are often looking for a "good Christian man" to marry to help raise her children and build a new family. Who cares what she did when she was 21? Shouldn't the dudes just forget and forgive?

Unfortunately, not many of them are getting taken up on that offer.

The failure of Christian single men to swoop down and rescue these "fallen women" has prompted a number of tersely-worded sermons and articles and blog posts from various religious figures, essentially encouraging Christian men to overlook the often heavy baggage and sinful lives these women have accumulated and try to bring them into accord with God's Biblical plan. The meme has been summarized in the Manosphere as *"Man-Up And Marry Those Sluts!"*.

As **Dr. Albert Mohler**, an evangelical preacher with a popular website, stated:

> "… I also made clear that this is primarily a problem that should be laid at the feet of young men. While some young women may neglect the call of marriage, a far greater problem is the unwillingness of many young men to grow up, take responsibility, lead, and find the woman God would have them to marry. As a rule, young women show far greater commitment to marriage, far greater maturity about marriage, and far greater frustration about the fact that marriage has been delayed."

So the pastors and the churches are blaming young men – the *same* young men that have been systematically emasculated by our society – for *not* stepping

forward and getting hitched . . . *even to good Church girls.*

The issue is, from the young Christian Male perspective, is that these men do, indeed, *want* to marry, but they want to marry a relatively "chaste" and "unspoiled" woman. "Unspoiled" in the Biblical sense. They actively want to "go forth and multiply", but thanks to feminism and the decline of the strong moral authority of the Church, the pickin's for a quality and godly union are lamentably slim.

The unwed mothers and divorcees who fill Church life are not "prime wife material" for these young men. Nor do they have much appeal for even older men who have put off marriage. It's not that they are reluctant to marry. They are just not pleased with what the Church has to offer them in the way of a "good wife".

There is a particular type of woman who goes to church looking for a husband, and most young single Christian men have seen them in action. Seeking a good moral environment for their kids, a sense of community, and (most importantly) their God-given gift of a *perfect husband*, these women have often spent their prime reproductive years pursuing a career or a bad relationship or some combination of both. They often have fatherless children. They often feel that they are *done* having kids – they just want some dude's help raising the ones they have, with the Lord's blessing. And they are not particularly happy about being judged by the men of the Church for their pasts.

The cries from the women are clear: as the evangelical Manosphere website **Full Of Grace** points out, **Christian women are pleading: "Please speak to the men in our generation and tell them to be men."**

That is, men *for the benefit of* these women.

Across the aisle, at a religious site called thegospelcoalition.org, in a post by blogger **Kevin Deride** entitled **"Dude, where's your bride?"** the essence of the problem was defined from the Church's point of view, when young women don't like the guys they're being exposed to:

> They're talking about marriage. I have met scores of godly young women nearby and far away who wonder "Where have all the marriageable men gone?" More and more commentators–Christian or otherwise–are noticing

a trend in young men; namely, that they don't seem to be growing up.

What he's describing is a kind of *Christian Puerarchy* (more on this later). Young men who "won't grow up" and get married. That bothers a LOT of Conservative Christians outside of the Manosphere, even arch-conservative morality wonk **William Bennett.**

Bennett's 2012 **CNN** article **"Why Men Are in Trouble"** got widespread attention, even from feminists. He summarizes his point in the final line: *"It's time for men to man up."*

The women of the Church are being vocal about male intransigence in the face of matrimony. In **Christy Krumm's** article **Why Won't Christian Men Date Women Who Go To Their Church?** she reports *"one of my female friends dropped a rather pointed allegation about the Christian male population: "They're not pursuing us," she said. "We're all single, yet no one is being asked out. The men need to step it up."*

This is particularly perplexing for a generation of women who were told that they would meet a safe, secure, moral and godly man at church whom God had intended as their husband. There are an *awful* lot of single women who have been haunting church social functions, sometimes for decades, waiting for God to send them their foreordained Prince Charming. The *"God will find you love"* method kept plenty of Christian girls on the bench during the sex-filled early 20s of their peers . . . but they never intended on staying there indefinitely.

Part of the problem is that the men who are found as regular churchgoers, those who seek a truly Godly and Christ-like existence, often have sacrificed the very characteristics that make them attractive to women on the alter of religious doctrine.

The "godly" men of the church are often the least-desirable mates for the women in the market. While witnessing such a man's passion during a discussion of scripture can spark some interest in a woman, continuing to socialize with him afterward frequently reveals that in all other ways, these men godly men so emulate the Prince of Peace that they don't have the faintest idea of how to speak to a woman. In becoming more like Jesus, they've absorbed the idea that Beta is Godly and Alpha is not. That might work for Jesus . . . but the ladies in the pews aren't thrilled with the lackluster result.

The church encourages such behavior socially, of course – mainstream Christianity glorifies the peaceful, placid, non-aggressive quasi-pacifistic "spiritually enlightened" man . . . while castigating all of the traits that actually make him attractive to a woman. Whereas once Templars charged valiantly into hordes of heathens, sword in hand, sweating, bleeding, and killing in the name of Jesus, church culture today actively *discourages* that kind of fervor and masculine-style action in favor of the more femininized pursuits of prayer, bible study, and fundraising.

The church has, therefore, nurtured the whole idea of the Beta Male, institutionalized him, held him up proudly for the female members of the Church to see . . . and they aren't buying. Not that they've helped – sons raised to be "good Christian boys" are at such a competitive disadvantage in the mating market, outside of a very narrow range of similar "good Christian girls", that holding their own and holding out for a superior woman is a challenge. More likely, they marry a woman "just like dear old Mom" who continues and expands the Betacization of the average regular churchgoing Christian male.

Meanwhile, with the preachers discouraging "bad boy" behavior and banishing sex from realistic and active discussion in the pews, the manly men these unmarried women desperately want are shunning the church experience like it's a bridal show during the Superbowl. These men aren't ungodly, understand, they just cannot stand the Beta-glorifying culture they find there, because it makes them feel judged and rejected. When the church stripped Jesus of his Alpha, what remained of his symbolic masculinity might have been spiritually profound, but it hardly attracted the men who needed their religion with a testosterone chaser. Church, if not Christianity as a whole, has been feminized beyond their willingness to stand it. So they don't, even if it means they remain unmarried, or marry outside of their church.

Of course, that doesn't mean the ladies are just hanging around and waiting for them to change their minds.

One of my acquaintances, Hannah, has been a faithful and chaste member of her parish for more than *thirty years*, waiting for Mr. Right, chosen by God to be her husband and father her children. When she hit 50, she'd had *enough.*

> *"I was a fifty-year-old virgin,"* she confesses. *"It was dreadful. Every year I'd go see my pastor or peer counselor and complain about my situation, and we'd pray and read the Bible until I could quote those verses by heart. But their advice was the same: wait for God's plan, save yourself for marriage, keep going to church. I had enough. I still go to church . . . but I'm no longer a virgin. While I'm waiting for God to send me a man, I found Craigslist. Condemn me as a slut and a whore, but at least I feel like a real human being, now."*

Hannah's experience isn't unique, it's *common*. Manosphere Game blogger **The Private Man's** advice posts along those lines are straightforward:

> "One of the worst pieces of advice given to women is the "love will find you when you least expect it." There's a variation of that theme in the Christian community with the "God's perfect timing" concept. Love will find the single Christian woman based on a heavenly life schematic." . . . "Frankly, the wait for love scenario is based on emotional pornography and it's wildly unrealistic given women's highly elevated self-esteem and expectations based on that level of self-esteem. Being a potential partner in a committed relationship requires thought and effort. It requires understanding that the attractive and available man wants the woman to bring something to the dating and relationship table. A woman with nothing to offer is a woman who will always wait."

Another woman in her late 30s wrote to me despairing, because it took ages for her to find a man at Church who seemed up to her standards . . . and once she did, he was *highly* reluctant to commit.

> *"He kept me strung along for* two years,*"* she said with emphasis. *"Two years of me waving my ring around at work and planning the wedding. Then six months before the date we'd finally set, he broke it off. We went to counseling, but he said he just wasn't sure that I was who God* intended *for him. I kept asking him why, the counselor kept asking why, and he kept saying he didn't know, he just knew that I wasn't 'right' somehow. I was heartbroken.*
>
> *"He finally quit calling and disappeared for three months on a missionary trip to South America. Then he came back with a 22 year old Ecuadorian*

> *wife. And he had the nerve to bring her to* our *church! Of course I asked him, in private, why she had won out over me. I figured he owed me that much. He just said she was more 'traditional', and wouldn't explain any more. What he meant is that she treats him like a king and won't get a job, and they apparently have sex constantly, even before they married, which I was told* not *to do.*
>
> *Now she's pregnant, and I can't even get* a date. *What is wrong with me? Why has God put me in this place? They look so happy . . . I just want to strangle her in the ladies room at church."*

The non-Manosphere evangelicals are quite quick to blame the men, but don't really want to commit to blaming anyone else, particularly the Church's role in the phenomenon. Or even looking more deeply at the problem, to underlying social issues and not just writing off the problem to male laziness.

Christian men don't want to marry Christian women, and it's *freaking them out*. As Deride continues,

> *"… it is taking couples longer and longer to get around to marriage. Education patterns have something to do with it. A bad economy doesn't help either. But there is something even more befuddling going on. Go to almost any church and you'll meet mature, intelligent, attractive Christian women who want to get married and virtually no men to pursue them."*
>
> *"What's going on here? Why are there so many unmarried, college graduated, serious-about-Christ, committed-to-the-church, put-together young women who haven't found a groom, and don't see any possibilities on the horizon?"*

Krumm's article concurs. In her interviews with four single, churchgoing bachelors, she discovered that all of them wanted marriage. Just not, as she found out, to the women they found at their church. That's *extremely* perplexing to the women who have been studiously avoiding men *outside* of church.

Krumm reveals five reasons why the gentlemen are reluctant: their reputation, the social difficulties if things don't work out (the "don't date a friend's ex" rule within the Female Social Matrix), the complications implicit with drama and

gossip within the church community, lack of good dating opportunities, and, most telling, because *pursuing what is essentially a sexual relationship at church "feels inappropriate"*.

Most denominations at least discourage the idea of premarital sex, and many aren't even that keen on post-marital sex. In some, sex, as such, is rarely mentioned or referred to at all. If there is a polar opposite to the seething id in a singles' bar, church would likely qualify. As one of her informants, "Mark", relates when Krumm asks if he feels too guilty about asking a woman from church out on a date, *"It's not guilt," Mark answered, "its fear. There's the fear of not only being rejected as a man, but shunned as an inappropriate Christian."*

That seems to echo true with the Christian bachelors I've interviewed. Matthew, a 28 year old lawyer who works for a non-profit religious missionary group in the Washington DC area, was quite candid:

> *"I've been told that touching my penis, or having someone else touch it, is evil and sinful by the Church since I was ten. So when I want to have my penis touched, even by a potential wife, Church is the last place on my mind. I'd rather bring a woman into my church from outside than marry one of the biddies I see every Sunday. Pews cause cobwebs to grow in their coochies, I think. A man wants a wife – not a constantly-praying prude. When the Church starts encouraging sex instead of discouraging it, and teaching women how to be married, not just get married, maybe it will be a better place to meet women. Right now, it's the last place I'd go wife shopping."*

Deride muddles around with a few other possibilities – women's standards are too high, they're too desperate to get married, Christian men just don't have any ambition, even the fact that there just aren't *enough* men in church. Krumm admits, guiltily, that she scolds herself for impure thoughts when she sees a handsome man in church, which is counterproductive to the pursuit of a mating strategy.

But there are fewer and fewer to distract her. Men are far more likely to leave regular church attendance than women. And since butts-in-pews tend to be a better gauge of a local Church's direction than the Bible, in general the Church has listened to the single women, divorced women, and married women unhappy in their marriages . . . the ones who write the checks in the Sunday offering

plate.

So the pulpit has said "Man Up and Marry Those Sluts, and Make Honest Women Out Of Them In The Sight Of The Lord" . . . and the men of the Christian Manosphere have responded with a resounding "*Hell*, no!"

If you read the Bible carefully, it was pointed out to me over and over by Christian Conservatives, you'll find divorce is pretty much out of the question. As is premarital sex. Yet that section has apparently been skipped over by some Christian women, a fact that has not escaped godly Christian men.

> *"I occasionally date women from Christian singles websites,"* admits Jonathan, an occasional Manosphere commenter from Dallas, Texas. *"And it amazes them when, on a first date, I ask them for their 'number' . . . and I don't mean their phone digits."* (A woman's "number", for the uninitiated, is the total number of men she has had sex with in her life). *"Most of them get offended and won't tell me. They get rejected for a second date out of hand. Some will demure and eventually tell me, and I can tell they're lying, so I drop them after the first date, too. The few who tell me honestly and forthrightly have some merit, I think. Of those, I won't seriously consider a woman with a number higher than 5, and even then I'm squeamish. In five years of doing this I have yet to meet a self-professed virgin . . . although I've met several 'born-again virgins'. Like that will make a difference. A reformed slut is still a slut."*

Jonathan is far from alone. The single Christian men in the Manosphere are despairing of finding a wife with traditional Christian values – that is, a wife who won't divorce him for no good reason, a wife who will defer to him as the head of the household, a wife who will take direction from her husband as God's appointed leader of the family. Also, a virgin wouldn't be bad.

And while pastors admit that that last part might be difficult to arrange or prove, they also quietly insist that Christian men are just being "too choosy". Christian men prefer to think of it as being "godly".

The Manosphere is rife with disgust with the idea that it is somehow a man's *obligation* to marry a woman he finds below his standards, simply because his congregation wants him to 'Man Up'. As Christian Manosphere blogger **Hailey**, of **Hailey's Halo *("Giving The Manosphere A Good Christian Sidehug Since***

***2010"***) reports, there are even "marriage interventions" by some congregations who feel that men and women dating or engaged for too long need to "get off the pot".

The men take the man aside and try to convince him, using scripture and psychology, that he needs to take the plunge no matter how bad the odds are or how fearful he is of the result. Essentially, **they are strong-arming reluctant men into marriage.**

Such bullying is repugnant to the Manosphere, where men are struggling for liberation from societal expectations**.**

> *"I think I'm just having a knee-jerk reaction of mortification at the thought of marrying someone who more or less had to be pinned down and forced to say "uncle.""* Haley relates.

Other Christian bloggers commenting on the idea are equally disgusted that it took the dude *nine years* to decide.

> *"It doesn't take nine years to figure out whether the person you are dating is marriage material for you and to figure out basic marriage compatibility. It should not take anyone more than a couple of months to figure out if dating the person is going anywhere,"*

comments **Deti**, one of the Manosphere's most influential voices.

But the Christian Manosphere has a point: if one is to preach hellfire and brimstone, or attempt to minister to the sinful and unfortunate among us, **then living by scripture is the *only* righteous way for someone to do that in Christianity.** The most devout among Christian bachelors are not impressed by their choices: either aging, virginal pew-hugging spinsters or born-again reformed carousel riders (a polite Manosphere term for the "unacceptably promiscuous") and unwed mothers seeking redemption.

Then there are the out-and-out hypocrites, the young women who profess a godly attitude but still indulge in the sins of the flesh on the sly. Or *not* so sly. It's common, even in conservative churches I found, to find women who freely admit to casual sex even as they profess their devotion to Biblical principals. As much as they've pledged their hearts to Jesus, *their vaginas are off-limits*.

Many single women active in their church are self-righteous in their stance, seeing a prohibition against premarital sex as atavistic and barbaric (while the prohibition against adultery is a Good Idea). They want to be able to sleep with men as they choose and still feel as if they are right with God and the Church. Regardless of how you interpret scripture, there's not much room for that without violating divine law.

Premarital sex is a symptom, but it's not the only thing making dudes reluctant to pursue future church ladies. There's the lifestyle issue. Christian men have been put-off by the behavior of young Christian women, who (having been influenced by the secular feminist culture's message on such things) have *resolutely ignored* their Biblical instructions and gotten an education, gotten a career, and gotten out of the "trap" of young marriage and childrearing.

Yet the men they so desperately want to marry see this unapologetic departure from scripture and the Church's acceptance of other biblical departures as big "turn offs" when considering prospective brides. Mark, the DC lawyer, speaks derisively of one "catch" – another lawyer – that his entire congregation tried to match him up with, despite his personal lack of respect for her and her choices:

> *"What do I care if she placed in the top ten percent of her graduating class? Everyone who talked about her mentioned that, as if it was a huge plus. Maybe in Manhattan, I suppose. But if she wanted to get a job on Wall Street, she shouldn't have stayed in a small town, going to a small-town church. I wasn't impressed. I'm just trying to be polite. Of course, no one considered it might be the two kids she was dragging around, a couple of "indiscretions" from college. Everyone in the congregation thinks I should overlook that, because we make such a 'good couple' on paper, and 'kids need a dad'. She wants me to be proud of her for not having an abortion, when I can barely stand the sight of her for flouting God's sacred laws about premarital sex in the first place. By her own admission, she's been with over two dozen men that she admits to. And the pastor wants me to marry* that? *That's not what God wants me to do. I'll stick with XBox and the Lord."*

Christian male judgment of Christian female proclivities is a serious impediment to attraction. An even harsher critic of modern Christian females, 38 year old professional Chuck, gives a common (if rarely verbalized) Christian male

perspective:

> *"No man wants to be a woman's second choice. By the time these women get around to looking for a husband in church, it's usually because they've exhausted the traditional venues for finding Mr. Right, and after they've been dumped by Mr. Jock, Mr. CEO, Mr. Player, and Mr. Sleaze, they think we should pick up the pieces of their sins. I'll forgive them, sure. But marry them? I'd rather become a monk. I don't have to affirm their bad choices at the risk of my own pride. When a woman comes to me for me, and not because I'm the tenth guy down the list, I'll pay attention."*

Charles, a young single Baptist in his early 30s, was advised to go to Church to find a "good girl" as a wife when he decided he wanted to marry.

> *"They said that the 'good girls' would be hiding out in Church, like they keep them in the basement or something. I've been to nine churches in three years. They must be keeping them in the basement, because the only single women there were either hopelessly unchaste or morbidly obese. I'm not even looking for a virgin, not like some of these guys. I'd even consider a divorced woman, if the situation was right. But these . . . these Church Harpies dress like whores for services and then want to distract you from their baggage with their cleavage. I had one woman not even bother to mention she had children until the third date – three, by two different men. Sorry, but the Lord ain't leading me towards that!"*

There are those Christian Conservative men in the Manosphere who feel as if they have been unfairly castigated for their reluctance to marry women they find morally compromised. There are plenty of tales in the Christian side of the Manosphere to back this up. One man after another proclaims his disgust at the pressure he faced to find and marry within the church, even if none of the women available met the least of his requirements.

Deride persists in finding a solution to the dilemma. He says the answer is "training".

> *"…by "training" I don't mean "clean 'em up, plug 'em in the singles ministry and start matching them up with a spouse." I don't believe most*

> *unmarried Christians are looking for a church community full of Yentas. But a church full of godly, involved, respectable, respected, grown up men? That's a project worth undertaking."*

Unfortunately, finding a church that values men to that degree is rare. Especially in a society that has made the masculine virtues of involvement, respect, and mature masculine behavior virtual social crimes. Trying to attract men to a church promising they will be respected *might* actually work . . . if men *believed* it.

But men, it seems, still bear the brunt of the mainstream Church's ire about dating and marriage, and it's not exactly the "call to prayer" they need to find fallen Christian women more attractive. Indeed, the kind of men who want to be both respected and respectable are man enough not to hang around someplace where they get verbally beat up just for being themselves. That's a chump's game, no matter what your religion.

Plenty of Betas, Gammas, and Deltas (See ***Vox Day's SocioSexual Heirarchy*** for more on this) do fall for this, for a short time. They see church as a *wonderful* dating opportunity, without thinking about it too much or realizing the implicit risks.

The Church has made an effort to recruit more single men to entice the Betas and Gammas, with some success. But they soon learn that *they are the prize* promised to female parishioners who complained to their pastors about the lack of matrimonial opportunities. There are singles' ministries, singles social events, church socials, and "Men's Groups" that often turn into pressure-cookers for making bachelors *commit.*

> "They'll haul out scripture and pray like its Armageddon, but they can rarely point out any rational, reasonable reasons a man should marry in this day and age," Chuck chuckles.

If the pressure persists, he observes, they will sometimes just quietly leave the church. Less often they do capitulate under pressure, and find themselves walking down the aisle, assured by the entire congregation that this marriage is part of God's sacred plan.

But even then, marriage is not a happy place for most Conservative Christians.

The changing nature of marriage away from scriptural practice is deeply concerning to these spiritually-minded men. That's because, counter-intuitively, the divorce rate among the devout is actually slightly *higher* than it is in the secular world.

Manosphere bloggers blame feminism, of course, but Conservative Christians dismiss the RadFems and even the hard Left, and put the focus on the soft-serve feminism they see taking over the Church's approach to marriage. A hot topic of discussion in the Christian Manosphere is the popular Christian movie about love and marriage, ***Fireproof***. ***Fireproof*** has the Christian men in the Manosphere *burning mad.*

The story is about a married couple, both fairly devout churchgoers, who are experiencing fairly typical problems dealing with everyday life. Except the marriage is failing because – and this will become a familiar refrain for anyone who journeys into the Manosphere – the wife tells her husband *"I'm not haaappy"*.

Despite the fact that her husband is a good man, a courageous man, a good father and a pious man, he is still somehow a bad husband because of her unhappiness. To add insult to injury, the wife in ***Fireproof*** is *supported* for considering divorce by her church, not *castigated* for it. As Manosphere blogger **SocPhin** goes on to say,

> *"As the husband is to take full responsibility for the wife, he is almost always totally blamed for the downfall of the marriage, and her sins. This theme is seen repeatedly in most all modern Churchian dialogue."*

The issue in ***Fireproof*** *isn't* that the wife is contemplating divorce – it's that divorce (except in certain rare circumstances) is *expressly discouraged* by scripture, and therefore the church she and her family belong to have failed the family from a Biblical perspective by *not* attempting to dissuade her from leaving her husband (whose biggest "sin" seems to be spending money in a way his wife doesn't approve of). *And* she's been withholding sex from him to punish him for not doing things her way, something the Bible expressly frowns upon.

Even when she rejects his attempts to reconcile, and begins pursuing a (non-sexual) hypergamous relationship with a doctor at work, *still* the poor husband is

made out to be the bad guy and the wife the virtuous one. Therefore, the film pronounces, she has plenty of justification for threatening divorce. So when he *finally* seeks internet porn to deal with the emotional stress of risking his life all day for an ungrateful and unisexual wife, he's metaphorically pilloried by his church for following his natural male inclinations . . . *and not obeying his wife.*

To the Conservative Christian Manosphere, ***Fireproof*** is *prima facie* evidence of the modern Church's anti-male bias. It has a strong feminist subtext, even if it's coated with good scriptural examples and impressive production values. The story screams Christian Feminist: **the fault lies with the *husband*, not the wife.** With the *man*, not the *church*. With the penis, not the Lord.

The Christian Conservative Manosphere blogger was always told that the church was there to *support* his marriage, not help break it up. When he sees what actually happens when there's trouble in a marriage in the congregation, it makes him reluctant.

Because, ironically, it makes him feel *objectified and used*.

Thanks to the number of born-again female divorcées looking for a second chance, according to some Manosphere bloggers, the Church is *far* more concerned about getting a man to work for the benefit of a woman, not himself. And that strikes many as patently unfair and Biblically unsound. If the church is going to be soft on premarital sex and unwed mothers and all but encourage divorce and "wifely rebellion", then what incentive does a pious Christian bachelor have to marry?

If the wife on ***Fireproof*** is a church-sanctioned "good" wife, why would a man voluntarily inflict that upon himself when the Lord promises better for those who follow Him?

After all, they argue, if the Church makes divorce an acceptable part of marriage and on the table from the beginning, then how secure is a man's marriage, really? Why toil for seven years for Mary only to get Martha . . . and then find out that both Mary and Martha got around *quite a bit* in college? And that either one of them can and probably will drop you like a hot rock when the cute guy with the bigger farm than you decides he wants them both?

Better to till your land alone and childless than to risk that kind of pain, the

sentiment goes. If divorce is tacitly approved by the Church, then marrying within his church is not in a Christian man's best interest. If marrying is in his interest *at all.*

But high standards and fear of divorce aren't the only issues for Christian Conservative men. There's the issue of male leadership, in the household and in the Church.

Conservative Christian thinking is pretty square on that point: marriage is a divinely ordained rite involving the submission of the wife to the husband, in accordance with 5,000 years of Semitic patriarchal tribal tradition. The husband, according to the Bible, is the *undeniable head of the household*, not the wife.

That might be a lot to expect from modern American culture these days. Even women who don't readily identify with feminism recoil at the idea of acknowledging their husband as *dominant* in their relationship. They often *strongly* disagree that a wife is obligated to have sex with her husband under the terms of her marriage, even though that is *explicitly stated in the Bible*.

Women who are used to a culture that encourages equality and female exceptionalism and the threat of divorce, thanks to feminism, have no difficulty denying the biblical injunction to submit to their husbands within the institution of marriage, even in the bedroom.

That's a problem for Biblically-minded men. Even if these Christian women are willing to consider being a "Stay At Home Mom" **(SAHM),** they still often have plans or contingencies to enter the workforce "in case things don't work out". And their bar for divorce, while much higher than non-Christian identifying women, is still far too low for the comfort of the men considering them.

(It doesn't surprise most of the Red Pill folks in the Manosphere that Tara Parker-Pope's ***For Better***:, examining rates of divorce in various types of households, discovered that the traditional model of male breadwinner/female homemaker had the fewest incidences of divorce. The Manosphere sees that as a sign of validation of principle. So does feminism, which likes to demonstrate the "oppression" these traditional stay-at-home-moms in Christian households are facing . . . *because they aren't divorcing at the same rate as everyone else*. In feminism, divorce is a *good* thing. But I digress . . . )

The Conservative Christian men have suffered through the same problems as mainstream men over the years, but for them the betrayal of divorce isn't just a violation of their masculinity, it's a religious issue. You cannot, I was told over and over again, be a "good Christian" and leap to divorce short of domestic violence, if you live according to Scripture. Chuck reminds me, *"You took a* holy vow *before God, and then backed out when you weren't haaappy. From our perspective that's not exactly screaming "good wife potential!"*

A woman who was false or uncommitted to her first husband is widely seen as a "flight risk" by a potential suitor, and passed on no matter how attractive she portrays herself as a mate. Clearly she is not willing to submit to her husband's leadership . . . so why go there?

There is a misconception that a Christian woman of faith is somehow a different type of woman than the secular mainstream. This woman is commonly perceived as being of higher character and less prone to divorce because of free-floating unhappiness, according to **The Private Man, Dalrock**, and other Manosphere bloggers.

They find the Church has allied itself too closely with the "politically correct" feminist agenda by welcoming divorcees without judgment, in an effort to increase attendance (and cashflow). It might seem judgmental, especially to feminist sensibilities, but it's *not* merely a knee-jerk, patriarchal reaction. There are very practical social factors at play, as well as spiritual ones, in the Christian Conservative man's rejection of the Christian Conservative woman, divorced-wife model.

The danger isn't just to young single Christian men, but married men, too. "*Attending a church which is soft on divorce puts a man's marriage (and therefore his children) at risk,"* explains Manosphere blogger Dalrock.

Other commenters are not so diplomatic. Twenty-seven year old Stacy, who frequently lurks around the Christian Manosphere hoping to get better advice on men than she's been getting, emails me,

> *"I've been struggling with my marriage to my husband for six years and we've been in counseling with our pastor the whole time. We had to switch churches when we moved for Tom's job, and in the new church women's group I discovered that only myself and two others were even*

> *married. The rest were either [aggressively single] or divorced and looking for another man. Tom got hit on repeatedly for months by women who wanted to steal him away. While that made me cleave to him even tighter, I just don't feel comfortable leaving him at church without me on his arm. Those women are vicious, and they wouldn't care if the Lord, Himself, appeared and objected, if they got a chance to get my husband alone I have no doubt that they would proposition him for sex in an effort to peel him away from me. It's disgusting. I never thought I'd have to worry about losing my husband at church!"*

As far as following the Biblical injunction to "submit herself to her husband", even the devout among Conservative Christian women are troubled.

> *"I've always seen my 'submission' to my husband be only spiritual in nature,"* Natalie, a 34 year old Methodist woman declares. *"He can be the spiritual leader of the family, but apart from that we are* equals. *He doesn't automatically have a right to my body, he can't order me to do something I don't want to, and when it comes to the children he usually is looking to* me *for leadership. In fact, I wouldn't mind seeing a little more backbone in him, but even then I can't see myself 'submitting' to him. That's just barbaric in the 21st century, I don't care what the Bible says."*

It's *implicit* that a Conservative Christian man does, indeed, care what the Bible says . . . and hearing such dismissal from the mouth of a "good Christian wife" is distressing. Some have reacted strongly, insisting that their wives submit to the extent of using corporal punishment, if thought necessary to enforce it. The quasi-Christian site **TakenInHand.com** emphasizes the role of male dominance in the family from the beginning of its FAQ:

> A Taken In Hand relationship is a fully-committed wholehearted sexually exclusive marriage in which the husband wears the trousers and is firmly and actively in charge (to his wife's delight!)—and he puts his wife and their relationship first.

While the site is not explicitly Christian in nature, it does attract a large number of Christian men and women eager to learn just how to implement the male-dominated home life the Bible mandates. That the method includes spanking and other punishments for wives' infractions of their husbands' rules infuriates feminists as abusive – but the adherents are adamant that everything within the

"Taken In Hand Lifestyle" is mutually consensual. Women want to be dominated, just as men want to be dominant.

A lot of Gender Feminists don't think that *mere consent* makes that sort of thing okay. Even if a woman is dumb enough to agree to it beforehand, that doesn't make it good for positive feminism to let your husband spank your ass red because you forgot to pay the insurance on time.

As you will see when we get to the discussion of the **Red Pill**, **Takeninhand.com** is kind of a proto-Manosphere blog. Its focus is on marriage and relationships, not on men in particular, but the idea of a highly-successful male-dominant marriage is apparently so appealing that the site continues to grow as people throughout the Manosphere refer others to it.

Of course feminist response to the "taken in hand" lifestyle is pretty severe. Blogger **Sexo Grammaticus** of the atheist/feminist blog **The Rational Response Squad** describes "Taken In Hand" thusly in the post **"Spank Me Harder, Jesus!"**

> *"There are apparently a growing number of Christian women (the ads posted by people in search of this type of relationship are nearly always from women) who yearn—nay, who hunger—for a husband who knows just what a naughty little scion-of-Eve deserves for burning the roast, or spending too much of his hard-earned money on shoes, or "forgetting" to wear her white cotton panties and giving the vacuum-cleaner salesman a peek at her shame."*

Despite their distaste, it wasn't the sexuality that irked them, as they make clear:

> *"And just so we're all on the same page here: we are not laughing at or making fun of kink itself. Kink is awesome. Some of the people who write for 1585 are into various kinky things, and others not. That's just all a part of life. What we're laughing at is the fact that Christianity has driven these people—who presumably would have been pretty cool otherwise, from the sound of things—so around-the-bend (pun intended) that they are with-a-straight-face denying that this has anything to do with BDSM, and honestly attempting to convince not only the people around them, but themselves, that they are only engaging in this behavior because this is how they interpret the Bible."*

As a frequent third-party scholar of the Bible, I have to agree that this is how they interpret the Bible . . . *because the Bible says pretty clearly that's how they should proceed*. The feminists are upset not only at the idea of a hubby spanking a wifey, but that *they are doing it under the auspices of religion*, not pure sexual thrill.

If you spank your wife because it gets you off, fine. If you spank your wife because it gets you off and *God says so*, you're a religious fanatic incapable of cogent argument.

Feminist pundit **Cath Eliot,** writing for the ***Guardian***, explains away the movement this way, in traditional feminist terminology:

> *"Unfortunately, as in any movement for social change, there are those who remain resistant to their own emancipation: a tiny minority who have been so indoctrinated by both gender and religious conditioning that they continue to see themselves as men's subordinates. These women defer to their men in all things; they believe their primary role in life is to produce children and to keep a tidy and happy home, and while they enjoy all the benefits that feminism has brought them, like the right to vote, the right to contraception and the right to escape their miserable marriages once the penny drops and they finally wake up to the drudgery that their lives have become, they regard feminists like me as the antichrist."*

That is, if women want to freely choose to live the lives their grandmothers tried to escape, they're "brainwashed" or "religiously conditioned", *not* acting out of a profound and deeply spiritual need. (And please note how she automatically includes divorce in the *normal* cycle of marriage). Cath continues ,

> *"Taken in Handers practice what they call "consensual nonconsent", which basically boils down to physical and sexual chastisement, up to and including rape, as punishment for the woman's transgressions. It apparently doesn't matter if she screams and cries throughout her ordeal, no amount of pleading is going to make the "punishment" stop: by dint of the fact that she's in the relationship in the first place she's deemed to have consented to any mistreatment and abuse her husband doles out."*

That is, *she decided to get married*, entering into a legal and legally-binding

contract as a free adult, a contract with pre-existing and well-known provisions that include (traditionally) **sexual access by her husband and material support from her husband.**

The fact that these women are subjected to discipline of any sort is anathema to the feminist mind; the idea that they would do so *voluntarily*, even eagerly, mystifies those women who feel that the only proper way to run a marriage is with the woman leading and dominating her husband until she decides to trade up.

Oh, sorry, I mean "equal partnership".

Marriage 1.0 – the traditional Judeo-Christian pattern of lifetime monogamy in which the husband is the head of household – stopped being viable in the 20th century. Marriage 2.0 – the hot mess we have now in the post-feminist universe in which marriage is temporary, monogamy is nominal, and divorce is expected – *doesn't work*. Serial monogamy is not a viable long-term solution to the problem, either, as we shall see.

While feminism doesn't really have an "ideal" form of marriage in mind, it knows that what we have now isn't really working, either. While that suits some of them perfectly fine, even some feminists are starting to get agitated about marriage.

Whether you see things from the Conservative Christian male perspective or the Radical Secular Feminist perspective, both agree that the current state of marriage is broken for both men and women – an important concession from both sides. And neither side can see a comfortable conclusion to the issue until the other side is eliminated.

But the solutions involved – taping the institution back together to reconstruct "Marriage 1.0" or eliminating the institution altogether in favor of total state support are both highly radical. As passionate and impressively articulate as the Conservative Christian Manosphere bloggers are, reestablishing Agricultural Age marriage is impractical, if not impossible. And as hysterically hateful of the institution as many on the feminist Left are toward the institution, it isn't going away any time soon.

Marriage is a human universal: all human cultures practice it in one way or

another, regardless of their economic situation.  In many ways, it is the change to the institution in the post-war period, the influence of economics and feminism, and the dramatic decline of Christianity that have inspired the passion behind the Manosphere.

No matter what other changes feminism and its adherents have wrought, there will always be people trying to make an ancient system work for a modern one, the best way they can, because *they believe that it is the way their Creator mandated it.*

**The Rise of Feminism**



“Feminism was going to right all the wrongs, level the playing field, and be “fair” to women. Women would be able to do what they wanted, have sex with whom they wanted, and discard unwanted marriages or end them after they had “served their purpose”. Women would be free to “explore their sexuality” and leave a “bad” marriage to “find myself”. Women above all would be free to “follow my heart” and “be true to myself” because “I need something for myself before I can share it with a man”.

Women presumed men would simply absorb all the changes, adjust to them, and yet continue on as they did before — working to provide, creating, and making women’s lives easier. Women writing on the topic have said as much. They expected hot alpha studs to service their sexual needs. They expected all the other men to wait for marriage or marry less attractive women. They demanded good, attractive men to be available when they decided they had had enough of the carousel and wanted to marry. They expected to be able to have sex with whom they wanted, when they wanted, and never to be judged for it. They expected men to subsidize their lifestyles, and they have — with all sorts of welfare programs. All this was done by appealing to emotion and “fairness” because it’s “for the children” and “if you don’t support this you’re a sexist pig”.

Now people stand around blinkered and scratching their heads, genuinely puzzled that men at large in our society are either sackless omegas,

> inveterate slackers, productive men absolutely refusing to marry or sire children, douchebags like “The Situation”, or smooth PUAs bedding women and living at a bare minimum of productivity. They wonder why a growing number of divorced men absolutely refuse remarriage. Simple: It’s all about incentives. Incentives matter. Feminism has incentivized all the behavior we see in men.”
>
> -- Deti

There has always been a feminist movement in this culture, although it hasn’t often gone by that name. Women have frequently organized to present a counterpoint to male leadership and press strongly for both more women in positions of power and in specific policy issues that were, to the women of the time, uniquely *feminine* interests.

There were the women who fought to eliminate the slave trade. Who fought for Abolition. Who fought for Women’s Suffrage. Who fought for Prohibition. Throughout American history, women have used their communal power to bring great change to the course of history. When the slaves were freed and alcoholic spirits more tightly regulated and women had the right to vote, WWII came along and women were drafted into the factories and farms needed for industrialized warfare. That demonstrated that they had economic power as well as social power, and after the war it was inevitable that they’d flex those newfound muscles in the booming post-war economy. An economy driven in large part by consumer spending – and women make 70% of the buying decisions.

It was only natural that a push toward equal legal rights for women in the workplace would occur, and it was needed. Women had demonstrated their talents and ability to perform under pressure in most male-dominated fields, and denying them the right to practice their trade for a fair wage was essentially un-American. Further, the culture of American business had to change to accommodate the new dual-gender constituency. But what was gained by the inclusion and adoption of women into the marketplace was certainly worth the challenges.

We’d bombed every competitor’s factory on the planet, while ours were untouched, and our victorious position had allowed us to graciously loan money

to our defeated foes so that they could buy more stuff from us. We *needed* women in the workforce just to manage the massive bureaucracy the post-war era demanded, not to mention increasing our industrial capacity at a critical time.

Ensuring that "company whore" was not an unofficial part of a job description was just as important.

Feminism boldly pushed for new laws and regulations, and they got them. It pushed for society to honor and respect women for their accomplishments, not just their beauty or their birthrate. They wanted to be able to escape a bad domestic situation and they wanted greater freedom to pursue careers that had been heretofore "male only". All noble and perfectly reasonable goals.

In its way, feminism ("Women's Liberation", at the time) was just as essential to the development of the American workplace and American society at large as the Trade Union movement was to American industry.

My grandfather was a staunch Reagan Republican . . . but when I asked him about doing away with the UAW, he was horrified. Ronald Regan himself is the only President we've ever had who was a *former labor union leader*. Unions might be Marxist in flavor, but they helped a hell of a lot of people at an important time.

Feminism's goals were noble and pure, when they were trying to ensure that a woman who did the same work as a man got paid the same amount and didn't have to fuck her boss to get her paycheck on time.

But somewhere along the line . . . things started going wonky with feminism.

In their quest for equal rights for women, and in their attempt to call attention to the horrific plight of some women, feminism did our culture the dual disservice of reducing the perceived importance of strong male role models and *attacking masculinity itself.* That led to the general and accepted undermining of respect for the American Male in both popular culture and in interpersonal relationships.

The Manosphere argues that that was a *bad* thing. Not just for dudes, but for everyone.

Feminism represented a powerful bitch-slap to men on several fronts, one from which we are still recovering. And while we've largely adjusted to the hows and whys of working with women on an equal footing in the workplace, in the realms of sex and relationships and marriage, as a group we are as clueless now as we were twenty years ago.

There are a lot of ways you can slice it, but every one makes the same point: *as good as feminism has been for women, for men it has been a net negative.* Because feminism didn't stop with equal pay laws and the nuts and bolts of sexual harassment. Heady with its own successful challenge of long-held beliefs that women can't be doctors, lawyers, or entrepreneurs, feminism went on to attack the *status quo* marriage, brutally.

Especially the role of the Father. **You can't have a Patriarchy without a Father.**

Feminism has always been about destroying the influence of "the Patriarchy" – the term used to denote a culture led and influenced exclusively by "the fathers" – men. A hallmark of the Agricultural Age, the Patriarchy was the basis of Western Civilization in a lot of important ways. The Patriarchy was the civilizing force that brought order and wheat to the people . . . and that lead to a lot more people.

The Patriarchy resulted from the need to track land ownership through inheritance, where the fathers – the heads of state (or town, village, or household) directed the planting, harvesting and storage of crops and saw to their defense. While the Patriarchy and the Agricultural Revolution brought vitally needed food security to the people, allowing populations to explode, standards of living to rise, and lifespans to increase the unfortunate fact was that life was pretty brutal for women. In many ways the entire civilization rested on their backs.

Apart from longer and better lives, their lot still pretty much sucked. Land wars took their husbands and sons into wars of religion and politics. Disease and malnutrition took their children, those who survived birth. They had little or no say in how they lived their lives. What they did and who they married was set by custom and law in nearly every agricultural society, custom and law administered first and foremost by their fathers, and then a succession of officials and authorities who all had one thing in common – they were men.

There can be no argument that the plight of women, under the lamp of the Enlightenment and Humanism, desperately needed improvement. Even while men of good character fought to end slavery, their wives and daughters had fewer rights, in some jurisdictions, than their slaves. Abuse was rampant. Under the Agricultural religion Christianity, women were regulated to permanent second-class status thanks to Holy Writ – written by another Agricultural civilization centuries before. **By men.**

After WWII, the men who brought you the Blitz, the ovens, and radioactive fallout were *just* as easy to blame for the problems in the American family. The Patriarchal father-figure, the one who told everyone what to do and used his (un-earned and un-elected) power and authority at whim became the focus of feminist attention from the beginning of the movement.

Worse, they seemed to be suppressing the Birth Control Pill, which allowed women stop fearing pregnancy when they had sex with their husbands . . . or anyone else. That made feminists pro-sex and anti-Patriarchy, back in the formative years.

(Interesting fact: When there are a lot of young pro-sex young women around eager to try out their new pregnancy-resistant vaginas, a lot of dudes will go along with just about anything that they say. **"A man will put up with just about anything, if he thinks its foreplay"** – and that includes hating the Patriarchy they were destined to inherit.)

Feminists wanted the Patriarchy – the old men who were keeping young women from going to Harvard or becoming astronauts or having sex with hot dudes – overthrown forever. Since "Rule of the Fathers" (and by extension, all men) had produced such horrors in the world, then the only practical solution was to take the political and economic power away from them and put it in the hands of sensible women.

That included liberalization of divorce laws, to keep women from being in bad marriages. That included a declaration of liberation from sexual stereotypes. They chafed at the unfair assumptions and barbaric approach to sexuality and marriage put forth by the Patriarchy.

And they kind of had a point.

When the Industrial Revolution began giving individual women financial access, and women began to be formally educated, the injustices of the Agricultural model of marriage and law began to be challenged in a very vocal manner. Women learned to organize, and used that organization skill to affect a number of major cultural landmarks. Abolition. Temperance and Prohibition. Public Education. Women's Suffrage. By the time birth control and female professionals became an issue, women had two centuries of history of organizing under their belts.

So when the Patriarchy was vulnerable, as it was in the wake of WWII, they knew how to organize public opinion against the male-dominated society that had oppressed women for so long. And they did it in a big way. By 1970, the central place masculinity enjoyed in our culture was in serious trouble. After Watergate, it was puking its guts out in the gutter while women began to exercise their social and political power in a big way for the first time. And they had help.

The Counter Culture that was challenging the Establishment at every turn between 1965 and 1975 was fueled by a healthy dose of feminism, and feminism was absorbing the memes and the rhetoric of the other movements of the era: the Civil Rights movement, the Anti-War Movement, and the wave of Marxist-oriented social movements.

With organization and demonstrations the Women's Liberation Movement, as it came to be called, was the political embodiment of feminism, which had until then been the near-exclusive province of rich white scholars in all-female North Eastern colleges. Feminists rode the wave of protests and activism that led to the cultural climax, the Watergate hearings and the withdrawal from Viet Nam.

The Patriarchy was reeling. But the archetypical Patriarch didn't even realize what was happening, yet. While Dad was trying to keep the last vestiges of his traditional family together and conserve what power he had left, the women in his life had reduced him to an Imperialist Oppressor, not a loving head of the family. They took attempts to order the household and the country as *domineering attempts to control their destinies*. And – worst of all – they worked diligently to place the whole concept of the Patriarch, the father as the head of the family, in terminal disrepute.

Feminism denigrated masculinity by attacking its core precepts. Competition, for one. Feminism has never thought well about the male desire to compete and achieve (or when it has it has been to the purpose of subverting it).

The problem is that men and women think very differently about gender and competition, and those differences – whether you consider them biologically innate or socially taught – lead to accusations of skullduggery and sexism when it's usually just dudes wanting to be dudes. And when dudes are being dudes, competing and achieving and such, they just don't like including women . . . because it's *just not fair.*

To illustrate this point, I'll tell you about a group of car salesmen for a big dealership I used to write advertising copy for, all of whom were in a heated sales contest. Among them was one very beautiful, *very* savvy woman who was adept at sales. She tried to compete on the same level as her male co-workers, and she did a fantastic job of hitting the numbers. She looked dynamite, and she was really good at convincing aging divorcees to invest in expensive sports cars, for some odd reason. She frequently received awards, bonuses and recognition by management.

But when it came to figuring out the competition *casually*, amongst themselves, the female sales exec's achievements were never seriously considered alongside her male colleagues in their discussions.

On paper there was nothing to separate her accomplishments from that of her male counterparts. They all played well together. They all maintained a highly professional demeanor. There was, to my knowledge, no hanky panky or personal vendettas. She never slept with her clients.

But when the male sales staff got together at the end of the day to compare notes, the female saleswoman's numbers for the day were *irrelevant to the discussion.*

It perplexed her. She was doing everything she could to make herself "one of the boys", and she was as successful as a beautiful Alpha female could be. Yet she could not entice them into the same friendly wagers and trash-talking banter they enjoyed with each other, and that got her frustrated. Frustrated enough so that she took it up with her boss, who called a meeting of everyone to figure out what was going on.

What emerged from that meeting was that it didn't matter what the young woman did, what kind of numbers she put up, the fact of the matter was that the sales competition, from the men's perspective, was *between men.* She could get the highest numbers every month for a year, but when you asked any of the guys who among them was *the best* in sales, they invariably chose a male.

Why? Institutionalized sexism? That's the typically feminist answer. That's the answer the feminists *are* hoping you'll take away: **that the men were purposefully excluding the young woman in a mean-spirited and sexist attempt to undermine her credibility.**

The feminist answer is to *penalize the men and give the woman advantage over them,* simply because the *perception* of sexism is there. Indeed, that's what the management tried to do in that case. After-work meetings between co-workers in public places were prohibited, as were all-male gatherings. She figured that would take care of it. The guys just started hanging out at one of their houses after work, and stopped inviting the woman. She went from being tolerated to being ostracized, regardless of her performance.

The simple fact of the matter, however, wasn't that the men were trying to be sexist. They were merely competing . . . *among themselves.* Even when they were faced with a competitive female co-worker, and one who could easily challenge them at their work, she wasn't included in the competition because *when men compete it is a matter of sexual selection, not merely a desire to "be best."*

That's one reason competitive endeavors are so often the target of feminists. When men compete with other men, they don't like to include women. Even when you do, they'll find a way around it. So for feminism competition is a negative, as it hurts women even if it's absolutely vital for the healthy sexuality of the men.

Women often mistake this competitive tendency for blatant sexism. The fact is that we consider measuring ourselves against women to be pointless – we aren't *competing* with women to display our high sex value, we're trying to *attract* women with our high sex value, and confusing the two does us both a disservice.

Men work better *competitively*. Women work better *cooperatively.* There are notable exceptions on both sides, but that's the way things *tend* to work . . . only

feminism refuses to acknowledge the value of competition.

Aggression is another area where feminist frequently butt heads with men. From a feminist perspective, all aggression is bad, and all those who perpetrate aggression are likewise bad. Aggression implies violence, which implies a victim, and the victim is usually female, therefore aggression is a bad thing because it is bad for women.

Of course, aggression is one of the many hallmarks of masculinity, and one we're pretty good at, despite our mothers' best efforts to dissuade us. Men need to be aggressive, we need to be competitive. It doesn't matter why, or whether or not it's stupid, or if someone might get hurt. That's not the issue.

The issue is *we need to compete*. We *need* to be aggressive. It builds our character and makes us more self-assured as men. Aggression among men does not automatically lead to enmity, as it does among women; a man can get the shit beat out of him by another man, and the two can have drinks afterwards. Women are rarely as sporting.

Feminism in the workplace and the public sphere had a dramatic effect. As the demonstrations and the political activism picked up speed, wave after wave of feminist-inspired legislation, covering everything from liberalizing divorce laws to refining the definition of rape to issues of child custody and support were being passed at the state and national level.

This wasn't just about the right to vote, or legal equity and the appropriate legislation to remedy it. Feminism, particularly Third Wave Gender Feminism, made disagreements and discussions about the social roles of men and women into a *civil rights issue,* framing Patriarchs (and, really, *all* fatherhood) as the **eternal oppressors and women as their eternal victims**…while women in America enjoyed a historic level of freedom, independence and economic security.

All manner of "women's issues" were getting attention . . . and, most importantly of all, the greater culture was actually seeing "women's issues", and seeing them as important. Climaxing with Richard Nixon's historic signing of Title IX and the collapse of the ERA a few years later, this was the high-water mark for feminist activism.

By 1980, American women arguably enjoyed a greater degree of freedom, security, and protection than any women had in any country at any point in history. And they had achieved it as women, for women, for the furtherance of women's issues.

Of course, about that time, dudes started looking around in confusion when they realized that the culture was changing, and while women's prospects never looked brighter, suddenly theirs was much, much dimmer. While feminism was looking out for the rights and issues of women, as a class, no one was looking out for the rights and issues of men, as a class.

And that's where the Men's Rights Movement was born.

**The MRAs**
**Men's Rights Activists**



In the 1980s women were getting their rights – the courts were packed with test-cases, and the legislatures were packed with enlightened and well-meaning legislation. But in the rush to make the playing field "equal", scant attention was paid to how Men's Rights fared in the firefight. Most liberal-minded women dismissed the very idea of "Men's Rights" as a cynical bit of mystification by the oppressor.

How can Men (the "oppressors of Humanity", according to feminist theory) have *anything* to say about rights, when they already have so much? The consensus of feminist opinion ran (and still runs) in the direction that it doesn't matter how bad men have it, individually, as long as *some* men are still running things, then men as a class have the upper hand.

Therefore, they can't *be* oppressed.

That's a big deal in the Manosphere, because despite all of the mythical Male Privilege that our gender is supposed to enjoy, there are an awful lot of men who are feeling oppressed by the feminism-affected system.

The men who have been victims of *divorce theft* – where a woman uses her state's divorce laws to coerce more than her fair share out of a marriage, sometimes multiple times, for example. Or the fathers whose children have been

taken from them against their will by their ex-wives, simply to punish them or use them as a tool in divorce negotiations. Or the men who have been falsely accused of rape.

Or that most basic of "male privileges": the "privilege" to be conscripted into the armed forces *on the basis of our gender alone*, without our consent.

Who speaks for these men? Who speaks for the civil rights of men *as men*, and protests when their gender is used unfairly against them to deprive them of their rights?

That's where the Men's Rights Movement (MRM) gets its inspiration and purpose. Ironically enough it takes a lot of the language feminism adopted and uses against men and masculinity to challenge the idea that feminism is an ideology of "equality". A great deal of the Manosphere is devote to the short end of the stick that many men feel they are holding after our society is adjusted to include women as equal members . . . because it seems in a lot of ways women *are more equal than men*, in the ***Animal Farm*** sort of way.

When it comes to "gender inequalities" in our society, feminism is quick to tout a litany of crimes against vaginas, but falls strangely silent when it comes to more fundamental inequities built into our system against men by biology, tradition, or pure cultural inertia.

The MRM has challenged many of the issues and statistics that feminism uses to display systemic inequities which affect women negatively . . . but which display no male perspectives. The various MRM blogs of the Manosphere have assembled a compelling counter-argument to the litany of feminists' complaints against "society" and "culture" (when they really mean "men" and "masculinity").

Feminism never tires, for example, of pointing out the pay disparities between men and women, and nothing seems to get their collective panties bunched than the thought of all those rich white male CEOs sitting in board rooms, dispensing power and prestige and oppression without *any* help from them. Feminism points out that women frequently take the lowest-paid jobs, and continue to get paid less for equal work, if you squeeze your eyes together just right when you look at the statistics.

But feminism *doesn't* often mention (or seem to care in the slightest) that men, not women, have the higher chance of dying or becoming seriously injured on the job. They don't mention that men, not women, are still taking the most dangerous careers to support their families. Feminism writes off as mere biological coincidence the savage inequity of premature male mortality, thanks to stress and other work-related factors from taking those jobs. And now that women form a majority of the traditionally high-end, well-paying professional careers, squawking about pay inequality sounds to most men like an entitled demand.

Feminism is very much in favor of reproductive freedom – for *women*. They don't mention that no state allows a *father's* right to choose whether or not to have a baby, or how long he can have rights to that baby after it's born. There's never a feminist outcry about the gross inequities in custody awards – mothers are still far, far more likely to be awarded custody than fathers, regardless of the state, the laws, or other factors.

Feminists never seem to mention that a woman has *twice* the chance to reproduce that a man does. A woman now has the right to choose a wide array of reproductive options, while men are still relegated to second-class reproductive status, dependent on the whims of femininity for their offspring. Considering that 100% of the children alive today are the result of a mere 40% of the male population, that seems a screaming gender-based societal disparity that one would imagine that feminism would be all over, were it truly an ideology of equality, and not one of feminine privilege.

But it's not just civil child custody awards. Feminism rarely mentions criminal sentencing inequities when it speaks of injustice. It's an observable fact that women serve less time, and less *severe* time, for committing the same criminal infractions in the American justice system. Feminism rarely mentions the incarceration rate for men *dwarfs* that for women – although some feminists rationalize this as proof of the male propensity for anti-social behavior.

And feminism rarely mentions one of the most fundamental gender-based inequalities in our system, one which would take very little to rectify: **the Draft.**

Every young male in America must register for Selective Service on his 18th birthday, essentially confirming his ability to suffer, kill and die on behalf of his country once compelled to do so by the state. For no other reason than he

happens to have a penis and made it to age 18, these men are compelled to sign up to possibly kill people and die. Believe me, ladies, signing that form is sobering. From that day forward, no dude can look at the news the same way again.

Women, on the other hand, are exempt from Selective Service registration in the US. When feminists are called on it, they scoff at it as a "non-issue" – we don't even *have* a draft anymore, the SS registration is a mere bureaucratic hold-over from a more barbaric time, and there are far more important (to women) things to concern themselves over, they argue. The stunning inequality of Selective Service doesn't even faze them – *they know they're safe*.

Using the *"don't hit me, I'm a girl!"* defense, while feminists will argue for women to have the right to fight in combat beside male soldiers, they stop far short of demanding that women's service be *mandated* by the state in the same way as men's service in war-time can be.

They can rationalize their intellectual dishonesty about the matter a hundred different ways (if you can persuade a feminist to entertain the discussion at all), but the Men's Rights Movement is absolutely firm: when it comes down to it, **there is no hope for "equality" between the genders in our society until that fundamental element has changed.**

The Men's Rights movement alone is speaking out on behalf of Men's Rights in the face of the feminist assault on masculinity. They are one of the few groups which can claim to be working on behalf of everyone with an XY chromosome. Which makes it even more ironic that the Men's Rights Movement is often the most kicked-around part of the Manosphere.

The original 1980s "men's movement" was a direct outgrowth of feminism. Beginning, arguably, with **Warren Farrell's** 1988 book ***Why Men Are The Way They Are***, the movement began as an attempt for male feminists (you could be a "male feminist" in the 80s) to self-examine their roles and challenge themselves to be *better men*.

***Why Men Are the Way They Are***, despite its passive-aggressive title (assuming implicitly that "the way men are" is somehow *broken* – just imagine the feminist response to a book entitled ***Why Women Are The Way They Are***), actually does a credible job at examining the issue. Farrell is quick to point out all the

feminist-perspective “flaws” in masculinity, but he’s also the first serious gender relations scholar to point out the areas where women aren’t all that eager to see change that might affect them, as a class, negatively . . . ***even when it is a simple matter of equality.***

Dr. Farrell’s book is fascinating, bringing for the first time a balanced view to the issue of gender equity. His book looks at the exclusively male military draft, the statistics of workplace injury and illness and the flow of money in the 1980s household, and concludes that **women really don't want to change the underlying structure of society even as they protest its inequities because they benefit from a system that regards men as expendable**. He does so, at times, in deeply apologetic tones, but its clear from his words he sees an inequality that feminism should be all over . . . and *isn’t.*

And that was back in *1988.*

Of course Farrell got savaged by his feminist allies for the temerity of pretending that women like romance novels, make-up, and ***Cosmopolitan*** (must be all the confused men reading it that’s kept its circulation up) and when he does strike a nerve in criticizing women, his feminist critics are quick to jump on how “feminism has been saying that for years but no one would listen.”

Farrell was in a tough spot. He came from a feminist-fed background, and throughout his work he uses feminist jargon. His apologetic tone is, at times, obsequious, as if speaking about men in any but the most condemning of terms was a violation of feminist doctrine. But it was also instructive and revealing about the nature of that doctrine: throughout the book, Farrell carefully tries his best to avoid hurting sensitive feminists’ feelings, and focus on the core of male psychology.

After all, there were *plenty* of books on women and female psychology – one would think that feminists would like a discussion of male psychology in relation to and in context with female psychology, so that a better understanding of intergender relations could be established. Farrell was the perfect tool for that: he had good male feminist street cred, after all. If anyone could write about how bad men were, he could.

Only he didn’t, exactly. To his credit, he took a very keen view of some very basic statistics about men, and concluded that as bad as women have it, **men**

**have issues and suffer from the way our society works, too.**

His former feminist allies didn't like that too much.

If Farrell finds fault in feminism, he's attacked for poor statistics and pandering; if he finds a fault in womanhood, he's accused of sexism and exhibiting "stereotypical behavior" and reminded how feminist ideology *prohibits* the behaviors he's speaking of . . . while feminists practice them with unerring regularity.

As one commenter pointed out, *"If you don't want to understand men and simply want them to conform to the feminist view of why we date, have sex, and marry (not even necessarily in that order) then reading this book will make you angry."*

Farrell isn't particularly well-liked in the Manosphere, despite his groundbreaking work. Mostly his male critics argue that he didn't go far enough in rejecting feminism (or at least rejecting the feminists espousing the ideals of equality while taking advantage of feminine privilege inherent in that inequality) and call him a "mangina" and a feminist apologist and worse. Dudes can be *rough*.

But his book also falls far short of the Manosphere's mark: too often he tries to insinuate that games, tricks and sexist behavior comes only from poor self-esteem, unresolved issues, or "neurosis", when it's clear that **some of these feminist-despised "behaviors" of men are actually there for good and valid evolutionarily-sound reasons.** He lays the blame of gender relations and the current firestorm of friction still at the feet of men, individually and collectively, while going out of his way to avoid criticism of women or feminism except where it's inescapable.

And then even *he* has to admit that it's inescapable.

If a feminist-friendly man who has studied gender relations and the actual statistics cited so often by feminists can be torn to shreds the way Farrell was, then a perfect test case as to whether or not feminism was evolving into a true system enshrining the ideals of equality for both sexes . . . or a disingenuous ideology devoted to advancing the issues and interests of women regardless of the consequences to men and greater society. His books reception by the general

feminist community indicates the latter. A few thoughtful feminist scholars thought he was on to something. The rest threw him under the bus for his apparent regression.

The irony is that Farrell's book and its follow-ups, for all its obsequious tone and qualifying language, inspired many Manospherans when it came out. After twenty years of "why men suck" books on gender, this was **the first time a book had challenged the feminist *status quo* in regards to sexuality and reproduction: that if men treated women as sex objects, then women treated men as "success objects".**

If men were turned on by big boobs and a snazzy hairstyle, women were turned on by big bank accounts and shiny cars – and that irritated feminists who were invested in the idea that **male and female socio-sexual interplay was driven *purely* by "stereotypes" and the Patriarchy.** Farrell looked at male pursuit of sex not as a blatant and rapacious attack on femininity's virtue, but as a *positive* celebration of male sexuality. That pissed off a lot of women who, by the late 1980s, could see nothing good in male sexuality that wasn't bad for women.

I came across the book myself, and I found it breathtaking for its novelty. I brought it up in a women's studies class. It didn't go over well.

Farrell's follow-up book, ***The Myth of Male Power*** challenged the feminist Holy Grail, **the idea that all men had huge amounts of power that they used to dominate all women**. He took a very meticulous look at economics and social trends, and he laid it out in a fairly straightforward, thoughtful manner. Needless to say, he was pilloried by feminists everywhere for his "attack" on feminists and all women.

When he started monkeying around with relationships – the sacred ground of women – with his 2000 book ***Why Women Can't Hear What Men Don't Say,*** they *freaked out.*

Some people just don't know how to take criticism.

Farrell is far from a whisky-snorting, muscle-bound proponent of naked masculinity – he's still considered a feminist by nearly everyone except the feminists. Nor does he go out of his way to celebrate the masculine virtues he expounds upon – his attitude is far more that masculinity has more bugs than

features.  But his work and his research have been groundbreaking, and have paved the way for uncomfortable questions to be asked.  And the biggest uncomfortable question for feminism has to be,

***Well, If Feminism Is All About Equality And Fairness, How About The Places That Are Unfair To <u>Men</u>, As A Gender?***

(*crickets*)

Farrell doesn't hold feminists in particular, or women in general, to account for their behavior, nor does he make a strong case against feminism.  He raised interesting questions, most of the Manosphere agrees, and even some of the right questions.  But he didn't propose any seriously workable answers.  Men, he argues, do need to change themselves.

Farrell still seems to believe that men need to change themselves, essentially, to be better for *women*, not better for themselves.  Farrell still seeks some middle ground between the MRM and feminism that means kinder, gentler men, but asks nothing of women except "understanding" . . . when it's clear that feminism has no desire or even an interest in "understanding" men.

So eventually someone filled the gap.  Someone stood up for Men's Rights, the legal activism against laws and rulings that are blatantly unfair and inequitable to men as a class.  That someone begins with the phallically-named website **The Spearhead.**

## The Spearhead

There are dozens of blogs that could be considered MRM soapboxes, but there are a few that are key, and only one that is the keystone. The Men's Rights blogs tend to revolve around ***The Spearhead***, a site devoted to fighting for Men's Rights. But it's just the latest manifestation of a small but growing social movement that stretches back over 30 years.

***The Spearhead*** is a multi-author blog focusing primarily on Men's Rights. As they say in their "About" section:

> "Some of us have finally started to find our voice, and a number of blogs dedicated to men's issues have appeared, seemingly out of nowhere, creating something of a movement. But "movement" might be the wrong term, because in our contrived and artificial society the meaning of that word has come to be associated with dilettante radicals with bullhorns and giant puppets making appeals on behalf of sea turtles or some other exotic cause. What sets our movement apart is that many men, because of the real injustices so many of us have faced first-hand, have come to a common awareness that there are serious political, legal and cultural problems that plague men in our society."

That seems a fairly straightforward statement of general principals, and verbally eschews the idea that the way to counter feminism is to adopt feminist strategies to "out-feminist" them. But the influence is apparent: if you change "man" to "woman", it could have come right out of a feminist manifesto.

In fact, many of the men who write and read **The Spearhead** were directly inspired by, or had serious influence by, modern feminism. There's even a link to Warren Farrell's books, an acknowledgement of his seminal place in the Manosphere. So seeing the blog as a counter-feminist instrument is not too far off the mark. But the focus isn't on anti-feminism (there are plenty of other blogs dedicated to that), it's about Men's Rights in general, and it frequently acts as a clearinghouse and soapbox for prominent MRM thought leaders.

Common topics include Marriage Reform, Divorce Reform, Sentencing Reform, Male Rights, Male Reproductive Rights, Custody Reform, and other politically-sensitive topics. It also covers such traditional Manospherian elements as fatherhood, seduction-and-pursuit, Why Porn Matters, and social commentary on

gender relations from every angle.

It's fascinating to watch from an observer's perspective because while the dedication and devotion to the ideals of the MRM are shared by most of the Manosphere, the MRAs (Men's Rights Activists) get little respect elsewhere in the Manosphere. The stereotypical MRA is a bitter divorced dad, usually college-educated and often with strong liberal or progressive tendencies originally, who tried to out-sensitive his way out of a poor relationship and got his ass handed to him in court as a result.

Needless to say, there are plenty of examples along this line, well enough to justify the stereotype. The more radical Manospherans lament the weak-tea and overly-conciliatory attitudes displayed in some of The Spearhead's posts. Often the MRAs are disparaged as "losers" by men who have yet to experience the worst parts of the system. For all of their history and dedication, the MRM has actually accomplished very little beyond consciousness-raising and information sharing. But that doesn't mean The Spearhead and the MRM aren't important, or their approach isn't useful.

It's also fascinating to note that **Manboobz**, the exploitive site designed to ridicule the Manosphere in general and the MRM in particular, has lambasted **The Spearhead** repeatedly over the years for having the temerity of seeing men as people entitled to equal rights. Citing it as a "haven of misogyny" on the feminist side and "Mangina Land" in the courser areas of the Manosphere's dirty snowball, its critics can't seem to stop cracking jokes long enough to address the *real* issues that **The Spearhead** takes on.

It's easy to see why: feminism has poisoned the well of gender-based activism. Any attempt to challenge the Feminist Consensus is a threat, and the MRM aims to do just that. It unapologetically works to further the interests and issues of men, as they see them. And there are a lot of dedicated voices determined to work diligently to improve the interests of men and celebrate the accomplishments of masculinity. For example, **A Voice for Men**.

**A Voice For Men**

Along with The Spearhead, **A Voice For Men** (another multi-authored blog) acts as a kind of clearinghouse for MRM-related stuff, which makes it the ***USA Today*** of the Manosphere. It's also almost unique in that it makes room for *all* men under its umbrella, while other sites often end up excluding gay, bisexual, and transsexual men from the conversation.

AVfM attempts to bring the gender conversation full-circle, from a masculine perspective. And it does have plenty of women who comment. As one poster, Roger O. Thornhill (ironically enough, a transgendered male-identified poster), reveals

> What was being said struck me and it was being said by men *and* women. Women at AVFM? I couldn't believe they were vocal here. What was their true motivation?
>
> It left me dumbstruck when I first heard Women talking honestly about the pitiful state of our society. *"Fuck, they see it, it's not just a group paranoid Men raving away in cyberspace whilst beating drums!" "This shit is for real."* The vague thoughts I'd had over the years about such matters were based on something that was actually real after all.

That's a common refrain from men who have wandered, bitter and dejected, feeling as if the injustices they observe are figments, or if there is merely a conspiracy of silence about them because they only affect men. Or that because they feel bad about how they are being treated that they have somehow offended women because, after all, they're men and men *don't have problems*, according to feminists. Men are the problem.

**A Voice For Men** has a whole section covering feminism. And it's not mere knee-jerk caveman talk. Many of the posters have detailed knowledge of feminism's inner workings. After all, the same books and lectures are available to both genders, and the men at **A Voice For Men** want to be able to argue intelligently.

In one post, entitled ***"To The Nice Feminists"***, by **John the Other**, he makes the distinction:

However, the humanist, liberal, sex positive, nice guy version of feminism you practice – and if I didn't cover your particular flavor, go ahead and add it in — *that* humanist feminism is not the same ideology taught in university gender studies courses. It is not the feminism which informs the policies of United Nations aid agencies who render assistance to only women and children, and not to men. Your humanist version of feminism is not the one which specifically excludes male gang-rape victims from receiving medical aid, shelter and rehabilitation in places where male targeting gang rape are standard practices of war, such as in the Congo. That feminism is not your humanist feminism. Neither is your feminism the version of that ideology which informs a multi-billion dollar industry which produces egregiously and grotesquely misleading misinformation designed to acculturate hatred and fear in women towards men; which teaches girls to always be victims, and never be self actualized adults.

*That* is not your humanist feminism either. Your humanist feminism is not the ideology informing almost all domestic violence shelters, and public messaging on DV, selling a totally false story that domestic violence is just evil, violent men, beating on just sweetly innocent and decorative female victims. Your view is not one of demonizing men in our culture so as to guarantee to enable more domestic violence because it works from a totally broken model.

Your flavor of humanist feminism is not the one informing a collection of lawyers, social workers, educators, child care specialists, psychologists and other professionals to collaborate on a blog and cheer for plans to eugenically exterminate the male half of the human race.

But when you pursue your noble goals under the banner of feminism, even when you prefix it, and say liberal feminism, or humanist feminism, or sex positive feminism, you are giving cover to those who openly call for the extermination of men.

And that's why I don't care what flavor of feminism you practice. You're using the same brand name as murderous, eugenics enthusiast, destroy due process sexual apartheid gender ideologue elitists for whom violence isn't just an unpleasant option. Violence, when contemplated against children, or men, especially when doled out by state functionaries is what gets them wet. That's the big, funded, organized and politically established collective with which you identify by name.

**A Voice For Men** recognizes the legitimate role of humanistic feminism and, as John says (and as most in the Manosphere seem to agree), no one wants to turn back the clock to 1950. Or 1850. **But there is an observed anti-male bias in our culture that will grind your husbands and brothers and sons into the dust while your daughters thrive.** And **A Voice For Men** wants that trend reversed.

That doesn't mean it works particularly *effectively.* The MRM suffers from an appalling lack of both specific issues upon which to base real activism, and few trained or resourced activists ready to champion those causes at a grass-roots level. Considering how important such issues as marriage, divorce, and custody issues are to men, you would expect there to be more foot soldiers under the MRM banner. But the fact is most men *don't* identify, politically, *as* men the way that women identify politically *as* women.

That's a fact that both major political parties have stumbled over in recent years. The Democrats have gone to great lengths to appeal and champion the rights of women, as a class, with their relentless pursuit of reproductive rights, pay equity, and other feminist tropes. But as a result of their failure to appeal to the interests or champion the rights of men, as a class, they have left men few political options save the GOP or more radical agendas.

Issues that aren't natively seen as "men's issues" – gun ownership, taxation, property rights – become a gender-based dividing line in our culture without being identified as such. While the Republicans have also failed to appeal to men as "Male Voters", a platform that leans in favor of issues important to men as a gender has attracted otherwise-moderate and even liberal men from the Democratic Party, where they see no welcome whatsoever . . . and no hint of respect.

A woman with any interests in reproductive rights sees her gender as defining her position on an issue, one way or another. But men aren't encouraged to see ourselves "as men", as part of a gender with unique masculine interests, in part because men are encouraged by feminists to give up their rights in recompense for institutional oppression, and encouraged by conservatives to give up their rights as a sacrifice for the greater common good. Neither side of the aisle attempts to make a pitch to dudes on the basis of them being dudes.

Nor has the MRM spawned a large following of local political activists working

for a centrally-focused male-positive agenda, the way the National Organization of Women managed to come into existence and rise to political power. For women, it's very different. Women are great at grass-roots style organization and low-order collective action, in part because they tend to turn such missions into social events, which in turn become opportunities for higher positioning within the Matrix. But I think it's just as valid to point to the feminine facility with communication and consensus for their success at activist organization, compared to the MRM.

If you brush the comments section over at the **Spearhead** or **A Voice For Men**, you quickly realize that these guys can't agree on enough, ideologically, to organize a *parade*, much less a national movement. They just can't seem to reach a feminine-style consensus on anything except *"Feminism Bad!"*

It's not that the site and its authors lack intellectual rigor, as there are some pretty intriguing (if sometimes obscure) points being made at **The Spearhead**. It's more that every other part of the Manosphere either wants to co-opt **The Spearhead** and the nascent MRM to front for their issues, and the MRAs want to focus on some very practical things. There was even an attempted ideological *coup d'etat* in 2011 when an organized group of highly patriarchal right-wing white supremacists tried to win control of the site. **The Spearhead's** editorial staff threw them out, but not before they'd stirred up plenty of trouble.

There's little in the way of direct activism, either. Apart from the Million Man March and the Promise Keepers rallies, there haven't been many events targeted *specifically* and *exclusively* at us gents. With the civil-rights and religious overtones of those two extremes, it becomes difficult for the average suburban dude to get hopping mad over marriage and divorce law until he's been subjected to one or both. And no man wants to entertain the idea that he'll lose custody of his kids. Until he's threatened with it, he probably gives very little thought to custody law.

But not the Draft.

If you had to put your finger on a single, fundamental psychological issue common to *all* American men, it's that little piece of paper you signed on your 18th birthday that meant that your government could, *at its whim*, conscript you to go kill people and/or possibly die, without you having a *darn* thing to say about it. Sure, there is currently no Draft, merely "Selective Service

Registration" in case of WWIII or something, but that's beside the point: signing that card can color every decision and perspective in that young man's life from then on. If he's not a total idiot he must realize what it implies.

It's the affirmation of his tacit commitment to the State, should it be deemed required, that he will kill and possibly die in its defense or in its service, regardless of his personal feelings or philosophies or inclinations. He's an Act of Congress away from involuntary conscription into organized violence. He bears a psychological burden that his sisters will never know. All because he's got a penis.

And *only* because he has a penis. The Draft symbolizes that men, *as* men, are expendable. *Disposable*, even.

Women who aren't faced with this issue (which is all of them) don't know what that can do to you, mentally. If they think of it at all (and most don't), or if it's brought to their attention, they dismiss it as a groundless fear. Likely they consider it the way most modern men think about dying in childbirth ("In this day and age? It would *never* happen!"). But conscription is an ever-present possibility, dependent upon the wings of fortune and a thousand different factors, conceded, but a possibility nonetheless. We can be ordered to kill or die by the State without our consent. **Just because we're male.**

That might also explain why boys tend to take a greater interest in politics, foreign affairs and world events than girls. Imagine some totalitarian nut in Asia starts throwing his weight around, and suddenly we need a million-man army to contend with him. *Where do you think that army will come from?* And be made up of *whom?* Boys learn early to watch the horizons of history to see whether or not they will become its casualties. The smart ones do, at any rate.

While the all-male Draft remains a remote possibility and largely a philosophical issue, the day-to-day reality of divorce, custody, false accusations of rape, and the scourge of hypergamy are where **The Spearhead** and **A Voice For Men** shine. While the multi-authored nature of the blogs allow a lot of different male perspectives to be showcased, any misandrous news item is fair game for them, and any example of anti-male bias is blogfodder. While it might suck in terms of traditional activism, **The Spearhead** and **A Voice For Men** do a good job of spreading the word and educating men about the masculine deficits in our society, particularly as the rest of the Manosphere has grown and linked to it.

Associated with the site is author **Jack Donovon,** whose books on masculine issues are must-reads for the Manosphere. Donovon approaches masculinity as a lost art, and treats it with the awe and respect it deserves.

His book, ***The Way of Men***, delves into the idea and the ideals of masculinity in an aggressive and unapologetic way. Far from the conciliatory tone of Farrell's books, Donovon seems fiercely proud of masculinity and resents its attack by feminism. Espousing a joyous return to the visceral thrills of our tribal ancestors, Donovon glorifies a robust masculinity for the modern man, emphasizing male strengths such as physical strength and problem-solving and exploring the delicate process of how men are made out of boys through the fellowship of other men.

Donovon's perspective has gained a lot of traction as more and more men are looking towards tribal life for clues to heal their wounded masculinity. Going back beyond the Agricultural Age Marriage (1.0) to the tribal, hunter-gatherer-based cultures (Marriage *Beta?* Marriage *.5*?) reveals the essence of masculinity, honed over 100,000 years of fighting wolves and hyenas for the privilege of first dibs on the deer after the lion got through with it. Donovon celebrates those skills and abilities developed for hunting and defending during our tribal years as the essence of masculinity.

The profusion of tribal tattoos and the glorification of simple living are hallmarks of the **MGTOW** movement, as we shall see, but there's a lot of overlap in the dirty snowball. There's even a diet-and-exercise plan. "Going Paleo" is a high-protein, generally low-carbohydrate , nutrient dense lifestyle emphasizing natural foods, lots of bacon, and vigorous exercise ("Play"). Part health plan and part primitivist philosophy, the paleo diet is just manlier, its proponents say, than slurping down a pasta-laden Lean Cuisine with the girls in the breakroom at lunch.

Donovon recognizes the problems with the MRM, and understands that its effectiveness issues are directly-related to the way men and women organize differently . . . according to very different perspectives, in light of feminism. In his highly popular critical essay ***Reimagining Masculinity***, available on his blog, he writes,

> "In 1974, feminist Janet Satzman Chaftez imagined a utopia where

> androgyny replaced gender role stereotypes. She hoped that, perhaps by the year 2000, people would move beyond perceiving themselves as being either masculine or feminine, and instead see themselves as merely being human. It is a theme in much of feminist writing that men and women must discover a common humanity and abandon old ideas about the sexes.
>
> However, in the case of women, this has consistently been a case of saying one thing and doing another. Only men are expected to see the world in gender-neutral terms. Women organize consistently as a group to advocate for women's interests. Even as they have fought for inclusion in every realm once reserved for men, they have created an entire subculture catering specifically to women. As I write this, there is a women's film festival going on in my town. There are women's gyms, and a dizzying number of women's health and health advocacy organizations. Women have their own magazines, television channels, websites, bookstores, and so on. There is, as Hanna Rosin mentioned, a "traveling sisterhood" of women helping each other as women—not merely as human beings. Women are acting collectively in their own interests as a sex."

But not men. Men do not identify themselves *as men*, as a special-interest group separate and distinct from the rest of society, as has been noted. In the quest for a revalorization of masculinity in the 21st century, the key to success may well lay in just this kind of mental separation from greater society and realization of the existence of distinct "Men's Issues" and "Men's Interests" as distinctly gender-defined things. Things worthy of putting their political weight behind.

Men may well have to abandon the notion that they are responsible for the maintenance of civilization if they hope to keep any of it for themselves. Perhaps feminism envisioned a gender-free society way back in 1974, but what it gave us was in fact a society where gender differences not just persist, but where the genders themselves are struggling against each other.

In pointing out the disparity between feminist ideology and feminist practice, Donovon hits upon one of the crucial foundations of the Manosphere: **the observation and recognition that women, as a class, tend to say one thing and do another** from a male perspective. This will become a haunting refrain throughout our journey, one that flies in the face of the feminist insistence on a

road toward a gender-free society. Donovon wasn't the first to call it out, and he won't be the last. He continues,

> "The androgynous feminism of Chaftez has in practice become a feminism that sells women strength and power, but permits them to maintain a distinct sexual identity and organize to advance their own interests as a sex. We have not become simply "human"—we still recognize ourselves as men and women, even in 2011. Chaftez acknowledged that feminism posed a threat to men, because the change would entail, "a loss of many concrete prerogatives." She was right about that. By any straightforward measure, feminism required men to progressively transfer power to women. If advances in technology and global exchange had been slower, this transfer might have been more orderly and even-handed. However, in Chaftez's lifetime, economic and technological changes happened so rapidly that women were able to capitalize on them and transform the workplace and the social terrain to their liking at once, while men were left standing with their dicks in their hands."

***Women often say one thing and do another, individually or collectively***. Part of that is a communication issue: women communicate to each other (and to men) in a kind of two-channel mode, in which their verbal communication conveys one message while their subtextual actions convey another. Feminists want an egalitarian, gender-free society . . . where women are specially protected and afforded greater resources than men. The message and the subtext.

Or, as Donovon writes,

> A common bumper sticker reads:
>
> **"Feminism is the radical notion that women are human beings."**
>
> It should read:
>
> **Feminism is the radical notion that men should do whatever women say, so that women can do *whatever the hell they want.***

Another common refrain amongst the MRM blogs, and the Manosphere in general, is the despair at the self-loathing male encouraged by feminism. Donovon comments about the abortive Men's Mythopoetic Movement of the late

1980s:

> Many have attempted to reimagine masculinity in a way that repudiates the old, violent patriarchal "myths" about men, and provides a more peaceful and sexually egalitarian vision of manhood that is compatible with what women want for themselves.
>
> The mythopoetic men's movement attempted to do this in the 1980s and early 1990s. In *Iron John*, poet Robert Bly tapped into folklore and tried help men get in touch with the "wild man." *Iron John* contained some truthful observations, and it got media attention when it was published in 1990. Feminists saw it as a kind of resurgent sexism and mocked it ruthlessly. In 1995, Michael Kimmel edited a collection of essays titled *The Politics of Manhood: Profeminist Men respond to the Mythopoetic Men's Movement (And the Mythopoetic Leaders Answer.* Most of the essays were criticisms of *Iron John.* The profeminists accused Bly and company of everything from homophobia to male hysteria.
>
> Had they given Bly a fair read, they would have seen that his "wild man" was really quite tame. Bly's wild way was explicitly meant to exist in harmony with the feminist project. While it was incompatible with the sci-fi unitard androgyny of Chaftez's utopian feminism, Bly's ethos was a response to the way feminism had actually played out on the ground.
>
> Bly stated in his response to profeminist men that it was important for men to "stand up and speak about the pain that millions of women feel" and that as a father he wanted his daughters to have "a fair chance." He also denied charges that he or any of the mythopoetic men had any interest in reestablishing patriarchy, and even went on to say that the "destructive essence of patriarchy…moves to kill the young masculine." Like other feminists and many Men's Rights activists, he believed that patriarchy hurts most men, too.

Donovon and the rest of the Manosphere tend to agree . . . **the *lack* of patriarchy is hurting men far more than its existence *ever* did.** The feminist tendency to conflate "patriarchy" with "masculinity" and then force-feed that to their menfolk helped lead to a vapid, pale shadow of masculinity – the "metrosexual" – that was patriarchy-free and completely and utterly unable to

sexually satisfy their women.

Feminism encouraged male self-loathing to such an extent that it actively opposed two generations of men from learning how to do it right. The Mythopoetic movement was a prime example: Bly and his fellows were doing everything feminism claimed that it *wanted* men to do . . . but looking at how they reacted to the result one can easily observe a tangible disgust and distaste for their own dickless creations.

The MRM tries to combat this pervading sense of misandry in our culture, but it's a hard sell: since feminism has not tolerated any dissent, at this point any attempt to question its authority on all things gender-related is an invitation to attacks and accusations of misogyny. If one can read the tepid fare of Bly and see a cleverly-disguised plot to reestablish the Patriarchy, please explain the logic underlying that conclusion to me.

A kind of rustic "mystic fool" like Bly's wild man isn't going to transform a boy into a fully-mature male by *removing* his violent masculinity. As Donovon says, Bly's "wild man" is a faint reflection of the robust masculinity of our hunter-gatherer ancestors, the kind of active life the modern masculine soul is fighting to find.

And that has bugger-all to do with the "pain that millions of women feel". It has to do with the frustration that millions of *men* feel. We were trained to be hunters and warriors for thousands of years, and now we're webmasters and business-to-business sales professionals. We were designed to hunt mastodons, and now we're relegated to hunting for the best hotel rate on vacation.

Donovon (among many voices in the Manosphere) takes issue with the idea of a mature, non-violent masculinity. Men are violent by nature, he argues, and that's not a bug, it's a feature. Trying to remove aggression and the capacity to break stuff and hurt people from a man results in something far less than "mature manhood". The Mythopoetics tried to do that, Donovon points out:

> Sam Keen also attempted to reimagine masculinity by appropriating the language of violent masculinity for disarmed men. In *Fire In The Belly*, he told men to reject the "myth of war" and to become "fierce gentlemen." Keen's fierce gentleman really had nothing to distinguish himself from a fierce gentlewoman. His virtues were Wonder, Empathy, a Heartful Mind, Moral Outrage, Right Livelihood, Enjoyment, Friendship,

> Communion, Husbanding and Wildness. None of these are particularly bad values, but they aren't gendered concepts and they have nothing in particular to do with any historical sense of manhood. Feminists, to whom Keen genuflected numerous times, have been in the moral outrage business for years

Or, in other words, stomping your foot and pouting dramatically wins you the respect and admiration of neither women nor men. Being a "fierce gentlemen" with pacifistic overtones doesn't get much accomplished in male society – you're just a talkative idealistic asshole, usually, if you push those "virtues". In female society it gets you a lot of female friends who treat you like you're gay. Far from "fire in the belly", the attempt to co-opt warrior language for the purpose of advanced pussification just led to more and more resentful, frustrated men.

The men of the late 20th century were taught to disparage the skills and attitudes that had kept their ancestors alive and procreating as *evil*. Without the danger and excitement of violence to inspire them (and, coincidently, be a sexual attractor *par excellance*) men lost interest . . . and their women quickly lost interest in *them.*

There was even a derisive term for the Mythopoetics, back in the day: **SNAGs**. *Sensitive New-Age Guys.* And what kind of girl wants to hook up with a SNAG? SNAGS were self-loathing men in search of masculinity with only women to guide them. Despite all the wailing about the estrangement of fathers from sons and the transfer of masculine power between the generations, the Mythopoetics and their SNAG followers were all too willing to blame themselves, their gender, industrialization, their culture . . . everyone but the women who were actively fighting to keep mature men from "infecting" immature boys with "patriarchy".

The first abortive attempts to recover from this overdose of male hugging and sweat lodges were still overtly profeminist. **Michael Kimmel** tried to come back from SNAG-hood with his 1996 book ***Manhood In America***. He even goes after the "weekend warriors and the whiners" in a chapter. But in attempting to revalorize masculinity with a feminist tint, Kimmel stumbles badly. His version of "masculinity" is no more robust than a book club meeting.

While touting male sacrifice and willingness to struggle, Kimmel rejects all the

sweaty, smelly, bloody bits of traditional manhood in an effort to please the feminists and convince them that men have "reformed" from their violent past. Of course, Kimmel does this without realizing that no amount of effort to revalorize masculinity will please feminists . . . nor should it.

The problem that Kimmel, Keen, and Bly all shared was that their vision of the 21st century man was essentially a fully mature, masculine male . . . who was the perfect complement to a 21st century *feminist* woman. That is, the mature male that the Mythopoetics describe is one that has been designed and built to be of *better use to women*, not one designed by men, for men, taking into account male interests and issues first and foremost.

Kimmel's profeminist model is one essentially designed to only find value in sacrificing himself for others, of denying his identity as an individual man and submersing himself in the service of society, of family, of his fellow man. There is no true respect for masculinity here, only an attempt to substitute unquestioning toil for our feminist masters for a self-respect and self-mastery implicit in true manhood.

Kimmel in particular believes that only by giving up the desire to "prove our manhood" will we ever become "free" as men. As we'll see in the chapter on MGTOW, the exact nature of this "freedom" is elusive and difficult to define . . . but for Kimmel I envision a lot of foot-rubs for tired feminist feet high on the list of challenging priorities.

Donovon sees it differently. Indeed, instead of the tireless defender of "society" (women) envisioned by Kimmel, or the mopey, whiney wistfulness of Bly and Keen, Donovon predicts what came to pass:

> Relieved of all but the most high-minded, abstract and legally optional expectations, what is to stop men from collectively putting their feet up, breathing a sigh of relief, and doing…as little as possible?
>
> The pacified, "reimagined" masculinities of Garcia, Bly, Keen and Kimmel all require men to deny their own interests. The only carrots they dangle for men are obscure and philosophical, and therefore naturally have a very limited appeal. Garcia, Bly, Keen and Kimmel have nothing to say to the man who is looking for a way to better his own circumstances or make his own way in the material world.

And that's the role of the MRM in the greater Manosphere: **to provide a philosophically "safe zone" to exchange information and perspectives between men, about me, and with the interests of men – and men alone – in mind.**

**The Spearhead**, the late, lamented **In Mala Fide**, **Return of Kings** and other MRM and related sites act as a kind of center-of-gravity around which much of the discussion of the Manosphere orbits, one in which the specific gender politics of the moment are less important, as important as they are, than the long-term rectification of men and their masculinity. For, as Donovon notes:

> The reimaginers of masculinity have realized, perhaps subconsciously, that men still want to *feel* like men. To humor men and better acclimate them to a captive, powerless existence, the reimaginers have taken it upon themselves to decorate the cage a bit. They have attempted to provide safe narratives that offer men the *feel* of expressing a virtual virility without the danger it poses to the interests of women and the status quo. They have brainstormed for ways to empower men without actually giving them any real power. To pacify man, they offered him only the "mother-may-I" masculinities most compatible with the interests of women.

The MRM isn't going to cooperate with that. They may not be able to stop plenty of men from following the Pied Piper of feminism in the mistaken belief that it will lead to a more fulfilling life as a man, but they're damn sure not going to let it happen quietly, without protest.

**The Sexual Revolution, The Pill, and Divorce**



The Pill changed *everything.*

That and the new independent spirit of womanhood, as feminist authors tried to convince a generation of bright young Baby Boomer women who not only felt morally obligated to save the world from Men and their infernal machines, but that they were also ready to throw off the restraining shackles of Agricultural Age-style marriage. Women were *not* sexual chattel anymore, the early feminists declared. And in the late 1960s millions of girls were realizing that "saving it for marriage" was just silly talk – they wanted to *fuck!*

The Sexual Revolution's erosion of "traditional" (Agricultural Age) values was scandalous to the Patriarchy . . . but they were busy elsewhere, fighting the Cold War. The writhings of their daughters and the hirsute state of their sons annoyed them, but they were far more concerned with the Menace from the East and the nukes and communist regimes that were sprouting up like daisies in the Spring. The last place they were looking for an existential threat to the American Way of Life was in the state legislatures. But that's where the "attack" came from.

The issue was divorce, and modernizing the antiquated laws surrounding the

custom. Divorce laws were designed for use in Agricultural societies only in the most extreme situations: severe abuse, bigamy, abandonment, infidelity. With the newfound ability of women to earn and the new mobility enjoyed by Americans, a spate of divorce-reform legislation went through various state legislatures without much fuss.

Add in the Pill – the ability for a woman to control her reproduction – and you have a recipe for run-away hypergamy.

Throw in abortion rights to take care of any mistakes along the way, and one obstacle after another was being lifted from women and their right to pursue happiness. Popular culture pushed the trend along: ***Sex And The Single Girl*** and ***Fear of Flying*** gave women permission to experiment with premarital sex, ***Prudence and the Pill*** gave them permission to experiment with infidelity, and ***Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice*** gave them permission to explore swinging and wife swapping. And infidelity.

It didn't seem to be a big deal at the time – civil rights, anti-nuclear protests, and the creeping sore of international communism distracted the Patriarchy from what was a traditional "feminine" issue. But the suddenly-increasing divorce rate under the new regime got everyone's attention. By 1970 it was nearly impossible to not know someone who had divorced . . . while a generation before the opposite was true.

Soon terms like "community property" and "mental anguish" and "emotional abuse" were becoming common terms *outside* of law offices. Infidelities that would have been overlooked ten years before as "normal" became the basis for divorce complaints. And when women started seeing divorce as a tool of enrichment, particularly in the community property states like California, feminism provided every rationalization they needed for filing.

And then it was too late.

During this tumultuous period, popular feminism boldly attacked sexism in every cultural manifestation, from protesting the Dallas Cowboy Cheerleaders to violence in porn movies.

Traditional marriage, in particular, was an object of especial fervor. Marriage was, to the feminists, no less than the *social-sexual enslavement of women*. The

liberalization of divorce laws, and the number of community property states made it possible for women to leave a bad situation, and the cultural tide rose in support of such a decision. And the definition of a "bad situation" went from "he *beats* me!" to "I'm not *haaaa*py!"

Movies like ***Kramer Vs. Kramer*** glorified a woman's right to divorce without cause, and a whole generation of women began to realize that the rules that their culture had handed them in girlhood *just no longer applied*. If they didn't like their marriage, or their husband, or saw a better deal come along with a higher status male, then 'to death do us part' was simply more institutionalized oppression by the Patriarchy that could be safely ignored.

The scientific term for this is *hypergamy.* That's when a woman "marries up" – goes from one socioeconomic status to a higher one through the virtue of her sexuality. And with the Pill and the Sexual Revolution, it became a *real* problem.

The feminists attacked traditional popular culture venues like beauty pageants and debutante societies with revolutionary fervor a Marxist would be proud of. Even former allies in their quest for equality, like Hugh Hefner's ***Playboy*** empire, became targets of their ire. Anywhere women were sexualized, from beer ads to rest-room signs, was fair game for protest.

Meanwhile, younger women were becoming sexually active, getting married . . . and then getting divorced, often to move on to a more secure or successful mate. And thanks to The Pill, trying out that new dude was soooo much easier when you didn't have to worry about having his bastard. And thanks to liberal divorce laws and community-property states, making a "move up" and taking a generous portion of your first husband's money with you became an ideal mating strategy. Feminism didn't see that as a problem – liberal divorce laws merely meant that women could get out of a poor marriage and into better ones, while protecting her rights and interests. If she happened to "marry up" in a fit of hypergamy, well, that was her choice as a free woman of the 20th century.

But it threw the mating strategies of men into a tizzy. Feminism and the Pill overthrew the existing male/female sexual dynamic model. The everyone-gets-married-for-life-to-havesex paradigm (often known as Marriage 1.0), was summarily replaced ***without having anything workable to replace it with.***

As often is the case in revolutions, the unforeseen consequences of such mass and dramatic changes have spawned problems as large as those the revolution was attempting to solve. In this case the family planning led to what was called "serial monogamy", a justification for hypergamy that is generally against the common male interest.

Serial monogamy makes divorce almost inevitable in a system designed to deal with permanent unions. Serial Monogamy led to two generations of ad-hoc step-families, and strings of marriages that mocked the permanency of the institution. And that had other consequences still further down the road.

But after the radical change in economy resulting from women entering the industrial workforce, the social liberalization of sex and sexuality – and its impact on the institution of marriage – seemed a small and petty thing at the time.

Since it meant you got laid a lot more in college (college-aged women were the vanguard of the first wave of Pill-takers) it made college even *more* attractive than its draft-protecting status would suggest. The number of land-grant colleges and state universities built to accommodate the influx of students under the GI Bill were now stuffed with horny young people – and now (thanks to feminist agitation) the number of "co-educational students" or "co-eds" ("girls") on campus, on The Pill, and in teenaged heat, was skyrocketing. It was a pussy paradise, if you had even halfway decent Game. Or weed.

Of course those comely co-eds became vicious, hypergamous ex-wives a decade later, but they were so *cute* when they were young.

Feminism didn't start out encouraging divorce . . . but when a woman looked at the realities of the situation, it was difficult *not* to be tempted. The Pill made experimenting with things like swinging, wife swapping, and general promiscuity fulfillable fantasies . . . but all too often the casual experiment with infidelity segued into full-blown, marriage-destroying affairs. Even if a wife stayed faithful to her vows, the young, pretty feminist in her husband's office had no issues with hypergamy.

Feminism's attack on masculinity in general made all the *usual* male attitudes and actions that had kept such things in check a generation before into "emotional abuse" when filtered through feminist rhetoric. And that was

certainly adequate grounds for divorce.

Women in general have an odd tendency to surround, support, and encourage another woman to end her marriage, for some reason. Whether it allows them to build on each others' rationalizations or it's a genuine outpouring of sympathy for a difficult time or both, when a woman says she's considering a divorce, she seems to have a phalanx of protective friends solidify around her. That certainly made both infidelity and hypergamy easier when women covered for each other and men stopped beating up other men for doing their sisters.

While feminism was encouraging women to dump their husbands and get their own careers, it was also pushing for an increasingly thorough level of state assistance for single moms. It encouraged single mothers to believe they were *just* as capable of raising a child to adulthood as a two-parent family, because the feminist ideal was that Women Can Do Anything (the Patriarchy Lets Them).

Two generations of data have shown that the single-mother/state support model of the American family is *not* the ideal for raising kids, at least not kids with the best shot at being a benefit to our society. Single mothers don't feel as if they "have it all!", they feel overwhelmed and overworked and underappreciated, tainted by divorce or having a child out of wedlock.

Hardly the picture of the "fun, fearless female!" feminism's second wave was trying to promote.

But we all know the divorce statistics. And the deeper you go into them analytically, the more depressing they become. Especially when you look at this upcoming generation, the third to have to deal with the feminist celebration of divorce and condemnation of masculinity. Serial monogamy and hypergamy are messing up our kids faster than tainted pizza at Chuck-E-Cheese. Emotionally speaking, divorce is *bad* for kids.

Nearly as bad was the debris left behind feminism's restructuring of society and culture. Women are frequently encouraged by their support networks to divorce and remarry *upward*. That is, marry the man you fell in love with in college, have your two kids, then fall in love *all over again* with the far more successful man you met at that conference in Aspen. Divorce Chump A, Marry Chump B, and you get a raise, a better house, and a free babysitter every other weekend and two weeks during the summer.

The feminist-inspired glorification of hypergamous divorce left a trail of bitter, devastated men behind, men who had entered into marriage with the fantasy of *'Happily Ever After'* in their hearts as thoroughly as any schoolgirl . . . and yet who ended up alienated from their children and sometimes even working overtime to pay child support that he knows will go to support his ex-wife's new boyfriend.

Two generations later, the effects of that chaotic time are still being felt. And while birth control has become more reliable, safer, and nearly ubiquitous, giving women unparalleled freedom over their reproductive destiny, it fueled the Divorce Boom that put such fear of the dreaded word into the hearts of children everywhere that "fear of divorce" is by far the most overwhelming reason young people give for not getting married. Shacking up, screwing, cohabitating, but when you start picking out rings, things have fundamentally changed since 1950. For the first time in human history, **something other than death was responsible for the end of most marriages.**

That's a problem, but like climate change or urban decay, it's a problem you can only see when you study the situation with the perspective of time and maturity. And that is the province, in the Manosphere, of the **Wise Old Men.**

**The Wise Old Men**
**(WOM)**



The mythic archetype of the Wise Old Man extends back to the wizards of the ancient world, the Sophists of Greece and the Brahmins of India. The sage advice from older, more experienced, and presumably wiser men, from Merlin the Magician to Obi-Wan Kenobi, has been an archetypical staple of our culture for over five thousand years.

Beyond the mythic, however, the dispensing of mature wisdom and sage advice was once the realm of the Patriarchy. That is, of the *fathers and grandfathers* in a person's life. While there is certainly a wealth of knowledge and wisdom to be gleaned from older women, as well, the steady, calming influence of Wise Old Men was a stabilizing factor in the lives of generations.

With the onset of rampant hypergamy and divorce, paternal estrangement and weekend dads, aggressive feminism and damaged masculinity, the chain of paternal wisdom was broken, in some families irrevocably. Dismissing such wisdom as essentially harmful, as it perpetuated the Patriarchy, feminism ended up spawning as a result two generations of boys grew up without the benefit of fatherly wisdom, the sort of rites of passage that help transform an adolescent into a Man.

Like many things, you have to go way back to see it in perspective. Back to the Time Before Writing. In tribal or early agricultural cultures, the wisdom of the fathers was an omnipresent force in daily life, and the endless cycle of hunting or herding or planting and harvesting was guided largely by their lore.

When the economic shift was made to public education and industrialization, and the nature of our settlement became far more transitory and even migratory, the close familial bonds of the village and even the extended industrial family were broken. It's hard for a young man to get daily guidance on how to conduct his affairs by older and wiser heads when those heads are 2000 miles across country, and you see them every couple of years at best.

The cultural longing for this "missing father" was expressed most passionately, perhaps, in **George Lucas'** iconic ***Star Wars*** movies. The first movie in particular notes the need for a young man (Luke) without a father making the transition from boy to Man through the twin agencies of assertive warrior masculinity (Han Solo) and mature paternal wisdom (Obi-Wan Kenobi).

There's a reason why that movie struck a chord for my generation and founded the modern collectible toy industry – it was about our *Daddy issues.*

What happens when the chain of wisdom and the influence of respected Wise Old Men is broken? Chaos, anarchy, perpetual adolescence . . . the **Puerarchy**, in other words. With no guiding force and mature wisdom to bring these boys into full Manhood, they have remained locked in Guyhood, instead. Often they make the same stupid mistakes over and over again, with little more input than what they get on television, from their equally-immature dude friends, and on the internet.

But where society has broken this chain, the internet may well be splicing it back together. Not from father-to-son, but from one anonymous internet blogger to thousands of avid readers, hungry for sage advice on a multitude of topics. This particular corner of the dirty snowball can be considered the territory of the Wise Old Men.

Despite the masculine propensity toward hierarchical ranking systems reflecting achievement and respect, there seems to be an overwhelming desire on the part of many older denizens of the Manosphere to help out the young and struggling men who find themselves faced with the chaotic *status quo*.

There is an even greater desire on the part of these young men – many of whom had distant, absent, or non-existent fathers – to find words of wisdom in unsettled times.

While women become women by virtue of their biology, men, it has always been understood, are made by other men. When you take the important masculine influence to guide, direct, and instruct away from male development, you get physical and mental maturity without the perspective and emotional maturity of a fully realized masculinity. In other words, you get the Puerarchy (and more on them in their own chapter).

The WOM seek to mitigate the Puerarchy by converting as many hapless, misinformed young Beta dudes into nascent self-confident and fully realized Men as possible.

Note I said "mitigate" the Puerarchy, not destroy it. Their goal isn't to make society a nicer place for women to live in; it's to make more fully-formed masculine specimens who are looking out for their *own interests* as Men.

While the altruism of this might escape some feminist readers, a well-argued case can be made against the idiocy of persuading young men to work against their own best interests. Think of it as "boy power" if you must, but the WOM want every former Beta dude to transform into his fullest, cockiest potential.

It's difficult to pick just a few of the WOM to focus on – given perfect anonymity and a huge potential audience, any idiot is free to get online, vent his spleen, and gain a following of like-minded idiots. But after sifting through hundreds of sites filled with wisdom in various degrees of cogency and rationality, a few consistent voices rise out of the din. These are the WOM who have not just provided a track-record of insightful blog posts, but who have actively participated within the greater realm of the Manosphere, and as a result have garnered the respect of their peers for their wisdom.

**The Badger Hut**

Badger has been writing this blog since 2011, after spending time on more formative Manosphere blogs like **Hooking Up Smart** and **Married Man Sex Life** as a regular commenter. His insights were so potent that he was urged to begin his own little patch of literary masculinity at the Badger Hut. What followed was Manosphere gold.

Badger is a mysterious figure on purpose . . . "just a guy with an opinion", but he states his opinion cogently, forcefully, and with a large dose of pragmatic sensitivity. Most of what he blogs is straight-up common sense, like his inaugural post about breaking up, featuring this sensible advice to a girl on breaking up with a boy in college for the first time:

> ***Don't put off breaking up when you know you want to***
> *Prolonging the situation only makes it worse*
> *Tell him* ***honestly, simply, kindly, but firmly***
> *Don't make a big production*
> *Don't make up an elaborate story*
> *This will help you avoid a big tear jerking scene*
> *If you wanna date other people* ***say so***
> ***Be prepared for the boy to feel hurt and rejected***
> *Even if you've gone together for only a short time,*
> *And haven't been too serious,*
> *There's still a feeling of rejection*
> *When someone says she prefers the company of others*
> *To your exclusive company,*
> ***But if you're honest, and direct,***
> *And avoid making a flowery emotional speech when you break the news,*
> *The boy will respect you for your frankness,*
> *And honestly* ***he'll appreciate the kind of straight forward manner***
> ***In which you told him your decision***
> *Unless he's a real jerk or a cry baby you'll remain friends*

The sensitivity and insight into male psychology regarding such an intense and personal moment is communicated clearly, and with some knowledge of how female minds work. Such sensitive fare is hardly Badger's only contributions, however. He frequently offers **Game** advice, particularly in-depth studies of

specific issues of Game (mostly Single Game). Included in his musings are such gems as this note on "the Beer Shield":

> Keeping a beer close to your chest is a sign of insecurity. It's no different from playing with your phone in a bar. It tells the other people around you, "Hey everyone! I'm awkward and have no idea what I'm supposed to be doing with myself right now!" It signals desperation and confusion to the opposite sex. More importantly, it's counterproductive to an approach mentality.

And this, breaking down the female dislike of "Nice Guys":

> Recall also that even for women who really do like the nice guy, the "nice" is very rarely the actual attractive quality. That normally comes from other value stores like social proof and emotional connection. When a woman is attracted to you, you can be the "nice" to her and not worry about pushing her away. But if she's not attracted to you, being the nice is either neutral or will actively repel her further. Once she's attracted, the nice can be used to further the relationship, as you are showing your own availability and investment.

And Badger's Game Axioms neatly summarize the Red Pill approach to life and mating for the 21st century male.

> **Change Is Possible:**
> Game – effective male pursuit and seduction as a mating strategy – is a learnable and teachable skill, not necessarily just an in-born talent. If a man is languishing in the penalty box of the Combat Dating arena, or is facing divorce, Game teaches us that change towards a more fulfilling, powerful and effective masculine paradigm is possible. There is no magic wand, no conversion experience, no secret formula. Game is an acquirable toolkit for running your interpersonal affairs, no more, no less.

**Game Is Worth The Effort**

A lot of men look at the mass of information needed to run good Game and feel like it's a Masters class in something that should just happen naturally. Or they see Game as an artificial, fake, or manipulative scheme with no real end-point save getting your rocks off. What they don't understand is that Game doesn't just give you the ability to pursue and seduce, it gives you the social and scientific context in which mating occurs, which is a powerful tool regardless of your situation. Yes, the juice is worth the squeeze.

**Game Means Things Are Different**
Those who wish to fall back on "traditional masculinity" as a source for their Game might be on the right track, but Game encompasses many elements for seduction and pursuit that "traditional" masculinity may eschew. Yet as a new perspective on 21st century masculinity evolves, doubtless Game skills will be considered a major aspect of it. But you can't pretend that we're dating in 1950 anymore . . . or 1850. You have to acknowledge the Red Pill reality of the situation, and that means acknowledging that "traditional masculinity" doesn't fully work in a post-industrial world. The precise techniques of your Game may (and will) change as social nuances change, but the core axioms remain intact regardless of that.

But Badger's biggest contribution to the Manosphere has got to be his relentless dissection and analysis of the ALPHA/BETA dichotomy, and how to overcome terminal Betatude.

**NOTE ON TERMINOLOGY:**
Within the Manosphere the terms Alpha, Beta, and other Greek designations are thrown around with casual regularity, but thanks to the developing sophistication of the 'Sphere these terms can often mean different things depending on context. The core of the issue is the original cooption of anthropological and sociological terminology by early Game bloggers, most notably Roissy. Roissy used the terms Alpha and Beta to designate Guys Who Get Laid and Guys Who Don't Get Laid, exclusively. For our purposes, when I am using the term this way I will capitalize the whole word. Think of it as a Yin/Yang, Positive/Negative sort of thing.

Beyond that lies Vox Day's **SocioSexual Hierarchy,** which employs the terms Alpha and Beta, but also adds the other Greek letters as designations for specific social groupings and personality responses within the context of the Sexual Market Place, *i.e.* wherever people are meeting, mating, bedding and wedding. When terms are used in this context, I will Captialize only the first letter.

And just to make things murkier, when **Athol Kay**, author of the popular and seminal **Married Man Sex Life** blog, co-opted the terminology *yet again* to describe patterns of male behavior within a long term relationship with a woman, he used alpha to mean "behaviors that inspire sexual arousal" and beta to mean "behaviors designed to build a sense of comfort and security". For our

purposes, seeing the terms in lower-case only will indicate this meaning.

If you remain confused about this, take solace that you are not alone. But I digress.

Badger's focus is **how to slowly but surely retrain a man toward a more assertive, self-confident, Game-approved posture** likely to lead to a more fulfilling life. And he's really good at it. Specifically, he specializes in nuances of Approach. That is, talking to women for the first time as a first step toward seduction.

Most of his advice is found frequently elsewhere on the Manosphere, but Badger goes beyond simple PUA. Badger wants to see young guys hook-up, but he's far more interested (like many Manospherans) in the greater societal context that has produced such lackluster examples of timid masculinity. Feminism and social programs are a frequent target, of course, but Badger avoids the crude and sensationalistic in favor of the calm, measured, and persuasive rhetoric that seems far more useful to the average reader then yet-another polemic about how icky feminists are. Badger tells you WHY feminists are icky.

**VOX Day – Alpha Game**

Vox Day is the pseudonym of a gentleman running the Alpha Game website. His subtitle is *"Breaking the chains, winning the games, and saving Western Civilization."* It's clear he feels passionate about the subjects of men, women, gender, masculinity, and their role in our lives. Vox is a highly-respected Game theorist in the Manosphere, an oft-cited source for definitive interpretations of Game dynamics. He writes in a cool, rational, level-headed style that suggests a professional background.

Vox is widely seen as fitting well within the "Wise Old Men" category of the Manosphere. While he devotes a fair amount of time to Game specifics, he also goes beyond them to theorize about the underlying factors that make Game successful – and necessary – to men in the modern Western world.

But it wasn't his pick-up advice that attracted my attention. Vox first came to my attention when I lucked across a response he did to a **Peggy Noonan** piece.

This isn't unusual – as with most places in the blogosphere, the Manosphere blogs are often reactive to other writers. Occasionally a piece or an event will make the rounds with every major Manosphere blogger voicing his opinion. Sometimes these posts are . . . *crude*, to say the least. Vox's posts, however, are noteworthy for their well-written intelligence, insight, and commentary.

Here's the Peggy Noonan piece that attracted my attention:

> *Peggy Noonan complains about the coarsening of societal discourse, and in particular, the publicly demeaning and diminishing of women based on the fact that they are women, in her article titled "America's Real War on Women." As one would expect of yet another article about the difficulty of women's lives written by a woman, it is long on emotion and short on logic. But it is also more than a little amusing. Noonan's theory, you see, is that the Internet is to blame. Curse those inanimate objects and their iniquitous ways!*
>
> *It is neither the Internet nor the anonymous commentary it provides that has brought about the ongoing revolution of the male perspective concerning what once used to be known as "the fair sex." It is, rather, the result of the first generation steeped in feminist propaganda from kindergarten to college graduation reaching an age where their voices are finally being heard. And the voice of the male half of Generation X and those generations following it is a contemptuous one indeed, because many of these men, including some of the most articulate, understand how utterly they were lied to by every authority figure they ever knew concerning the opposite sex.*
>
> *In elementary school, we were taught that girls were just as good as boys, but we must never, ever hit them back even when they physically attacked us. Like most boys, I got in a few fights in elementary school, but the only one for which I ever got in trouble was one that was instigated by a girl. Despite all of the much vaunted equality we'd been taught, I was the one who got in trouble, even though she not only hit me first but had about six inches and 20 pounds on me. That day I, and every other boy on the playground, learned an important lesson in how seriously we could take our lessons in sexual equality and the law.*
>
> *In high school, we were repeatedly instructed by our mothers and female*

*friends that girls only wanted nice guys, real gentlemen who would treat them well and put them on the pedestals they deserved by virtue of their sex. Then we watched them uniformly ignore those nice young gentlemen in favor of the socially dominant and the athletic. In college, we were told that women were just as interested in sex as men, but that having sex with them while they were drunk was rape, having sex with them when they regretted it the next day was rape and not having sex with them was also rape if they felt sufficiently spurned.*

*When we entered the workforce, we were told that women only wanted equal pay for equal work, then watched as they called in sick more often than we did, came in later and went home earlier than we did, asked us for help in doing their jobs, then were handed promotions and raises by virtue of their affairs with the middle managers and executives. And if we made the mistake of expressing interest in a woman while committing the sin of being insufficiently attractive, we were accused of sexual harassment and pursued by the evil harpies of human resources.*

*This is the new societal reality, and it is not only one that women created, it is one that women demanded. While our fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers made it possible, they only did so at the instigation of women who sought liberation from the oppression of patriarchy. The society that Noonan decries is the very society for which women fought so long and hard.*

*The men of Noonan's generation – at 62, she is a Baby Boomer – still operate under the assumption that women will behave as they did when their behavior was kept in check by traditional expectations. They still believe in the myth of the fair sex. They still subscribe to the imaginary concept of the gentler sex. The men who grew up playing Atari and Intellivision, or Sega and Nintendo, or even Sony and Xbox, know better. What Noonan is witnessing is not male diminishing of women because they are women, but rather, well-merited male contempt for women due to their observed behavior.*

*While it is not true that all women are sluts, in a recent anonymous survey, I found that 31 percent of women reported cheating on a serious boyfriend and 24 percent of married men reported that their wives had been unfaithful to them. Men have long understood that instinctual male*

*behavior was barbaric at heart and needed to be suppressed in order for civilization to prevail. What was forgotten was that instinctual female behavior was even less civilized. What Noonan decries is little more than an abandonment of the philosophy of Wollstonecraft, Sanger and De Beauvoir in favor of a return to the recognized wisdom of vastly superior philosophers such as Aristotle, Aquinas and Schopenhauer.*

*Led by a small cadre of practical game theoreticians, most notoriously the brilliantly dour Roissy, more and more men are taking the red pill and rejecting the pretty lies they have been told throughout the entire course of their education and upbringing. Some are choosing to go their own way. Others are improving the quality of their marriages, and still others are using their newfound knowledge to plow through the opposite sex like Visigoths and Vandals sacking Rome. What Peggy Noonan does not realize is that whereas men once assumed that a woman was a lady until proven otherwise, increasing numbers of them assume women are shallow and superficial until they are provided with credible evidence to the contrary.*

This stunning, eloquent condemnation of feminism and its proponents doesn't condescend to ad hominem attacks or shaming; it presents a precise, cogent argument why Noonan is a few smokes shy of a pack on this subject.

Like many bloggers in the Manosphere, Vox's commentary is colored by not just his own experiences, but his own education. Unlike feminism, which relies on academics and ivory towers for credentialed opinions (carefully filtered and controlled) the very practical nature of Game makes such "real world experience" and the ability to discourse on it intelligently the only true credential needed to gain popularity in the Manosphere. And Vox's blog is filled with clear, insightful discussion.

He is a strong proponent of the Game concepts of the **Sexual Market Place (SMP)** and **Sexual Market Value (SMV)** and the effect they have on the rest of society.

Some of his more popular and thoughtful posts include *The Christianity of Game, The Social Sexual Hierarchy, Why We Shit Test,* and *Of Sluts And Insecurity.* Vox is firmly in the "feminism screwed up the West" camp, although

he’s a lot more analytical than most, and he has a strong dislike for the hypocrisy of the “Trad Cons”, the Traditional Conservatives whom he sees as aiding and abetting feminism’s war on men.

But Vox’s greatest contribution to the Manosphere and Game in general is his development of the **Vox Day SocioSexual Hierarchy.** Unsatisfied with Roissy’s simplistic classification of men into ALPHAS and BETAS, with ALPHAS getting laid and BETAS becoming sexually starved, Vox put some effort and thought into a more accurate classification. Presented with annotation is the result:

# The Vox Day SocioSexual Hierarchy

**Alpha:** The Alpha is the tall, good-looking guy who is the center of both male and female attention. The classic star of the football team who is dating the prettiest cheerleader. The successful business executive with the beautiful, stylish, blonde, size zero wife. All the women are attracted to him, while all the men want to be him, or at least be his friend. At a social gathering like a party, he's usually the loud, charismatic guy telling self-flattering stories to a group of attractive women who are listening with interest. However, alphas are only interested in women to the extent that they exist for the alpha's gratification, physical and psychological, they are actually more concerned with their overall group status.

Lifetime sexual partners = 4x average+.

**Beta**: Betas are the good-looking guys who aren't as uniformly attractive or socially dominant as the Alpha, but are nevertheless confident, attractive to women, and do well with them. At the party, they are the loud guy's friends who showed up with the alcohol and who are flirting with the tier one women and cheerfully pairing up with the tier two women. Betas tend to genuinely like women and view them in a somewhat optimistic manner, but they don't have a lot of illusions about them either. Betas tend to be happy, secure in themselves, and are up for anything their Alpha wants to do. When they marry, it is not infrequently to a woman who was one of the Alpha's former girlfriends.

Lifetime sexual partners = 2-3x average.

**Delta**: The normal guy. Deltas are the great majority of men. They can't attract the most attractive women, so they usually aim for the second-tier women with very limited success, and stubbornly resist paying attention to all of the third-tier women who are comfortably in their league.

This is ironic, because Deltas would almost always be happier with their closest female equivalents. When a Delta does manage to land a second-tier woman, he is constantly afraid that she will lose interest in him and will, not infrequently, drive her into the very loss of interest he fears by his non-stop dancing of attendance upon her. In a social setting, the Deltas are the men clustered together in groups, each of them making an occasional foray towards various small gaggles of women before beating a hasty retreat when direct eye contact and engaged responses are not forthcoming. Deltas tend to put the female sex on pedestals and have overly optimistic expectations of them; if a man rhapsodizes about his better half or is an inveterate White Knight, he is almost certainly a delta. Deltas like women, but find them mysterious, confusing, and are sometimes secretly a little afraid of them.

Lifetime sexual partners = 1-1.5x average

**Gamma**: The introspective, the unusual, the unattractive, and all too often the bitter. Gammas are often intelligent, usually unsuccessful with women, and not uncommonly all but invisible to them, the gamma alternates between placing women on pedestals and hating the entire sex. This mostly depends upon whether an attractive woman happened to notice his existence or not that day. Too introspective for their own good, Gammas are the men who obsess over individual women for extended periods of time and supply the ranks of stalkers, psycho-jealous ex-boyfriends, and the authors of excruciatingly romantic rhyming doggerel **[Or highly derivative and unimaginative science fiction – Ed.]** In the unlikely event they are at the party, they are probably in the corner muttering darkly about the behavior of everyone else there... sometimes to themselves. Gammas tend to have a worship/hate relationship with women, the current direction of which is directly tied to their present situation. However, they are sexual rejects, not social rejects.

Lifetime *voluntary* sexual partners = .5x average

**Omega**: The truly unfortunate. Omegas are the social losers who were never in the game. Sometimes creepy, sometimes damaged, often clueless, and always undesirable. They're not at the party. It would never have crossed anyone's mind to invite them in the first place. Omegas are either totally indifferent to women or hate them with a borderline homicidal fury.

Lifetime sexual partners < 2

**Sigma**: The outsider who doesn't play the social game and manage to win at it anyhow. The Sigma is hated by Alphas because Sigmas are the only men who don't accept or at least acknowledge, however grudgingly, their social dominance. (NB: Alphas absolutely hate to be laughed at and a Sigma can often enrage an Alpha by doing nothing more than smiling at him.) Everyone else is vaguely confused by them. In a social situation, the Sigma is the man who stops in briefly to say hello to a few friends accompanied by a Tier 1 girl that no one has ever seen before. Sigmas like women, but tend to be contemptuous of them. They are usually considered to be strange. Gammas often like to think they are Sigmas, failing to understand that Sigmas are not social rejects, they are at the top of the social hierarchy despite their refusal to play by its rules.

Lifetime sexual partners = 4x average+.

**Lambda**: Those men who have quite literally no interest in conventional male-female sexual relations. They clearly have their own hierarchy of sorts, but I can't say that I know much about it other than it appears to somehow involve youth, free weights, and mustaches.

Lifetime sexual partners = 10x average+

To this list Vox adds,

> Now, it is important to keep in mind that it serves absolutely no purpose to identify yourself in some manner that you think is "better" or higher up the hierarchy. No one cares what you think you are and your opinion about your place in the social hierarchy is probably the opinion that matters least. There is no good or bad here, there is only what happens to be observable in social interaction. Consider: Alphas seemingly rule the roost and yet they live in a world of constant conflict and status testing. Sigmas usually acquired their outsider status the hard way; one seldom

> becomes immune to the social hierarchy by virtue of mass popularity in one's childhood. Betas... okay, betas actually have it pretty good. But the important thing to keep in mind is that you can't improve your chances of success in the social game if you begin by attempting to deceive yourself as to where you stand *vis-a-vis* everyone else around you.

This classification system might seem unscientific…but then again, this is *observational* science, not *experimental* science. By virtue of observation of the Sexual Market Place, and submitted for peer review, Vox Day's hierarchy is widely-used in the more sophisticated quarters of the Manosphere, leading to often-confusing arguments with more Greek letters than a intramural football tournament.

**The Rational Male (Rollo Tomassi)**

Rollo has been writing the **Rational Male** since August 16, 2011, transferring many of his posts from the dating blog SoSuave to his own by popular demand. A staple of the Manosphere both for his blog and his comments on other blogs, Rollo is a leading voice in staking out what masculinity faces and what it should become in this new century.

Using another quote from Sci-Fi classic film ***The Matrix*** ("Why do my eyes hurt?" "Because you've never used them.") as his subtitle, Rollo is as hard core a Red Pill man as you could ask for.

Emphasizing the importance of reason and logic in our civilization, and its importance over the emotional rhetoric we are so often inundated with, Rollo has made some very keen observations about the current state of the Sexual Market Place (SMP), including posts on the myth of the Soul Mate, men committing suicide over women, balancing sexual pluralism, and other intriguing subjects. Rollo writes and consults as a first-class Game blogger, but his insights into the greater masculine realm and his deep understanding of the power blocs associated with the male/female dynamic put him in the Wise Old Man class, regardless of his age.

Rollo, a long-married man himself, takes issue with the alpha/beta balancing act proposed by Athol Kay, myself, and other married bloggers, at least from the standpoint that he sees it as a capitulation to women – that we are, in trying to

have a smoother and happier marriage, attempting to placate our wives and make ourselves better for them than for ourselves.

That being said, Rollo also heaps a fair amount of praise on those married Red Pill men who are daring enough to attempt that balance. While he doesn't quite see marriage as a means of Men Going Your Own Way, he's at least willing to consider the idea as a possibility.

Rollo is an Alpha Purist; that is, he sees little masculine value in the development of Beta qualities in men under the assumption that modern men are overly-devoted to Betatude anyway, thanks to feminism.

Rollo sums up the dilemma concisely:

> There are certain femosphere bloggers who'd advocate the building of a better Beta. Their presumptions are based on the same misguided feminization that resulted in the greater feminization of the men Hugo Schwyzer complains about (for women) in his article. They fear a push back towards masculine alpha dominance will result in a generation of assholes, devoid of the nurturing beta qualities they thought women could identify more with. Yet they simultaneously bemoan the absence of dominant, arousal inspiring, Alpha aspects of masculinity in men today.

(Of course, considering the rise of the Puerarchy, it seems that women got just the assholes they feared . . . but again I digress.)

Rollo's insights are capstoned with his ***Tomassi's Iron Rules of love, dating, and relationships in the Dating 2.0 world***, including such doozies of cosmic male wisdom as

> **Iron Rule of Tomassi #1**
>
> Frame is everything. Always be aware of the subconscious balance of who's frame in which you are operating. Always control the Frame, but resist giving the impression that you are.
>
> The concept of "frame" is yet another ephemeral idea that had need of a term in the very beginnings of the great masculine awakening that's become the 'community'. If memory serves I think it may have been

Mystery who first picked up on what's really a very rudimentary and well established psychological principle. In psych terms, frame is an often subconscious, mutually acknowledged personal narrative under which auspices people will be influenced. One's capacity for personal decisions, choices for well-being, emotional investments, religious beliefs and political persuasions (amongst many others) are all influenced and biased by the psychological narrative 'framework' under which we are most apt to accept as normalcy.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi # 2**

NEVER, under pain of death, honestly or dishonestly reveal the number of women you've slept with or explain any detail of your sexual experiences with them to a current lover.

The single most disastrous AFC move a man can make is to OVERTLY describe past sexual experiences and/or give a number (accurate or not) to how many women he's been with prior to the one he's with.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #3**

Any woman who makes you wait for sex, or by her actions implies she is making you wait for sex; the sex is NEVER worth the wait.

When a woman makes you wait for sex you are not her highest priority. Sexuality is spontaneous chemical reaction between two parties, not a process of negotiation. It's sex first, then relationship, not the other way around. A woman who wants to fuck you will find a way to fuck you.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #4**

NEVER under any circumstance live with a woman you aren't married to or are not planning to marry in within 6 months.
You are utterly powerless in this situation. NEVER buy a home with a girlfriend, NEVER sign a rental lease with a girlfriend. NEVER agree to move into her home and absolutely NEVER move a woman into your own established living arrangement.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #5**

NEVER allow a woman to be in control of the birth. Always have protection. I've had far too many guys hit me with the argument that they implicitly trust their girlfriends to be on the pill or whatever, and that she "doesn't want kids" only to be an unprepared Daddy 9 month later after 'the accident'. The only accident they had was not being in control of the birth themselves. In fact I'd argue that men need to use extra caution when in an LTR since the ease of getting too relaxed with her is present.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #6**

Women are utterly incapable of loving a man in the way that a man expects to be loved. Women are incapable of loving men in a way that a man idealizes is possible, in a way he thinks she should be capable of.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #7**

It is always time and effort better spent developing new, fresh, prospective women than it will ever be in attempting to reconstruct a failed relationship. Never root through the trash once the garbage has been dragged to the curb. You get messy, your neighbors see you do it, and what you thought was worth digging for is never as valuable as you thought it was.

Even if you could go back to where you were, any relationship you might have with an ex will be colored by all of the issues that led up to the breakup. In other words, you know what the end result of those issues has been. It will always be the 800 pound. gorilla in the room in any future relationship.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #8**

Always let a woman figure out why she won't *f*uck you, never do it for her.
An integral part of maintaining the feminine imperative as the societal imperative involves keeping women as the primary sexual selectors.

**Iron Rule of Tomassi #9**

> Never Self-Deprecate under any circumstance. This is a Kiss of Death that you self-initiate and is the antithesis of the Prize Mentality. Once you've accepted yourself and presented yourself as a "complete douche" there's no going back to confidence with a woman. Never appeal to a woman's sympathies. Her sympathies are given by her own volition, never when they are begged for –women despise the obligation of sympathy.

And so on. Rollo's Iron Rules have been outstanding commentary and useful advice, nearly as popular as Roissy's **Sixteen Commandments of Poon.** Yet Rollo, for all of his Gamesmanship, is more concerned with the masculine soul than its libido. His blog is filled with good advice and cautionary tales, like a mysterious good neighbor who lives next door and is always ready to throw some advice over the fence.

**Deti**

Deti is not a blogger to my knowledge. Deti is, however, one of the most respected commenters in the Manosphere, and his comments have become so astute and legendary that he has attracted a kind of small fan-club that follows him around and excerpts his best stuff for a blog *about* Deti's comments called **Deti Nation.**

Deti certainly fills the Wise Old Man stereotype on the Manosphere. A mysterious figure who doesn't hesitate to unload some seriously cogent and often biting comments, his appearance on a blog's comment role is indicative of a truly noteworthy posting. One could, I suppose, track the best of the Manosphere simply by tracking Deti's posts on it.

Some of his advice is directly for his women readers, of which he has a few: Ten Things Women Can Do Right Now to Improve Their Attractiveness

> 1. Learn how to make one meal. Spaghetti with a meat sauce, a vegetable, a salad, and a white wine. Simple and fast.
> 2. Improve the makeup you wear. Find a look that works for you and that you're comfortable with.
> 3. Start growing your hair out.
> 4. If you are not sexually promiscuous, don't start. If you are, stop. Stop right now.
> 5. Take a mental inventory of who you are and your life experiences. What is interesting about you? What do you like to do? What do you find interesting? The idea is that you're trying to find things about you that you can offer a man besides physical appearance. Your appearance and allure will attract a man, but what then? You must be able to offer something aside from your appearance. Find out what those things are.
> 6. Stop reading and trying to implement sex and relationship advice from women's magazines.
> 7. Compliment every person you see today.
> 8. Get to bed early tonight and get a good night's sleep.
> 9. Get rid of one article of clothing that you like, but you know doesn't look good on you.
> 10. Stop eating after 7 pm every night, unless you're on an evening out.

And this advice to young men:

> Women hold the sex card. They decide when and under what circumstances sex happens. You hold the investment and commitment card. You decide how much time, money and resources you will give women, how much commitment you will give them, and when that commitment will be made.

And this:

> The way you attract women is to be the best man you can be. Work on your body and keep it reasonably fit. At least make it look like you care about how your body looks. Do your own thing. Do things you enjoy. Get good at something. Do not sit on your behind at home, watching TV or surfing the internet. Get out there and do things, meet people and go places. Have a good cadre of male friends and when you get with a girl, DO NOT DITCH THEM. Have a life separate from your girlfriend. You want her in your life, but you do not NEED her. If she fits into your life, great. If she doesn't, then end it and move on. Make a life plan for yourself and work on it. Decide what you want to be and work on it.

And then there is *this* insight:

> Learn indicators of interest that women give you. Learn what they do that shows they are attracted to you. They are:
>
> Going out of her way to see you or talk to you
> Downward chin tilt when averting gaze
> Smiling, laughing
> Letting you into her personal space

> Light touching
> Fiddling with her hair or touching her face
> Hanging out with you or seeking you out to talk to you
> If you don't start seeing IOIs in five minutes, bail out and move on. And when a girl says she just wants to be your friend, she is really saying "I am not sexually interested in you". And when she says this, politely bail out and move on.
>
> You must remember at all times: THERE WILL ALWAYS BE ANOTHER WOMAN. You can always replace a woman. There are many, many women out there. When (not if, WHEN) one breaks up with you, there will always be another. If you approach and she rejects you, there will always be another. If a date doesn't work out, there will always be another.

Deti joins a small but reliable group of Wise Old Men who are actively imparting masculine advice to an audience of younger readers who are ravenous for this kind of guideline. While he tends to be quite outspoken, he is rarely as insulting or openly misogynistic to his female commenters than some.

But who is this Deti? Here's what he said about himself:

> *I'm a Christian. I am a Nicene Creed-style believer. I believe Game and patriarchy have their roots in the Bible. I'm also a complementarian. I believe male dominant/female submissive and sex within the confines of lifetime marriage are the most beneficial orderings of male-female relations. The evidence of this is all around us – men and women innately and automatically seek to order themselves into maledom/femsub relationships even in STRs and LTRs, even in "serial monogamy", even outside marriage, even in fleeting sexual encounters. Men and women yearn to order themselves in this way because the Designer designed them this way — because God ordered it and placed those desires into every human being. Men and women ignore this fact at their extreme peril of grinding unhappiness, grief and misery. The prime source of dissatisfaction in the SMP arises from our society's failure to insist that men and women order themselves into the above roles; women's refusal to submit to the men in their lives, men's failure to insist on their wives' and daughters' submission; men's failure to lead their wives; and society's open opposition and hostility to male leadership.*

*I believe sluts can reform and make themselves into marriageable women. I believe this is very difficult and most women are unable to do this, and still more are unwilling to do the necessary work. I believe alphas can make themselves into marriageable men if they choose. I believe most alphas choose not to marry. I believe these things because I have faith in God's redeeming power and ability to make all things new. I believe God can do what humans cannot. I believe the SMP looks the way it does because humans have screwed it up, just like they screw everything up. I realize my beliefs in this regard put me into a minority in the Manosphere.*

*Though I don't agree with all aspects of their lifestyles, and despite what I've said above, I have much respect for players. With a player, what you see is what you get. Players are up front, direct and honest about their intentions, what they want from life and the way they live their lives. Perhaps there are elements of ambiguity in a player's seduction methods, but no more so than women have been deploying in their mating and sexual strategies since hypergamy was released from her Pandora's box at least 30 years or so ago. Any woman who gets with a player gets with him because she wants to get with him — and she will have to live with whatever consequences flow from that. Players have surveyed the landscape and taken stock of their talents and drawbacks. They have made what I consider to be fully rational lifestyle choices, given the world they inhabit. Players know they live in a feminine-centric society that has expressly chosen unrestrained hypergamy over patriarchy. Players recognize they live in a world of unfettered female sexuality that assigns greater value to raw displays of masculinity and little value to marriage and lifetime coupling, Women have been told, nay, encouraged, to do and say anything they want, with anyone they want, whenever and wherever they want, and that they will suffer absolutely no adverse consequences for it. I can't fault players for doing what they can to turn such a situation to their advantage, or at least learn to navigate it. Players are putting that old military adage into operation: Adapt. Improvise. Overcome.*

*I respect MGTOW because I believe it to be a viable, rational lifestyle choice in today's SMP and the larger society. They also have taken stock and made rational decisions about their lives and the world they live in. Men's Rights activists do good work. They are sounding the alarm in*

*informing men about divorce and its devastating effects on men, women, children, and society. The destruction of the family is the destruction of Western society. These men are given hope, told they are not alone, and work to get something to live for after their money, jobs, and children are taken from them. I don't believe there will be a "Men's Rights movement". Short of doing work at the margins and making small improvements in the lives of divorced fathers, men for a number of reasons won't organize into a movement to preserve and protect male rights. Men do not subscribe to such notions as "the personal is political". For men, the political is political, and the personal is personal, and never the twain shall meet.*

*I am not a traditionalist, or a traditional conservative. I am not a Churchian. I do not subscribe to the tenets of liberal Churchianity. Modern Churchianity and tradconism have become willing tools and useful idiots for feminism, which has shot through and infected much of the old line conservative and Churchian institutions. Those institutions wink and nod at women (including Churchian women) playing by the new rules of hookup, one-night stands, serial monogamy as the preferred, "more moral" form of promiscuity, intentional single motherhood, and "I'm not haaaappy" divorce, all with unlimited choices for women while simultaneously requiring no commitment from them. At the same time, modern Churchianity and tradconism demand that men play by 1950s rules of securing education and lucrative employment; courtship; supplication; traditional dinner-and-a-movie dating requiring immediate displays of monetary and time investment; and ultimate commitment in the form of hitching him to the plow of a wife who neither loves nor respects him in a society that is doing everything it can to sabotage and destroy his marriage. It encourages men to waste their money, their time and their lives in the service of ungrateful, unworthy women. And all of it is this way because women as a group, with their white knight and mangina accomplices, want it this way; while the Churchian establishment gives its tacit cooperation in the form of heretical "theology".*

*"Man up, stop playing those videogames and marry the high N over 30 woman who's now ready to settle down after 10 or so years on the carousel" simply won't do. It won't do because a growing number of men have gotten wise to the lies, are figuring out what is really going on the*

> *SMP, and have stopped listening. If it is to survive — if indeed Western society is to survive — the North American Church must return to advocacy of patriarchy, in which men's contributions and leadership are valued and cherished, and to which the women and children willingly submit.*

As religious as he is, Deti rarely brings the Gospel directly into his arguments in favor of rational, well-reasoned debate. And while his focus is certainly on the male/female dynamic, he's decidedly not a PUA. That's why I included him here, and not in either of those other two categories. Deti's wisdom is his gift, not his evangelism or his Game artistry. Until he starts his own blog, though, you will have to find him as the rest of the Manosphere does: by haunting blog comment sections and looking for him.

**Munson**

Munson, like Deti, never had a blog of his own. He, too, was a "professional commenter", a man who was comfortable saying his piece on other people's soapboxes. But unlike a lot of lurkers and outright trolls, Munson never hesitated to take a well-reasoned and impassioned stand on a subject in the Manosphere.

**Thomas V. Munson** was a happily-married attorney who lived with his wife in the Western US (Boise, Idaho, about as remote and West as you can get and still have an internet connection) and he had a folksy charm and a concise, no-nonsense way of stating his views that at times waxed poetic.

The fact that he was universally respected throughout the diverse dirty snowball of the Manosphere is a testament to his command of masculine wisdom. When he died in mid-2012 of cancer, he was mourned from one blog to the next, everywhere from **The Private Man** to **Hooking Up Smart,** the female-oriented dating advice blog on the fringes of the Manosphere, written by **Susan Walsh.**

Susan in particular loved Munson's take on masculinity, femininity, and where the twain oft meet.

> "*He's insanely clever, and has won over the hearts and minds of HUS readers with his unique brand of irreverent humor. He's also generously shared his legal acumen when it was sorely needed to shed light and reason on some controversial topics."* She said in the post reporting on Munson's diagnosis of terminal cancer. She goes on, "*Munson is of my generation. He came of age in a very different SMP than we have today, a time when men didn't get kicked to the curb for unabashedly professing love, and most women still viewed sex as something emotionally significant and meaningful. In sharing his news with us, he left this comment, which I think says something very important and beautiful about love."*

Munson provided what can only be described as the authentic voice of mature, Old School masculine wisdom. He was a smart man in tough country who had a traditional way of life that most of us suburb monkeys could only pretend to know.

More, he seemed to epitomize the manly manliness of masculinity – he was the Western version of ***The Most Interesting Man In The World***. Stampeding cattle would pull over to let him by. Women would pull over to offer to change his flat tire. He'd let state troopers off with a warning. That sort of thing. Munson was an authentic glimpse of the Age of Masculinity Past, the John Wayne machismo of our ancestors with a brilliant wit and an aggressive grasp of both social theory and the language in which to convey his ideas.

In his own words, he was

> " . . . [as] a man who had been very happily married 30 plus years, maybe I could point the way to what I think the "goal" is, if I can use that term (rather vulgar).
>
> I don't believe anyone, anyone, wants to "play" at having intercourse and relationships. I believe, as Kahlil Gibran said, that even when we search solely for pleasure, we find she has seven sisters, each more beautiful than pleasure. I wanted to bear witness that if you find that person, the one you will be with always, while you both will age, a part of you will stay 25 forever. And you'll see that in them; yes, you'll note the years and what they do in their passing, but you'll also see them as they looked when you met them, that part will stay alive and you alive with that. Love can do that."

In the occasionally misogynistic mist that is the snowball, Munson was an old-fashioned voice of paternal advice and perspective that commanded respect for both its inherent wit and its truth. He was an **Old Married Guy (OMG)** commenting on what he saw as a disastrous new world of mating and dating.

It's tempting to lump him in with the Traditional and Conservative Christians, but in fact his most devout religion was the code of the old-fashioned gentleman. He rarely, if ever, stooped to trolling or name-calling or other pedantic antics of the Flying Monkey brigade that seems to emerge whenever the Manosphere gets pissed off at someone. He would state his perspectives cogently and concisely, back away, and watch the light bulbs come on.

Munson was proof that the Old Ways of marriage 1.0 had some value and could

ultimately work out beautifully.  He was the epitome of the Wolf Alpha, the devoted family man who would have punched you out for insulting his wife without a second thought, and never, ever would have even thought seriously about cheating on her.  He knew the frailties of the masculine spirit as well as its strengths, and he was effusive in his advice on the subject.

In short, Munson was the voice of the past, the men who assumed that they would be kings in their own castle and not tenants of their future ex-wives.  And while nothing can put the genie of industrialization back in the bottle (nor would I want to) the fact is that there is much that men can use from that twisted wreckage of the Patriarchy that will be useful in the revalorization of masculinity in the Twenty-First century.

# Alpha Dads




There isn't a specific self-identified set of blogs in the Manosphere dedicated to single fatherhood the way there are to PUAs or MRAs, but the subject comes up enough amongst the other blogs to be of primary note. The social trend toward hypergamous divorce and single mothers has also led to a bumper crop of single dads, facing the same sorts of struggles as single moms but without the support networks, either personal or institutional, that single moms often have.

The tangle of divorce and custody for the last four decades has put all fathers in a difficult position. Even if you lost custody of the kids and remarried, then the step-child issue is bound to rear its ugly head. You can be happily married and still be a single dad every other weekend and two weeks a summer. And many, many fathers are now in charge of their kids the majority of the time. Which means that **there are millions of men who are solely responsible, everyday, for the total care of their children.**

That's a huge departure from the Marriage 1.0 norm, wherein a man's fathering responsibilities were severely limited until a boy was old enough to begin manhood training (and girls were old enough to have weddings to pay for). With the establishment of Marriage 2.0, with a cheap divorce in every other box, it was inevitable that the way we care for and parent our children would change. And this is not an unwelcome change.

It may come as a surprise to some women, but **many men crave fatherhood the way some women are obsessive about being mothers.**

The difference between fatherhood *circa* 1950 and fatherhood *circa* 2000 is profound. Not only are the expectations of Father being the sole provider gone, so is the traditional detachment which industrial society encouraged between father and children. Once more men started thinking for a living instead of toiling in a factory, the fatherhood dynamic changed to emphasize a closer relationship between them.

My own father became a dad in 1968, while in Viet Nam, and he crossed half a world to see me. Kids were always an important element in his plan, and I was glad to help out. But his attitudes toward fatherhood were very different than HIS father's, and they occasionally clashed on the subject.

Papa Ironwood was just a lot more involved at a lot earlier age with his kids than his dad had been, and that led to a deeper interpersonal connection. In retrospect I can see that trend pretty clearly, as well as recalling some intense discussions. I think my grandfather was partially resentful of my father's willingness to change his parenting style and partially jealous of his son's close relationship with his grandchildren.

Despite the assertion by some misinformed feminists, fatherhood is vitally important to the development of children, particularly boys. **Studies have repeatedly shown the advantage a child gets from having a close relationship with their father** – and trust me, the porn industry would be *dead* if it wasn't for girls with deep-seated daddy issues.

An active and supportive father can make all the difference in a child's life regardless of the status of his or her mother, and personal observation has convinced me that those kids – particularly boys – who lack that influence struggle far, far more than their well-fathered peers. Which by 1975 were a rarity.

The era in which I was raised saw divorce and broken homes throw the institution of fatherhood into disarray on the ground while feminism attacked every element of fatherhood intellectually. At the same time feminists were screaming at men to be better dads – which they were eagerly attempting to do –

they were also divorcing and estranging their children from their fathers with the help of family courts.

So just as men were becoming deeply invested in fatherhood as an institution for active parenting – and I mean change-the-diapers-and-do-laundry active, not play-a-game-of-catch-in-the-backyard active – women were attacking the effort whether they realized it or not.

Feminism had a grudge against fatherhood from the start. Early First Wave feminists resented the perceived power their fathers had over their lives and rebelled against filial authority. Second Wave feminists rejected their fathers' desires to focus on traditional values like home and family and defiantly entered the workforce. Third Wave feminists were suspicious of the motivations of all men, and of fathers in particular – Gender Feminists despise the institution of fatherhood, in general, as perpetuating sexist stereotypes in our culture and infecting boys with masculine values like aggression and competition, instead of feminine values like consensus and cooperation.

Fourth Wave feminists are split, some seeing the destruction of fatherhood as a horrible development (for which men, not women, are to blame) and some seeing it as progress toward a more gender-equal society in which single moms are the norm, not the exception, and *actual* fatherhood (as opposed to the sperm-donation-andchild-support version) is a rare thing.

As to what Fifth Wave feminism will feel, that depends largely on whether or not there are any feminists left after Wave 4. At this point, my observations of the young women in my life are telling me that there is a yearning for strong father figures in their lives as potent as it is for their brothers.

While feminism in general and Gender Feminism in particular has little good to say about the institution, there are notable exceptions, scholars who recognize the important role of fatherhood, like philosopher **Sara Ruddick** – even if their conclusions are a little whacky.

Her book ***Maternal Thinking*** (1989), and Dr. Andrea Doulcet's book ***Do Men Mother?*** both examine gender expectations of fathers and fatherhood from a feminist perspective, and while they fall far short of the mark for most of the Manosphere they are at least willing to consider the idea of fatherhood in a positive – if heavily gynocentric – light. Their primary concern, of course, is

fatherhood's affect on motherhood, both individually and as an institution. But both recognize that the 1950s-era model of fatherhood isn't valid anymore.

Ruddick's book proposes that *"the most revolutionary change we can make in the institution of motherhood is to include men in every aspect of childcare."* Thanks to dual-income families and the change in the American workforce, not to mention American family life, that mission has been accomplished.

Consider: A recent Oxford University study found young males spend *ten times* more time with their kids than men did 20 years ago. Sociologist **Suzanne Bianchi**, in an extensive study of parental time management, found that men's involvement in childrearing has increased across the board. There has been a dramatic increase in stay-at-home dads (SAHDs), too. While there are only about 176,000 or so in America, or about ***3.4 percent*** of all stay-at-home parents, that's twice what it was in 2001.

It's rare that a man is not heavily involved in his live-in children's lives in contemporary society, despite grumbling to the contrary. Check out any elementary school carline or PTA meeting and you'll see a profusion of dads. Men are the most involved in the lives of their kids since the late Pre-Industrial age, when toil in the fields and pastures kept men and their sons a close-knit unit. Dr. Doulcet agrees:

> "…stay-at-home fathers and single-father households have increased in Canada and the U.S., and increasing numbers of Canadian men now take (paid) parental leave. More widely, men's participation in domestic work and parenting is increasing toward a point of near gender convergence."

The thing is, the second half of Sara Ruddick's proposal, the idea that men doing more "mothering" would lead to "radically recasting ... the power-gender roles" *also* came true . . . but not in the empowering sort of way feminists desired.

As men assumed more and more of the childcare burden from women, they also brought a distinctly masculine slant to it that disturbs many mothers who are used to such devotion and affection arising from maternal, not paternal, sources.

Becoming more active dads didn't make men more sympathetic to the eternal toil of mothers, it largely allowed fathers to bring their own perspectives on such

things as “how clean is clean” and just what a nutritious lunch consists of and the relative importance of rough physical play and competition.

When men were forced into the task they did not, as feminist wanted, become *more feminine* . . . instead **they made childcare more masculine.** The hand that rocks the cradle as often as not had big hairy knuckles...and that has an affect on parenting. And on fathering – which is a *different thing* than parenting.

Dr. Doulcet took the unusual step (for a feminist) of actually *talking to men* about fatherhood, specifically the **Good Men Project’s** website, instead of just assuming she already knew what men would say. Arguably part of the Manosphere, the GMP is one of the very few attempts to bridge the gap between Men’s Rights and feminism. And what Dr. Doulcet learned was surprising to her – particularly the anger.

She admits “there is a small segment of feminism, particularly some strands of radical feminism, that posit women's interests as separate, or opposed to, those of men,” (although she fails to mention the existential threat to men from the overtly androcidal wing of radfem), but she doesn’t try to place much responsibility at the feet of the Gender Feminists who have exacerbated the gender problem – indeed, she cites some as *good authorities* on men and masculinity and fatherhood. Still, the fact she showed up at all is encouraging.

Dr. Doulcet even goes so far as to say

> “One of the greatest challenges in holding together fathering and feminism occurs when studying divorce, custody issues and other painful matters that arise when partnerships between women and men turn sour and dissolve. Put simply, it is more difficult for feminists to stand up for men when a "sister" is going through a nasty divorce.”

From the lips of a feminist, that’s a *stunning* admission. What she doesn’t say is that it is so rare for a feminist to stand up for men under any circumstances, much less a divorce, that it is noteworthy when it happens. Feminism, for obvious reasons, shies away from any mention of hypergamous divorce as anything but a positive thing.

And the pain these fathers felt? While Dr. Doulcet was forced to admit it was real, she was also willing to dismiss it in the wider social context. In her work

studying fatherhood she confesses that she cannot be objective – she has to use "two sets of glasses" in viewing them, otherwise her sympathy for the tortured stories she hears from men just might overwhelm her dedication to feminist ideology.

> "…with one pair of lenses, I see and hear the stories told by fathers when they are separated from their children. Some of these stories are, indeed, painful ones. In my research with single fathers, several fathers wept inconsolably during our interviews. In my six years of work with the Father Involvement Research Alliance (FIRA) -- a Canadian research and activist program that has focused on a diversity of dads and their experiences -- we heard heartbreaking stories from teen dads shut out from their children's lives and stories of grief from dads who were fighting for custody.
>
> These stories are real and common. For separated and divorced fathers, for example, **there is ample narrative and statistical evidence to suggest that fathers mourn the loss of their children**."

Emphasis mine. That's right, Dr. Doulcet discovered *fathers love their children* and miss them when they are taken from them involuntarily. The intellectual condescension implicit in that statement is, perhaps, not ironic to a feminist, but discovering that dads love their kids enough to mourn them when they are gone seems – to the Manosphere – *absolutely hysterical*.

Because Dr. Doulcet cannot allow the misery of mourning fathers faced with a feminist-oriented family court system to stand alone . . . her "other" set of glasses points out historical inequities suffered by women and concludes, more or less, "tough noogies" to such dads in pain.

They might be suffering . . . but dudes *still* control corporate America, Dads, *so fuck you.*

And this is the "pro-fatherhood" feminist.

Just how opposed to fatherhood is feminism? Consider that the **National Organization of Women**, arguably the most mainstream feminist organization in America, has actively fought against inclusion of "Parental Alienation Disorder" in the new version of the ***Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of***

***Mental Disorders*** (DSM-5), because “it puts women and children at risk”.

Sometimes used in custody cases, PAD is the observation that men and their children both get *severely depressed and mentally challenged* by their separation, say in the case of hypergamous divorce.

Cited as a “ploy” used by parents (mostly *fathers*), NOW objects to the term because it punishes parents (mostly *mothers*) who use incendiary allegations of abuse in their custody hearings. PAD reflects the oft-observed phenomenon of a mother in a divorce wildly exaggerating claims of abuse to the point where they instill a deep-seated fear in their children of their own father.

Far from being considered mental abuse by NOW, the feminist organization has pushed consistently for any avenue for mothers to demonize fathers in a custody case – including insisting your good ol’ dad was *a secret monster that only she was aware of.*

While NOW admits

> It is true that high-conflict divorce and child custody cases can engender intense emotional responses. Many divorcing couples go through a phase of feeling deeply wronged and completely innocent, and they want everyone they know -- including their child(ren) -- to choose their side. For their part, children may go through a phase of "splitting" their parents, lavishing love on one and anger toward the other. Responsible research has shown these phases to be temporary. Describing such behavior as a mental disorder is unjustified.

"Responsible research" is, in this case, *any research that supports NOW's fundamental political position.* They are arguing, in effect, that not only does divorce *not* harm children (which is demonstrably false), but that ***a woman has a right to inspire terror in her children about their father*** using any allegations of misconduct and criminal abuse she likes . . . *without dad having any recourse*.

Having seen plenty of divorced moms filling their children's environments with false and unsupported vitriol about their former spouses, I've seen for myself the effect this can have on a father-child relationship.

One of my friends was terrified to spend the weekend with her father after her mother prepared her as if she was going to prison. Her dad's "abuse"? He had commented on her mother's weight, *once*, and the woman had turned this single utterance into a "pattern of emotional abuse" her lawyer proposed would statistically lead "to greater and greater emotional abuse against his children and their mother, culminating in verbal, physical, or even sexual abuse."

That's right. Dad called mom fat once. That logically means Dad wants to *rape his own daughter.*

While no one denies that there are plenty of abusive relationships in the world, feminism (and NOW in particular) only seems focused on the abuses of men on women in a fit of misandrous hysteria that borders on the pathological. NOW is openly hostile towards fatherhood, fathers, and fathers' rights groups.

Indeed, the organization openly states:

> ***"The following information presents NOWFoundation's views about***

> ***fathers' rights groups and how their agenda harms the lives of mothers and their children during and after custody disputes. We wish to educate mothers, activists and the public about the adverse impact these groups have on protective mothers and children through their power to mislead and to control. ”***

Their “agenda” is to give fathers a fighting chance at custody of their children. “Protective” mothers are any mothers in a custody dispute. The “adverse impact” these groups have is actually giving fathers a fighting chance at custody of their own children. The “power to mislead and control” is how NOW refers to men aggressively pursuing custody of their own children.

In their effort to demonize and deconstruct fathers and fatherhood, NOW tries to discredit the MRAs and fathers’ rights groups through two ways: first, denying the legitimacy of the name ***(“In our view, the term "fathers' rights" is misleading as no legal rights are denied to men because they are men or fathers”*** – this from feminists who use statistical data to demonstrate the “oppression of the patriarchy” on a repeated basis even though no legal rights have been impinged in many of those cases, yet refuse to acknowledge the vast majority of custody cases are won by *women*).

Secondly, NOW attacks father’s rights by denying that it *is* a movement ***(“we question calling the activism of those who promote fathers' custody a "movement." It is essentially a collection of small groups and networks across the U.S. and abroad who communicate primarily through the Internet. Activist numbers are relatively small, but their impact in family court proceedings has become significant and harmful to women.”)***

Which means that the entire diverse father’s rights groups shouldn’t be given validity because *they aren’t organized enough* . . . and they help give fathers a fighting chance at custody of their own children.

Of course, when the groups do organize, NOW challenges them as greedy and exploitive.

> ***As divorce rates and the incidence of single-parenthood rose, the 1990s saw the emergence of new and larger organizations like The National Fatherhood Initiative (NFI), founded in 1994. NFI has received hundreds of millions in federal funds to conduct a number of***

> ***"responsible fatherhood" programs, addressing the widespread problem of absent fathers. NFI programs that receive grant support also conduct "healthy marriage" courses, provide for programs that help establish paternity, collect child support, and provide non-residential parents with access to their children.***

That's right: NOW attacks the father's rights movement because it's *winning sometimes.*

From NOWs perspective, fathers and fatherhood are an ***intrinsic existential threat to women and children.*** And it's even worse when Dads try to organize themselves. While no one would label the MRM a model of organization, or even effective activism, NOW severely criticizes *any* attempt of fathers to organize themselves to be better fathers . . . unless, perhaps, the group is gay or overtly and unapologetically feminist.

When feminism began to be a social movement, it was encouraged by activism as women became energized over the perceived inequities in the social and legal system. That "grass roots" organization became the basis of popular feminism. But when dads attempt the same level of activism in defense of what they see as inequities in the system, NOW condemns them:

> **"Fathers' custody advocacy groups now lobby state legislatures, file class action suits, picket court houses, and monitor judges' decisions through court watches. These groups have poured energy and funding into passing state laws that promote a joint custody preference and prevent a custodial parent from moving to another community, without sufficient safeguards in cases of domestic violence."**

Of course, what safeguards are "sufficient" are open to debate. Using domestic violence (which is not, unsurprisingly, exclusively male-on-female violence) as the sole standard to determine custody, **NOW effectively presumes that all fathers are unsuitable parents, regardless of the mental, emotional, or financial condition of the mother.**

NOW continues, "While not all fathers who ask the courts for custody of their children are abusive to the children or their mothers, a sizeable percentage of them are." It then goes on to admit that most court systems report that ***less than***

***25%*** of divorce and custody cases involve allegations of domestic violence – yet it condemns the organization of 100% of fathers to be activists in pursuit of their children's custody.

NOW isn't content to condemn all fathers who pursue custody because of the actions of a minority – they want all father's rights groups labeled "hate groups" by association.

It seems that NOW has stumbled across the Manosphere.

> ***"Women are routinely maligned as sluts, golddiggers, temptresses and worse … The common denominator among these diverse bloggers and activists is their resentment of feminism and females in general." Often the language encourages readers to take violent action to defend what they perceive to be a hatred and abuse by women of men.***"

Note how they *don't* address the fact that some women *are*, in fact, temptresses, Sexually Liberated, Uninhibited Tarts (S*L*U*T*s), or opportunistic women who pursue matrimony and divorce as a procurement scheme ("golddiggers").

They *do* exist – ask any woman if she knows someone who fits any of those categories, and they can give you a list, along with gory details. Of course, **NAWALT (Not All Women Are Like That).** *Certainly* those negative stereotypes are a tiny minority of their gender.

*So are abusive fathers and husbands.*

This is the harvest of Gender Feminism: an organization dedicated, more or less, to attacking *anything* positive about fatherhood and masculinity at all, unless it is openly and unapologetically in the service of collective femininity. They say so themselves, in so many words:

> "Though fathers' custody activists contend that their organizing is necessary to protect their "rights," the National Organization for Women Foundation and the NOW Family Law Ad Hoc Advisory Committee believe that their true objectives are to discriminate against, control and punish women by gaining custody of children and to denigrate the personal and economic sacrifices made by mothers for their children."

Dads are bad, according to NOW. They're a sinister cult of misogynistic abusers who, if they actually push for joint custody or sole custody, are revealing their inherent hatred and enmity toward all women and make them feel bad about themselves. They're a bunch of angry dudes, and NOW says that women shouldn't have to listen to angry dudes just because they shared some DNA with them once.

(Interestingly enough, although Dr. Doulcet admits that she found the experience with "angry dads" on the GMP website informing, her first impulse is to back away from *anything* "angry" . . . presumably because angry men are dangerous and stupid, but she doesn't really say. She merely maintains the typical feminist attitude that **male anger is dangerous and usually unfounded**, and seeks to avoid any confrontation with exactly *why* these men are angry . . . or whether or not it's justified. **Women who are angry are *empowered*. Men who are angry are *dangerous*.** From a woman who had discussed how distressing gender stereotypes were *just a few paragraphs before*, the irony was delicious.)

That's the rub: although feminists might be sympathetic to individual fathers – their brothers, for example – **they are largely utterly apathetic or even antithetical to the idea of fatherhood in general.** Even "feminist fathers" are a rarity – and frequently complain that feminists don't take them seriously as either feminists *or* fathers.

Fatherhood is about more than being a single parent or even primarily responsible for childcare. Fathering is a unique set of skills, different from Parenting and far different from Mothering. And while there are few blogs specifically devoted to Fathering in the Manosphere, that doesn't mean the subject isn't a popular one. There are a lot of dads in the 'Sphere, and most of us are pretty serious about it. Enough to mourn the loss of our kids if they were taken away.

At the *very* least.

Feminism and economic reality have forced men to step up as dads even as dads were looking for more and better ways to remain involved with their children. Modern dads aren't mere "punishment dispensers" and open wallets. They oversee every aspect of their kids' lives, as much as any mother, and if they put more emphasis on some areas than others, chalk that up to "gender bias" and move on. It won't matter how much you do or how you do it, anyway – as a

dad, every mother around you suspects you are screwing things up, and no amount of evidence will convince them otherwise.

I've run afoul of this myself. I've got three kids, and over the years I've been taken to task by women for everything from the way I changed a diaper to the way I put my daughter's hair up. By women. Other dads tend to be helpful and supportive, but if women aren't purely dazzled by the fact you're willing to do childcare, then they're suspicious and condescending that you – a mere male – are trying to do what you clearly have no idea how to do.

(Gentlemen, try this simple experiment with your new baby: find the biggest, most vocal feminist you know, and change a diaper in her presence. See how many seconds you can go before she starts criticizing. I believe you will find the exercise instructive.)

Single dads and married dads alike are faced with constant female suspicion over their parenting, and overt feminist aggression over fathering. Horror stories abound about dads trying to parent their kids and attracting attention. Over the years, here's just a couple of the irate dads who have emailed me their indignant complaints:

> "I was in a restaurant with my two-year old daughter, and after the meal she needed a change. I grabbed the diaper bag and headed for the men's room with her, just like always. While I was changing her another guy came in, and for a brief second my daughter's naked butt was viewable. One woman coming out of the ladies' room saw her, and the next thing I know I'm being handcuffed and stuffed in the back of a squad car because a 25 year old man apparently can't change his kid's diaper without being a raving sex maniac. My wife had to come down to verify that I was, indeed, her father before they would let me go. The manager later apologized, but I was humiliated. I was just being a good dad, and this bitch decided to mess up my life because she didn't like the way I was doing it."
>
> "It was Take Your Daughter To Work day, and I brought my eleven-year old into the office to show her what Daddy does. Within an hour I was called into my supervisor's office and questioned about why I had brought her, because Take Your Daughter To Work day was designed for *women* to empower their daughters, not men. She said I was setting the 'wrong

> kind of example' for the other girls, and asked me to take my daughter home. I did . . . and gave my notice.

While feminism wants to take credit for this new relationship between men and their children, a more credible explanation is that the alienation felt by children of the Baby Boom generation from their stoic, heroic industrially-based fathers was so profound that they quite naturally asserted themselves more as fathers. Indeed, one can see a parallel change in the nature and presentation of motherhood – but feminism doesn't really enjoy addressing that, or wanting to take credit for how it evolved.

Modern fathers are besieged – on one side we are viewed with constant skepticism and suspicion, with even our motives and love for our children coming under attack, and on the other side there is the demand that we aren't doing *nearly enough*. For four decades dads tried to comply with the mixed signals feminism sent about female expectations of fatherhood . . . but now they've begun to more or less give up and begun to embrace the ideal of a strong, unapologetic, *unashamed* fatherhood, regardless of feminine – or feminist – expectations . . . and a fatherhood increasingly untainted by feminist *ideals*.

Of course dating and mating as a single dad is fraught with dangers, but the fact is the Sexual Market Place favors a single dad far more than a single mom. Indeed, in some quarters single dads are considered "pre-committed", a man willing to father a child and enthusiastically parent. Single mothers, on the other hand, date as if they were wearing a dead cat around their neck. Men are naturally skittish of fostering another man's child, and a woman who is "pre-committed" to her existing kids is unlikely to want to devote herself to yours.

Single dads, on the other hand, are like *catnip*. The first time I took my infant son out in public by myself, I got hit on repeatedly.

But beyond the dating world, dads in general are facing hostility and isolation from all sides . . . so it's no wonder that the Manosphere is taking a fresh look at Fatherhood, and what it means in the 21st century.

What many of us find disturbing is how feminism seems determined to cast fatherhood only in context with motherhood, as if a masculine parenting skill set is the shiny rims on the utterly-necessary wheels of the mother minivan. Some

feminists see fatherhood as a luxury, some see it as a danger, and some see it as merely an obstacle to their happiness.

To feminism, fatherhood is only important for what it can provide for women. It is rarely valued or celebrated on its own merits. A "good dad" is one who takes the burden off of mom, for instance. Or one who does breakfast so that mom can get ready. Or one who can take time off of work to go to a school play so mom doesn't have to every time. Fatherhood is, to feminism, a necessary and sometimes useful evil, when it isn't being used as a "conduit of patriarchy".

Of course, Patriarchy and fatherhood are somewhat inextricably attached.

While the role of the father has changed over the years, *the essential nature of fatherhood has not.* Fathers are still elements of security and order for children. They are symbols of a mature masculinity, even if they themselves haven't quite gotten there yet. Fathers usually enforce discipline and foster self-reliance and self-discipline, encouraging kids to do it themselves rather than ask for help.

(I've been criticized for that by moms so many times over the years I don't even argue anymore – I've actually been screamed at for attempting to encourage self-sufficiency in my sons, because it "discourages cooperation"). Fathers set the rules of the house, traditionally, and they enforce those rules. Fathers extend their protection and defense over their children, and train them to socialize from a masculine perspective. Fathers encourage achievement, not participation.

Even within "traditional" marriages, married fathers are acting more like single fathers. Thanks to the large number of working wives – many of whom seem more devoted to their careers than their families – modern husbands have been put into the same sort of position as single dads: responsible for childcare, food prep, and housework while their wives work late.

That hasn't been nearly as big a deal as feminists have made it out to be – dads *enjoy* taking care of their children, it seems. Changing diapers can be a deeply personal experience for a dad. So can folding laundry or doing your daughter's hair. Going to sports events, performances, and recitals to demonstrate your pride in your child's accomplishments, teaching them how to tie their shoes and write in cursive, helping them master the intricacies of birthday party etiquette.

The conversations enjoyed on commutes to school or while doing homework

have led to a far deeper connection between dads and their kids . . . which makes it all the more painful when that connection is severed by hypergamous divorce.

Some women are openly wary of dads who are too involved, even if they are married to them. Consider it resentment over "lost feminine privilege", if you will, but there are plenty of women who see men stepping up their parenting as a threat to their role as mother. One female reader of mine sent me this:

> ". . . my husband takes our twin 13 year old girls to the park every day after school, because his job gets out earlier than mine and I work late a lot, so sometimes I don't get home until after they're in bed. I thought having a 'super-dad' would be great, and Jim does a magnificent job with the girls. But now I find myself resenting his closeness with them. He knows more about which boys they like and which girls they hate than I do, and that's supposed to be my role. The straw that broke the camel's back was when I did actually come home at a reasonable hour only to be informed that one of the girls started her period. I always thought that would be a really important bonding moment between us, but she acted like it was no big deal, and she didn't understand why I was so teary. "Daddy took care of it" she said, and I was devastated. I love my husband and think he's the best father in the world, but when he took that moment away from me I was angry that he was trying to be both mother and father. It wasn't my proudest moment, but it was there."

Another woman mentioned this on a marital forum:

> "I used to love it when my husband got involved at the kids' school, but more and more I'm finding myself discouraging him. When our son got into track, his father was so enthusiastic in his support that track was everything for a while. I figured it was just a father-son sports thing, and then our daughter got into band and he was the Ultimate Band Dad. Now if there's a problem at school he's there first. He knows the teachers by their first names, he knows just where the kids are in their assignments, and he even knows the school handbook and policies far more than a normal father does. I wanted an involved father for my kids, but honestly he's *making me look bad*. He doesn't mean to, my mothering just can't keep up with his fathering and it's making me angry at him and then angry at myself."

Feminists seem particularly resentful of competent dads – and particularly gleeful when they find an incompetent one. When men seem to invade traditionally-female spaces like school fundraisers or church charity drives, feminists often react poorly to the idea. When I got "too" involved in my children's daycare, for instance, one of the mommies pulled me aside and quietly told me that she had been watching me and didn't like the way I was "bossing everyone around". I explained I was merely demonstrating leadership. She wasn't impressed. She's not alone.

In 2004 Verizon launched a controversial television commercial featuring an exasperated father attempting to help his daughter with her homework on the computer – only to have his wife come in and demand "leave her alone!" and then order him to go wash the dog while she "fixes" things.

Joe Kelly, executive director of the national advocacy group **Dads and Daughters,** responded thusly:

> "It's reflective of some deeply entrenched cultural attitudes — that fathers are second-class parents, that they're not really necessary," Kelly said. "To operate from the assumption that dad is a dolt is harmful to fathers, harmful to children, and harmful to mothers."

Yet fathers are perpetual targets of ridicule in our society. Positive paternal role models are rare – the men who are "good" in sitcoms are either gay or utterly unthreateningly BETA, while dads with "traditional" ideas of masculinity are portrayed as slope-headed Neanderthals. **Homer Simpson, Peter Griffin, Ed Bundy**, **Tim "The Tool Man" Taylor** . . . the list of buffoon-like dads in our popular entertainment is long and depressing.

Strong fathers are rarely, if ever, shown in a positive light, and if they are, often the presence or agency of a woman is involved to diffuse it. Men are not allowed to achieve or be competent fathers on our own on TV. We need a wisecracking feminist wife to remind us who "the brains of the operation" is. Fathers are there to be straight men or the butt of the joke – not the guy who pulls it all together at the last minute.

Joe Kelly and other MRAs believe fathers have become easy targets for mockery from ad agencies that are now wary of offending women and racial minorities. Fathers are an easy target: they don't stand up for themselves anymore and no

one cares if they're denigrated in public. The National Organization for Women, the moribund-but-still-living group espousing feminism in both its gender and equity flavors, of course attacked this blatant exercise of sexist imagery with their usual passion:

> "These Madison Avenue companies are under the gun," Jenny Thalheimer, a spokeswoman for the National Organization for Women, said. "To even out their disparagement of women, they have to take on the men now and then."

TIME contributor James Poniewozik wrote, *"Much dad humor today is based on the premise that it's unnatural for men to be good at caring for kids."* He concludes, *"Happy Father's Day, dads of America! Pop culture thinks you look really stupid trying to care for the babies you made!"*

The idea that you can be a dad and still be a dude seems foreign to women, despite all of the feminist rhetoric about equality. Feminism screams at dads to take more responsibility – and then ridicules and humiliates them when they do.

Within the context of feminism, it's natural to assume that dads are inept parents based on no other factor than they aren't mothers. It's as if feminism wants to equate motherhood with parenthood, with fatherhood being an expensive luxury option for the well-to-do. Fathers are idiots – and even feminists are starting to get fed up with that meme.

In her 2012 Father's Day post **"Happy Fathers Day! (From Your Feminist Daughters)"**, Emily Goulding points out

> These jokes would read differently if fatherhood were not a very special, and increasingly rare, phenomenon. Changing cultural attitudes about marriage, gender, and identity that are beyond the scope of this article mean that fewer Americans are getting married and starting families than ever before, yet on screen and in real life, Dads are sometimes badgered or made fun of for simply trying to participate.
>
> Sobering stuff, but even more so considering the fact that feminism has a somewhat fraught relationship with fatherhood. A generation of women raised on the idea that they can have it all has incredibly high expectations of the men in their lives, leaving few men either willing or allowed into

> the mix.

It's not just women-in-general's high expectation of men-as-fathers, however – and thanks to two generations of divorce, many grown women today have only an unrealistic and fantastical idea of what a "good father" might be – it's feminism's fundamental inability to play well with boys that's partially to blame:

> Romance might cause some of this hand-wringing, but the root of it is really a larger question: It's, "As feminists, how do we relate to others?" There's no scarcity of young feminists who know they can raise a child by themselves –- what's confusing isn't their own motherhood, it's combining it with someone else's fatherhood.

And the *positive* evolution of fatherhood? Feminism rushes to take credit for that, as well. In her 2012 Father's Day post, Australian feminist blogger **Chloe Angyal** gushes about just how much fatherhood owes to feminism – glossing over the devastation of the 90% of child custody cases lost by men – and condescendingly admits that

> One of the greatest challenges feminism has faced is getting men on board. Without their investment, the fight against sexism is much harder to win. When my dad was my age, the challenge was to get men to take discrimination against women seriously. Now it is to make young men see that while we have eradicated a good deal of sexism - though far from all of it - feminism is no longer just about women. It's about gender. Which means it's about men, too.

Of course feminism has *always* been about men – the opposition to *male* power structures, the opposition to the expression of *male* sexuality, the opposition to *masculine* values like competitiveness and achievement – but now that it has become institutionalized, Angyal argues, feminism's affect on fatherhood has been a *universal positive*.

> Feminism is one of the best things that ever happened to fatherhood. Thanks to feminism, men of my generation have richer, more meaningful relationships with their dads than their fathers had with theirs. Thanks to feminism, the men my friends and I marry will be engaged, emotionally present fathers. Thanks to feminism, our children will grow up with fathers who improve those statistics on the second shift and who shoulder

> more of the burdens and share more of the pleasures of emotional care giving.

In other words, feminism has contributed to fatherhood mostly by making fathers ***more useful to women***. Her one androcentric point – that fathers and sons have a stronger relationship – she gives credit to *feminism*, not to the men who made the effort out of a masculine need for emotional connection to their offspring. According to Angyal, it seems, if they were left on their own men would choose to be uncaring, distant, unforgiving authority figures who only tolerated their children.

Her argument is undermined by the horrific number of estranged fathers in America, and the emotional damage boys sustain at the hands of a feminist-inspired school system. She doesn't bother to mention that "the men my friends and I will marry" aren't going to *be* there, leaving up to half of her age cohort single and unmarried forever; or that half of them will be divorced within five years; or that marriage in the age of feminism has all the certainty of an retirement strategy involving a Vegas slot machine.

She doesn't mention that the "engaged, emotionally present fathers" have been so damaged by feminism in our society that one friend of mine didn't feel properly bonded with his father until his wife left him for another man, as his mother did his father. If that's the kind of "richer, more meaningful relationship" many of today's men have with their dads, bonding over the tragedies of male existence, it's one we'd rather skip.

A generation of men cowed by divorce and misandry are, indeed, taking solace with their sons over their lives – but when the dominating social factor in that relationship is how to survive a divorce, one wonders if the price paid for that relationship was too high.

Feminism is quick to pat itself on the back over its "contribution" to fatherhood. It's not nearly as eager to clean up the blood.

One would think that Equity Feminists would be all over the idea of "feminist fatherhood" in opposition to their gender feminist sisters. After all, "equity" implies a balance between two forces, so in theory Equity Feminists should be encouraging men to explore and develop their role as fathers in the lives of their children.

But such isn't the case. Fathers who have accepted the feminist argument and consider themselves Equity Feminists find very little on the role of fatherhood in feminist philosophy. As a male feminist blogger **Neil Shyminski** reveals in his blog ***Guilty Displeasures***, his attempt to find such a trove of support and encouragement within feminism was fruitless:

> ". . . the practice of "feminist fathering" is far more amorphous and phantasmatic than feminist mothering. Amazon lists some 900+ books on the latter topic and about 125 on the former, but even this comparison is misleading - the "feminist fathering" search results includes many of the books that are more properly about feminist mothering, and the only result from among the first half dozen pages that is actually about feminist fathering addresses it in such a way that it calls the very existence of a practice into question: "Do Men Mother?" (What does it mean to "mother" anyway? And what sorts of limits does that place on fathering?)

The fact that even feminist fathers recognize that there is a problem with how feminism treats fatherhood is revealing. The fact that feminist fathers are disturbed by what they find about feminist mothering is even *more* revealing. Neil continues,

> "[T]here's an assumption among those who write about (and attempt to enact) feminist motherhood that the mother should put herself first and not sacrifice everything for the baby. So I can only suppose that there's an assumption of a feminist partner (either another mother or a father) who is able to take on a co-primary caregiver role. (Though, as I understand it, the other partner's role often isn't emphasized at all.) The ironic thing is that many of the same people who write about feminist mothering admit that they don't know how to actually do that."

And these are feminism's staunchest allies among men. Within the Manosphere they're known as Deltas (See **Vox Day's SocioSexual Heirarchy),** Gamma Rabbits, White Knights, Blue Pill Betas, or (even more derisively) "manginas". They are rarely welcome (nor do they often visit) the more hardcore Manosphere blogs, but the fact of the matter is that these men are (whether they like it or not) part of the Manosphere, albeit a part orbiting far from the center of the dirty snowball.

They are tackling the issues of fatherhood, albeit with a feminist ideal they admit is deeply flawed on the subject, the same way the Red Pill men of the Manosphere are. They are as deeply committed to their children as any father, and while their allegiance to feminist ideals is strong, they are often the first to admit that feminism lacks any realistic or distinct role for fathers. Feminism's take on motherhood also leaves something to be desired. Shyminski concludes,

> "It's hard enough to negotiate these ideals of feminist mothering and fathering when it seems as if no one knows how to negotiate them. But it's even harder when those people who should, you would think, be most supportive of these goals don't realize that they're constantly undermining them."

Feminism failed fatherhood and terrorized fathers with the threat of divorce and loss of custody. If there is one single unifying fact among American men – White, Black, Asian, Hispanic, Gay, Straight, Professional or Working Class – **it's the existential terror a father feels at the idea of losing a relationship with his children due to the whims of family court and their mother.** It has driven men to violence and suicide.

The Greek chorus of feminists who act as the cheer squad for divorce give a woman in a troubled marriage all the rationalization and support she needs to view their child's father with innate suspicion – but as the MRAs will be happy to tell you, when a man battles for custody of his children he gets little support from men *or* women beyond the odd "*sucks to be you, dude!"*.

Even as men were being encouraged to indulge in a rich and rewarding relationship with their children, the specter of being powerless to keep from losing them severely undermined their dedication to the effort. A man's most precious social contribution – his children – were used as emotional leverage by two generations of wives and mothers, turning the taste of fatherhood bitter in their mouths.

The issue was compounded, of course, with the fact that while a woman's right to choose to have a child was settled by *Roe v. Wade,* a man's decision to have a child is still elusive. The reproductive freedom implicit in birth control and access to abortion is a freedom for women, only – men's reproductive rights are still held hostage by the womb.

When a young unmarried girl becomes pregnant, there is no obligation to inform the child's father until the birth, when it's time to arrange child support, much less when the mother discovers she's pregnant. He has no legal right or socially acceptable say in whether or not he will become a father. For all of feminisms' ideals of equity between the sexes, Reproductive Freedom has meant a *woman's* right to choose to be a parent, *not* a man's.

While that might not bother the feminists reading this (*Hi, girls!*) try to see it from a male perspective, just for a moment, by asking this question: *how likely is it that you, as a woman, will reproduce?*

Historically speaking, the answer to that is 80%. As Dr. Roy F. Baumeister famously reported in his 2007 presentation before the American Psychological Association, *"Is There Anything Good About Men?"*,

> The first big, basic difference has to do with what I consider to be the most underappreciated fact about gender. Consider this question: What percent of our ancestors were women?
>
> It's not a trick question, and it's not 50%. True, about half the people who ever lived were women, but that's not the question. We're asking about all the people who ever lived who have a descendant living today. Or, put another way, yes, every baby has both a mother and a father, but some of those parents had multiple children.
>
> Recent research using DNA analysis answered this question about two years ago. Today's human population is descended from twice as many women as men.
>
> I think this difference is the single most underappreciated fact about gender. To get that kind of difference, you had to have something like, throughout the entire history of the human race, maybe 80% of women but only 40% of men reproduced.
>
> Right now our field is having a lively debate about how much behavior can be explained by evolutionary theory. But if evolution explains anything at all, it explains things related to reproduction, because reproduction is at the heart of natural selection. Basically, the traits that

> were most effective for reproduction would be at the center of evolutionary psychology. It would be shocking if these vastly different reproductive odds for men and women failed to produce some personality differences.
>
> For women throughout history (and prehistory), the odds of reproducing have been pretty good.

For men, not so much.

If feminism is really a quest for equality between the sexes, then (after the gross inequities of Selective Service registration) the single biggest gender-based inequity is the imbalance between men and women when it comes to reproduction. **If women naturally have twice the chance as men to have kids, then one would assume that such a fundamental inequity in our society would be a large target for Equity Feminists.** However, since it merely impacts *men*, it's no big deal.

It might surprise you that in a world where men seem to flee from the very idea of parenthood that there would be men who were actively trying to reproduce . . . but were so wary of pitfalls and problems inherent in a relationship with a woman that they would rather die childless than take the chance on losing their children.

*If* they can find a mom in the first place. Men who actively seek fatherhood report having great difficulty finding suitable, acceptable mothers. And that enrages feminists of all stripes – the idea that men have preconceived standards for the mothers of their children. Particularly in an age of career-obsessed overachieving feminists who delayed marriage and children until the last possible moment, dudes who want to be dads are faced with a wide and unpalatable array of options.

As one of my readers emailed me,

> "I just got back from a date with a 35 year old sales executive. Attractive (about an 8), smart, and looking to settle down and have kids. We matched up well on the profiles, and things were looking pretty good. But as soon as I brought up kids, things changed. She wanted kids right away. Like *yesterday*. She was freaking out about her eggs and worrying

about scheduling her maternity leave around her sales year and we hadn't even gotten to the end of the date. I didn't mind that too much because I want to have children soon myself. But the longer I spent with her the more she turned me off as a prospective mother of my children. I asked the usual tame versions of my criteria questions, and every answer she gave me made me more and more certain she just wasn't what I was looking for. Since I didn't waste her time or mine, I told her I had a lovely time but didn't see a future in it. She freaked the fuck out in the parking lot. I finally got her calmed down enough to explain my objections, and she freaked out again.

"Basically, I didn't like the idea of the mother of my kids having more than a hundred sexual partners in her lifetime before she met Dear Old Dad. That's a plus for a chick I'm just going to bang, but a wife and mom? How do you explain that to your sons and daughters? Next I told her I didn't want a woman who was more committed to her career than to her marriage and her children and that's what set her on thermonuclear meltdown. I wanted an emotionally giving, caring, and nurturing wife and mother, not a future corporate CEO. She screamed at me that I was just a pussy who was afraid of strong women. I screamed back that I just didn't want my kids' mom to be a self-involved bitch with too many lovers to keep track of, and if that was too high a standard then she could kiss my ass. Weird thing is, we kind of made up and I slept with her that night, but I didn't see her after that. If a woman can insist a guy has a good job and a house and car before they get married, why can't a man insist that his future wife not screw hundreds of dudes and actually give more of a damn about her family than her 401k? Is that too much to ask for a mom?"

If the quality of fatherhood has arguably gone up since the 1950s, the quality of motherhood, in the traditional since, has plummeted. Working moms rarely cook anymore, relying on fast food and pre-prepared microwavable bounty to feed their kids, and while cooking is a maternal requirement, for the last 100,000 years it's been the industry standard.

In my grandmother's day the evening meal was a physical, tangible symbol of a woman's love for her family – what kind of subconscious signal of love is a can of soda, tepid, microwaved chicken nuggets and two tablespoons of processed creamed corn sending to her children?

If women can objectively rate potential fathers on the basis of their merit (and they do – and it has even gotten worse with feminism and the internet) then men should rightly be entitled to apply their own criteria for acceptable motherhood.

And that criteria, much to the dismay of feminists, persists in ranking such "sexist" issues as previous sexual history and domestic aptitude. If a man cares enough about his potential children to scrupulously seek out their mother, then you can bet that his standards for that mother are going to be far higher than "the pretty blonde with the big boobs at the end of the bar".

Future dads who take that stuff seriously are growing in number. Thanks to the history of divorce and pathologic custody hearing, dudes who want to be dads are becoming more and more discriminating about their future wives-and-mothers, and are withholding their commitments until they are satisfied.

And the sad fact of the matter is, the women following the feminist model are just not measuring up to these potential super-dads' standards.

Another commenter on a Game blog writes:

> "I've had an open flirtation with one of the women in my office for about two years now. She's lovely, very intelligent, very dedicated. We even share a religion, which is nice. She's asked me out a few times, and I enjoyed her company, but it never got intimate and it never went further. Then she had a birthday (she wouldn't tell me which one – red flag), her sister had a baby (red flag), her mother got cancer (red flag), and her casual boyfriend dumped her (big, big red flag). The next thing I know, she's stalking me, insisting that I would be a phenomenal dad and that we would make the perfect power couple. I liked her but when I told her that wasn't going to happen, she demanded to know why not. "What was wrong with her". So I stupidly told her. I was looking for a more traditional woman to raise my kids. Someone less invested in themselves and more invested in our family. And I wanted someone whose parents weren't divorced, because those people are more likely to divorce (her folks are split). She's a nice enough girl, but if she wanted to be a mom she should have considered that back when she was young enough to do it. I've been planning on being a dad since I was 12, why should I settle for a woman who's just considering the subject when she's 32?"

That's not to say that today's moms are inferior to their ancestors – our entire culture and civilization has radically changed, and just as the definitions of masculinity, femininity, and fatherhood are up in the air, so too is motherhood's.

But when dudes who want to be dads are ready to commit, they're not looking for a ***Sex In The City*** career woman who can raise a family and make partner before she's 40. They want a woman who demonstrates the same level of commitment and dedication to their family as *they* do. And they just aren't being satisfied by the motherhood prospects of the American feminist women.

Men in the Manosphere take fatherhood *seriously*. Both for boys and girls, although a father's responsibility to introduce his son to adult masculinity and manhood is often seen as paramount, under the present social circumstances. While there are few blogs who dedicate themselves wholly to the topic, some are beginning to take a Red Pill approach to fathering.

One, the **Average Married Dad** blog, chronicles the trials of a man attempting to lead his family and father his children proactively, and some of the issues he encounters. As AMDsays himself in a private note, " my parents are still together, and while my dad is a good man, he doesn't have a lot to offer in how to be a leader – he's the "Nice Guy" model with not much killer instinct or passion. Because of that environment, we all struggled to become men. My one beta brother got divorced after three kids and maybe 7 years of marriage, one is still a man-child and then there's me who was slowly spiraling to an unhappy beta-guy marriage until I stumbled upon the [authors of the Manosphere]." Not surprisingly, he finds himself looking more and more to "traditional" fatherhood for inspiration and support – because, among other evils, feminism has offered jack squat for either to men.

Other blogs mention fatherhood in abstract or in specific or both. But fatherhood is so *fundamental* a male issue and interest that it permeates the basic existence of the Manosphere like sex. The low quality of potential mothers is a frequent topic of debate, and just what criteria should be considered often spins blog forums hundreds of comments long.

The problem of a glut of too many older career women who suddenly want children ("baby rabies") yet are poorly suited for either matrimony or motherhood is perennial. Men, it seems, want intelligent women for the mothers

of their children, but shy away from women who place their own welfare and security above their biological drive to reproduce.

Pre-existing mothers aren't at any advantage, however. Many single men won't even *consider* a single mom as a potential mate, due to the high likelihood of uncontrolled baggage held over from the previous relationship ("baby mama drama"). Plus there is the popular perception that single moms are looking for a meal ticket and a roommate who will help with childcare more than they're looking for a deep romantic, spiritual and sexual connection with a partner – a perception that holds up only because it's witnessed often enough to be noteworthy.

Then there's the required self-sufficiency displayed by most single moms that sends the prideful signal that *they don't need a man*, which naturally makes the dude in question wonder "if she's such a good mom on her own why would she want to mess that up with *me?*" Single motherhood also gives a man the opportunity to observe, judge and critique a woman's maternal skillset before he commits, and it doesn't take more than a few violations of a man's standards to send him on to the next profile.

> "I once had to watch my date slap her nine-year-old child in the face when he was still up after we got home from our date. Needless to say, that was the last time I went out with her. I don't want that kind of abusive shit around my kids,"

one commenter reports.

Another points out,

> "According to the APA (American Psychiatric Association) at least one woman out of four has an undiagnosed mental illness. That means that one out of every four women I've dated has the real potential to be batshit crazy. To take that kind of chance on the mother of your children is just insane. Yet if you bring up a woman's mental health history or anything else about her past, she gets offended. I've reached the point where I've quit caring about them being offended, now. I just want to find a decent wife and mom."

If the Manosphere has a consistent attitude toward fatherhood, it's **that it is an**

**essential masculine value and one of the greatest contributions a man can make to his society.** The Manosphere recognizes the value of the well-constructed man, as they often go on to be leaders and innovators, and they usually recognize that a strong father is absolutely essential to creating a strong young man, ready for the responsibilities of life. Fatherhood in the Manosphere is akin to a sacrament, a sacred trust born by a few men on behalf of all.

Being a good dad isn't merely an accessory to your life – it's the *focus*.

As this book goes to press, there is already a mainstream-acceptable term that is such an apt description of the evolving fatherhood that I stole it for the title of this chapter: Alpha Dads.

A May 30, 2013 report in **Bloomberg Businessweek (*"Alpha Dads: Men Get Serious About WorkLife Balance",* by Sheela Kolhatkar**) demonstrates that the "woman's issue" of competing at work while nurturing at home is not an essentially gender-based issue . . . except in the sense that Alpha Dads seem to have a better time of it than "Alpha Moms". Describing a scene of three of these Alpha Dads, members of a nascent professional father's group in Canada sitting around breakfast commiserating about the stress of finding equilibrium between their personal and private lives, Kolhatkar notes:

> *"The only thing missing is the guilt and self-flagellation, which, if they were women, would be accumulating on the floor in puddles around their feet."*

Alpha Dads are essentially doing what corporate moms do, without the whining and complaining and maternal guilt. Kolhatkar describes them as

> *". . . guys who are as serious about their parenting as they are about making partner. What they illustrate is that men might actually be better at handling women's issues than women. They don't believe in "balance." They believe in getting what they want, even if it's time to yell at their 5-year-olds from the sidelines of a soccer game on a Wednesday afternoon."*

I might better describe them as ambitious MGTOW who have made both

achievement and fatherhood simultaneous goals . . . and then approach the problem with masculine pragmatism instead of feminine idealism. An important difference between these full-time dads/full-time professionals and their female counterparts? *"None of them have illusions of achieving perfect harmony."*

Interestingly enough, the piece was picked up by the feminist website **The Cut,** and spun as a kind of victory for feminist ideals. And while **Kat Stoeffel's** blog post ***Men's Answer to Leaning In: The Fraternity of Paternity*** ends with a skeptical note about the masculine ability to find equilibrium tries to throw a Gamma-attracting olive branch: ". . . in the meantime, any men who want to talk about their feelings and/or turn off their BlackBerrys are welcome at my lunch table/Lean In circle. " ('Lean In' is the 2013 feminist movement to empower women in business to . . . well, act more like men in business, supporting each other, trading stories and advice, mentoring, networking, etc.)

What Ms. Stoeffel might not understand is that these Alpha Dads don't have time for her, "sharing their feelings", or Leaning In. Indeed, most of the Alpha Dads I know are not male feminists, they're fiercely determined to succeed and see their female colleagues as competitors against whom any legitimate business tactic they'd use on a male is in play. Alpha Dads don't want to encourage female co-workers or mentor young women often because the very nature of the gender difference causes unacceptable problems.

I know more than a few Alpha Dads myself (being an Alpha Dad and all), so I called a few this morning to get their reaction, and the backhanded invitation Ms. Stoeffel extended for them to come sup at her table or weep at her support group (after I described what a "Lean In circle" was) :

STEVEN (34 year old single freelance graphic designer, 2 daughters): "If you've got time to sit around and whine about how hard it is being a woman in business, you've got time to line up another job or land another client. Quit bitching and get some work done. It will help get rid of all these 'feelings' you're having."

CHAD: (36 year old married law enforcement professional, 1 daughter): "When the hell does anyone have time to have feelings, much less talk about them? My kid isn't even in school yet and I'm working two jobs. I'm not complaining.

That's my point, I'm not complaining. Why do these women have to organize themselves to complain?

ANDREW: (41 year old divorced father of a son and a daughter): "Let's see, go trade catty remarks about how awful they've got it, or go fishing with my kids? I guess you just have to know where your priorities are."

That's the common thread among these Alpha Dads: they understand that their priority – fatherhood – is served by their vocation, it's not in competition with it. Their kids come first, but they see their jobs and careers as being necessary and valuable tools toward effectively fathering. Alpha Dads don't see the guilt and self-deprecating angst and emotional turmoil about worklife balance . . . they just accept it.

Fatherhood and career are two sides to the coin of their masculinity, and often both of those come far above dating or marriage to these men, if they are single. If they're married, then being a highly-active Alpha Dad includes keeping your marriage running properly, but these guys are not angsting about their failures and beating their chests because they never seem to feel fulfilled . . . they handle it the way men traditionally do, by objectifying, problem solving, and moving on to the next challenge.

Nor does being an Alpha Dad necessarily make you more "feminist friendly". A lot of Alpha Dads have experienced the kind of misandrism and disrespect toward masculinity that typically drives dudes to the Manosphere, They don't view their female colleagues the same way as they do their male colleagues, thanks to sex discrimination and sexual harassment suits, diversity training, and other feminist-positive developments in the culture.

*"I'd rather work with a group of guys than a group of girls on just about any project,"* Alpha Dad Mark, a local entrepreneur tells me over lunch. *"Last time I worked with a bunch of women, nothing got done, I kept getting hit on, and everyone tried to get to know my kid. More than half were single, and trying to work without it getting personal was just a pain in my ass. I don't want to know your kid, lady, I don't want to hear about your feelings, I don't want to hear about how you're so goddamned oppressed, I just want to know if you want to go with the red one or the green one? We spent six hours doing two hours worth of work. My next project I had six guys. Got it done under cost and before deadline. I know three of those guys are dads, but I don't know about the other*

*three. They don't care if I'm a dad or not, they just want the work to get done. This "Lean In" crap sounds like just another time-sink women indulge in to keep from actually competing fairly. Go lean in, then. While you're leaning, I'll be back at work until 3, when I have to pick up the kids. Some of us have work to do."*

Among other positions widely advocated in the Manosphere, particularly among Red Pill Alpha Dads, is **the idea that sons should be taught Game early on, before succumbing to the "Call of the Mild"**: the terminal Betadom that develops when a boy follows the typical "be yourself and be a Nice Guy" mating strategy of the American Future Ex-Husband.

Boys need Game, it's reasoned, because it's the only way to **insulate and protect them from the social and emotional whiplash young girls dish out in volumes.**

Educating a young man in the intricacies of a woman's menstrual cycle, recognition of mating signals, and instruction about the legal dangers and responsibilities implied in fatherhood and marriage is often seen in the 'Sphere as men's best defense against the continued assault on fatherhood.

"Fully-Informed Fatherhood" is one of the keystones of the future Manosphere: ensuring that the young men of the next generations are working in their own interest, toward their own goals, and not at the behest or on the behalf of a woman. Understanding the tenuous nature of romantic relationships, the fallacies of both feminism and "True Love" and how they will be employed against them, and how to counter common female strategies such as Shit Tests, Solipsism and Attention Whoring. Recognition of just what constitutes a "quality" woman for a mate, and what criteria ensure a relationship should be kept casual.

Building strong young men who know their own worth and value other men unashamedly is the surest way to expand and explore our masculinity. Educating our boys so that they are not at the mercy of a system that devalues them because of their gender, where boys are taught to value their ability to commit as much or more than a girl's ability to grant sexual access, and how to successfully stand up for themselves in the face of a hostile mating climate. And most of all, how to

be strong fathers themselves. With or without mothers.

Strong fathers – that's what the Manosphere craves. Men who are *proactively engaged in fathering*, as well as parenting, and can provide powerful positive role models to both their own kids and to the army of children who end up estranged from their own fathers, thanks to divorce. Fathers who are strong, smart, wise, and virile, men providing the lessons their sons need to find a decent mate in the nascent century.

The old Patriarchy may have fallen . . . but the importance of and desperate need for strong fathers has never been greater. If feminists detect anger in the Manosphere they frequently label misogyny, a healthy plurality of it comes from the atrocious way men have seen fatherhood treated by women in the West. In the age of globalization it doesn't take a genius to figure out how to get around the issue of a potentially litigious mother. Thanks to the Manosphere, there's now the chance that men may pursue fatherhood *independent* of a relationship with a woman – beyond fee-for-service.

The Alpha Dads are a sign. They passionately pursue fatherhood regardless of their marital status. They've come to realize that the "Happily Ever After" in their future may or may not include a wife . . . but kids are mandatory. These Alpha Dads are the seeds of a new Patriarchy, Patriarchy 2.0, smarter, leaner, stronger, and a little more pissed off than Patriarchy 1.0. The new Alpha Dads are beginning to use networking opportunities like the Manosphere, Facebook, LinkdIn, and local fathers' groups to support each other. Not to lend a shoulder to cry on or trade war stories about horrible bosses and awful daycare directors, but to lend a power saw or trade information about a sales lead. These Alpha Dads are strong on fatherhood and intolerant of the "bullshit" they see associated with their female counterparts. Indeed, many are beginning to question the real need of a mother in a kid's life *at all*, after weaning. Being an Alpha Dad in the 21st century doesn't necessarily mean finding the right woman . . . increasingly, it's interviewing prospective egg donors.

There's already a quiet underground "fertility tourism" business flourishing in India, widely seen in the 'Sphere as the easiest and healthiest place in the Third World to find a woman to contract a pregnancy.

These "wombs for rent" allow Western men the option of having children without the need of a wife or mother. A plane ride over to set up the deal and

interview prospective surrogates, make the required donation (by IVF or naturally) and return nine months later for the birth. Dad flies home with baby, mom collects a fat check that conceivably lifts her family out of poverty. Everyone wins – ***except for the American woman who was counting on that dude to be on the marriage market before she ran out of eggs.***

But that's not the only new technological development that has an effect on fatherhood. While the pharmaceutical companies have been striving tirelessly to discover a viable "male birth control pill", with strong feminist resistance, a simple surgical procedure might deprive Big Pharma of huge regular profits . . . and drive a generation of feminists to drink.

The process is called **USRIG**, and it involves surgically implanting a microscopic "shredder" in the *vas deferens*, effectively rendering the patient temporarily sterile. The shredder lasts for a full decade, costs less than $1000, and seems safe and effective in clinical trials so far. It can be reversed at any time, restoring a man to full fertility a few months after the procedure. After ten years, the shredder falls apart and full fertility returns.

Consider the advantages for men: no worry about accidental pregnancy (although the device does NOT protect against STDs, including HIV/AIDS), no fear of being "trapped" into unwanted parenthood. Men will, effectively, **have unparalleled control over their reproductive capacities.** And effective veto power over whether or not a woman they are sleeping with will become pregnant with their child.

That would also effectively *end* teenaged pregnancy. For a mere $1000 a man can be shooting blanks from the time he's 16 until he's 26, allowing him ample time to party with the Puerarchy while he decides whether or not he wants to be a dad or if he'd rather just screw himself into oblivion. At 26, he's just beginning to gain the type of masculine mastery over his life that begins preparing him for marriage and fatherhood – and ready to ditch the good-time girls of the hookup culture in favor of the more serious, less complicated, and more devoted to family women who recognize the ephemeral nature of their reproductive life early enough to make a difference.

This will – I predict – lead to a whole lot more women realizing that feminism makes a poor reproductive strategy, as they see younger "wholesome" girls snatched up by family-minded dudes who want kids. And that will drive up the

“value” of the marriage-and-kids minded dude even more. When the possibility of accidental pregnancy is removed from the table, and no more “oops” moments can change a man’s life without his say, we shall see as radical a transformation in our sexuality as we saw with The Pill.

If all those temporarily-sterile boys understand and practice decent Game . . . the 21st century really has the potential to be quite rewarding for men. An “extended adolescence” pursuing pussy while they perfect their chosen craft, and then a deliberate and thoughtful segue into mature masculinity, where they will be far more valued as men, fathers, and as husbands.

And good, strong, dedicated fathers most of all.

**The War on Masculinity**



Feminism was not kind to men in the courtroom. It wasn't much kinder in the popular culture.

A freer sexual culture was a double-edged sword to men. While opening up fresh sexual frontiers on the one hand – *certainly* something in the male interest – it then made the long-term raising of children and a family difficult, almost i*mpossible*. What have traditionally been *female* concerns – the house, family, the kids – suddenly became *male* concerns as divorce and shattered families became the norm.

That was ironic in a lot of ways. The face of fatherhood after WWII was iconic, but inadequate to deal with the complexities of modern life. Just being tough and manly wasn't enough anymore. Being a good provider wasn't enough. Men were being pressed in the workplace and raped in divorce court, and the traditional masculine responses to such challenges just weren't enough anymore.

That was that frustrating at a social level not only because the traditionally-accepted forms of masculinity his father beat into him inadequately prepared the young man coming of age in 1970 for life with young women coming of age in 1970. Our mating strategies, as men, were overtaken by events.

At the nexus of this chaos was the feminist-inspired demand that, since more

women were working for money, more men should be doing housework and childcare. If the line between male and female divisions of labor was blurry, it had to be blurry in both directions. Feminism's influence elicited a series of popular cries to the effect that women suddenly wanted less manly, more feminine men. Men who could cook and clean. Men who could watch the kids. Men who could cry about their feelings.

And the collective masculinity in America just didn't know how to deal with that.

To their credit, they tried with everything they had. My father's generation was the first one to expect a wife to work, instead of being a stay-at-home mom. While he didn't do much cooking, he did at least as much housework as my mom. Compared to how much HIS father had done, my dad looked like a domestic servant. In addition my father invested a whole lot of time into the institution of fatherhood, not just by providing some structure and a good role model, but by getting us involved with Scouts, and getting involved himself.

But despite masculinity's reluctance to put on an apron, the rigors of the modern world demanded their participation in domestic duties. And it's not like there was that much of it. Take away laundry and cooking – both of which had been simplified by the Industrial Revolution – and what remains is a bare fraction of the time that a 19th century housewife put into the house. That freed up more time in an Industrial Age marriage for sex, fighting and television . . . mostly television.

Television was a battleground of popular culture at the dawn of the feminist era. With only three networks, the level of "popular culture" was at its highest, too, with the lowest-rated shows of the evening still pulling in numbers that would dampen the panties of a thousand modern basic cable executives. And the liberal writers on the popular shows began peppering their fare with all sorts of gender-straining ideas, from Women's Liberation to Single Fatherhood.

Women of the 1970s were very clear, as viewed through popular culture: they wanted good dads for their kids, good providers for their families, and a man who could wash dishes and relate to her emotionally. But they'd settle for a good dad. Good, involved, engaged dads who could take some of the pressure off of women, in an effort to re-balance the delicate relationship. But at the same time that feminism was urging men to become more involved, more

sensitive fathers, it was encouraging *mothers* to "reward" those men with an emasculating and heartbreaking severing of the father/child bond through hypegamous divorce.

Re-inventing and redefining femininity was one thing . . . taking the children away from their fathers was quite another. The flood of kids whose lives were wrecked because their parents selfishly couldn't get it together was abysmal, a brutal consequence of feminist ideology. For the most part, the men of America accepted the influx of women into their professions and their worklife with a few grumbles and maybe a sexual harassment seminar or two. But when the feminist movement *struck at the heart of the family*, the very thing most men spend their lives protecting and nurturing, the quest for "equality" took a sinister turn.

Around the late 70s, after the Patriarchy fell at Watergate, something disturbing began to occur to the men who were getting served divorce papers. Their wives were pressing for full custody, and coming up with any excuse to get it.

It's easy to understand why. This environment gave women unprecedented power over their own lives starting in the 1960s – when the Baby Boomers were coming of age. They felt they could dictate terms to *society at large*, and for the most part they were right. Liberalized divorce laws and sexual harassment threats punished traditional expressions of masculinity in the workplace and in academia, and the early wave of divorces in the 1960s demonstrated that there were a *lot* of unhappy women in "traditional" marriages. But mostly white, upper-class suburban women.

Feminism had labeled marriage a Fixture of the Patriarchy, their term (meaning "rule of the fathers") for any vestigial pre-industrial, male-dominated cultural institution that oppressed women. And marriage, as every single feminist pointed out, was a tragic and awful deal for women, in general.

The old Christian standard of permanent monogamy lost credibility along with the church. It required a woman to be part slave and part whore, and do so with a smile on her face – so sayeth feminism. Since marriage was a net benefit for men, the argument went, then feminists should do everything they could to undermine its potency as the bedrock of American society to keep men from winning. They were fighting the Patriarchy, one divorce at a time.

It didn't help matters that when the dudes gave their women what they said they

wanted, a more caring, sensitive, and nurturing man . . . they tended to lose attraction to them and find themselves in the arms of a more masculine-presenting male, which was all the validation they needed to get that divorce from Mr. Beta Milquetoast.

By the time the Baby Boomers started getting married (median age 19 and 20, respectively) in the 1970s, it was *all over*. Marriage wasn't *"till death do you part"*, it was *"until a better offer comes along"*. Hypergamy became rampant. So did infidelity and "broken" homes. The romantic illusions of millions were shattered, to be replaced with a bitter and cynical view of the opposite sex: the first real action in the Gender Wars.

The result of which left a hefty chunk of Generation X growing up seeing Dad every other weekend and two weeks in the summer and fighting with their step-dads.

I don't blame the dads. They were just trying to do what was right, what their women *said* they wanted them to do. But all that got them was hurt. Our dads were blindsided by the new paradigm. They didn't know *how* to react.

Their own fathers had survived the Great Depression and then *kicked Hitler's ass*, nuked Japan, and finished up by rebuilding a war-torn global economy one American industrial icon at a time. They didn't approve of all of this feminist stuff, of course, but they didn't know how to react to it, either. Their advice sure as hell didn't help, because the traditional marriage (1.0) they were familiar with was effectively *gone* by 1970.

The Boomers went through a long complicated dance of gender relations as they tried to figure out how to reinvent the male/female dynamic in a manner that would work on the job and in the home. In the name of Equality, they hacked away at centuries-old custom with gay abandon and then complained that *marriage itself* didn't work – it wasn't *their* fault.

The men of the Baby Boom were as self-indulgent as the women, and they struggled to figure out what was wrong with them to make their first wives leave them. The angst was palpable to the kids. The men were perplexed, confused, and bitter. After all, weren't they being the caring, communicative and sexually adventurous men that ***Cosmo*** said women preferred?

There was a war on the masculine expression of violence, too, aided in no small part by the horrors of the Viet Nam war. Gun Toys and army toys and all sorts of other "violent" toys were banned or restricted. It was hard to see dead GIs on the television every night and still feel proud of the way junior handled his toy M-16. Violent and "sexually suggestive" images in popular culture were targeted, too.

Thanks to feminism's insidious voice, the Western film – once the staple of Hollywood fare – all but died in the 1970s. Imperialistic white men abusing horses, killing each other, and oppressing women and aboriginal people in pursuit of exploiting natural resources just weren't cool anymore, regardless of the color of their hats. Besides, John Wayne had gotten old and fat, and just didn't make the ladies swoon anymore.

They wanted the anemic masculinity of Burt Reynolds, instead. Burt didn't represent the Patriarchy – he was just a hairy, sexy dude. He was sensitive. And he was almost feminist. John Wayne was anti-feminist.

No young man dating in the 1970s wanted to be thought of as anti-feminist. The popular perception was that anti-feminists were dogged traditionalists who were intent on preserving the privileges of the Patriarchy *über alles*, with the tacit understanding that no "liberated" woman would fuck them. So a whole generation of men signed on board the feminist train, not because they were outraged at patriarchal injustices . . . they were there to *get laid.*

It's deliciously ironic that the thing that lured most male support for feminist political causes was the one thing that the feminist themselves hated most about "the Patriarchy": *men like pussy.*

In fact, they're willing to even work against their own interests if they think that it will get them some pussy. In the 1970s, if you were a young man and wanted pussy, then you were profeminist, because the feminist girls were the ones most likely to give it up. Sign a petition? Fuckin' *A*, man. *Where's the pussy?*

This bit of sexual leverage was used against male interests as the war on masculinity began in earnest.

The Boomers were already estranged from their fathers' traditional values, so tossing out old, rickety ideas of gender construction was no big deal. Yes, it was

horrible that Grandma was sexually enslaved and forced into a perpetual servile relationship with Grandpa – *can't you feel the suffering inherent in those berry pies?* As long as feminism *promised* free and plentiful pussy, there was no end of eager young men ready to hand away their masculinity to get a taste.

They started to feel differently about it a decade later.

The 1970s were a train-wreck of failed marriages. The Boomers got into and out of marriages like they were trying on shoes. The feminism that had encouraged free sexual expression in their youth also encouraged hypergamy in middle age. Feminism's ideological stance on marriage emphasized domestic partnership, shared responsibility and communication, largely by ignoring the fact that *men like pussy* and *women like diamonds*, no matter what their political persuasion. That first round of marriages in the 70s produced more acrimony and wealthy divorce attorneys than you can imagine. It also produced a bumper crop of children of divorce – Generation X.

Of course not everyone got divorced in the 1970s. Some waited until the 1980s. Some tried to make it work against all of the challenges. Those were the rare exceptions.

Growing up in my neighborhood in the 1980s, for example, there were *nine* divorced families and two married families – first marriages. My parents were one of them. As a consequence, my dad became the unofficial father figure for most of the "lost boys" in the neighborhood. In many cases he was the *only* functioning model of a married man that they ever saw. And in a lot of cases, that was the *only father* that they saw during the week.

Losing your dad and suddenly gaining a strange step-dad is *punishing* to a young boy's self-identity.

Growing up with *women* trying to teach them how to be men was *brutally humiliating. They just didn't know how to do it right.*

A good portion of Generation X was raised with domineering mothers who never seemed happy with their lives and who wanted to raise their boys "without all of that macho bullshit", and absentee fathers exiled by hypergamy or their own personal failings.

The terms “distant and detached” comes up again and again when most Gen-Xers talk about their fathers. Their wives had them scared and nervous, and they weren’t equipped to deal with the new regime much less teach us how. 70% of all divorces are initiated by women. That’s a stat most men know by heart.

Those second marriages often saw the men doubling down on their desire to please the women in their lives. The men of the 1980s went *out of their way* to make their wives and girlfriends happy, sacrificing their manhood on the altar of feminism. But their wives just got unhappier, and eventually divorced, leaving another familial shard behind. The fathers in our lives, with notable exceptions, ran away from a problem they couldn’t contend with.

So there was no one to teach us boys of Gen X how to deal with women because – let’s face it – our dads for the most part *fucked up everything they touched* when it came to relationships. They didn’t have any better idea as to how you successfully run a Marriage 2.0 relationship than *we* did. Sure, they learned from their failures, and they failed *a lot*, but thanks to the veil erected between divorced fathers and their kids by divorce estrangement, most dads were reluctant to “interfere” in their own sons’ upbringing.

When the 1990s came along, Gen-X boys were pathetically morose and jaded. Popular culture experimented with gender-bending, our music got dark and discordant, and the drugs got harder and harder. We’d been told what scumbags we were all of our lives, and no matter how hard we struggled on a personal level, the criticism never let up. It got worse. The older we were, the more we were not just responsible for our personal disasters, but for *everything else*.

In the *world.*

We were responsible for Apartheid. Date rape. *All* rape, actually. Abandoned children. Abusive spouses. Child molesters. Imperialism. Gang violence. *All* violence. Crime, war, disease, genocide, low self-esteem in girls, yadda yadda yadda, we were bad, bad, *bad*, and we could kiss all the female ass we wanted, *we were still bad*. And when we tried to speak up or defend ourselves, we were told we were bad for *trying*.

Gen-X boys grew up *terrified* of Gen-X girls. It got so bad that even *the feminists* began to take note, although whether they saw it as sign of collapse or a sign of success depended on their political position.

Noted feminist scholar **Camille Paglia** mourned a lost masculinity and feminism's affect on boys and men, and she was nearly booted from her place amongst the feminist circle. In the 1980s Gen-X boys became nerdy introverts while Gen-X girls became entitled extroverts. Bill Gates and Madonna.

That didn't mean we didn't have sex. We just shied away from *relationships*, particularly if they were headed towards marriage. Marriage was Awful, we had been instructed, a living hell of financial ruin and emotional misery that produced children who were a burden, not a blessing, to their parents.

Thankfully, we had lots of anonymous bad sex. If the 1950s gave us "going steady", Gen X gave us "Hooking Up". Feminists *loved* "hooking up". It gave them sexual parity with the privileged males. Of course, when feminists "hook up" it's an empowering part of their developing womanhood. When men "hook up", they're sleazy deviants who only want to get their rocks off.

So how did these Gen X boys figure out how to get laid without capitulating to the feminist demands? They took that nerdy introverted nature of theirs, built the Internet, downloaded incredible quantities of porn, and eventually started to attack the problem of mating in the post-Industrial, post-feminist era the way they would developing a new software application. They assembled an unofficial team that ran Quality Assurance on the app and beta-tested it to death. They had brutal post mortems of disastrous dates and deeply introspective conversations on the nature of male sexuality and female selection.

In short, they became Pick Up Artists. They invented Game.

And Game was *good*.

## ***PUAs:***
## **The Pick Up Artists**

## And Game



When most men stumble across the Manosphere, it's because they are looking for advice from other men on *how to get laid.*

That shouldn't be surprising, when you think about it. After taking the advice of *women* about how to get laid for the last 40 years and regretting it, about the same time the internet really got big men began turning to each other to talk about the stuff that *actually* worked, and what didn't.

That's quite a departure from the last few hundred years, where marriages were arranged or inevitable, and usually within the confines of your local village. But with the feminist movement, industrialization, economic parity between the genders, and the scourge of hypergamous divorce, modern guys really have nowhere else to turn anymore.

Women themselves are just no practical help at all. If men want to find out what *really* attracts women, then *"just be yourself and be nice to her"* – the standard-issue feminist advice to guys on dating – is just crap, because it *doesn't work.*

When feminism and easy divorce made hypergamy prominent in the 1970s, and a generally hostile atmosphere toward men and sex developed in the 1980s, the dating world turned into the dating arena. By the 1990s, "hooking up" for casual sex was becoming far more prominent for a variety of reasons. But that didn't mean every man hooked up more.

In fact, while a few genuine Bull Alphas ran rampant through the herds of wild poon available, the Betas, Deltas and Gammas – the vast majority of men – struck out, over and over again. Not just with one-night stands, which was understandable, but with *relationships*. And these dudes were supposed to be trained and ready for relationships in ways their ancestors never were.

But that didn't stop their wives and girlfriends from dumping them and moving up the food chain. Nor did it stop hubby-hungry younger women from poaching established husbands in their natural habitat. If babies weren't on your agenda, then becoming someone's hot second wife is a perfectly acceptable alternative in some women's minds. Indeed, some opportunistic ladies actively invoke feminism and women's liberation to rationalize their hypergamy, poaching a frustrated married man from his confused wife with a little shrewd sex appeal and flattery.

A successful middle-aged man who is having difficulties with his aging wife is particularly susceptible—and particularly attractive to the budding hypergamist, leaving behind tearful wives and devastated children. Over the years hypergamy has screwed almost as many women as men.

But mostly men. And that was understandable. From 1970 onward, men just didn't know how to deal with what women wanted in a relationship, be it short-term or long-term. The ever-present danger threat of divorce discouraged men from marrying in the first place (the median age for marriage among men in America has risen by almost *ten years* since I was born) and the conflicting signals coming from popular culture, screaming at them to be both more successful and more grounded, more ambitious and more laid-back, more sensitive and more manly.

Meanwhile the women who were actually in his life always seemed to be "going through something" that the American male just couldn't quite understand. The confusing tangle of mediocre advice from the feminist community seemed to promise men that if they were just honest and treated women nicely that they would be welcomed as loving partners in co-equal relationships.

What actually happened . . . well, go glance at the divorce statistics between 1970 and 1990 and you'll see the carnage that resulted from "be yourself, be nice".

The problem was that women didn't really *want* nice guys and honesty – they wanted danger, excitement, enchantment and romance. Any particular single woman of the period would have an inevitable laundry-list of must-have qualities they wanted in a dude (funny, sensitive, emotionally open, caring, kindhearted) but where the rubber meets the road, they *always* seemed to be going after some unobtainable macho asshole or insulting douchebag with a motorcycle.

They wanted the Bull Alpha billionaire with the kinky side, the man strong enough to tame them and nice enough to make them like it. They demonstrated this over and over by divorcing Nice Guys in droves. Some didn't even really know why they divorced their husbands – they just knew "*they weren't haaaaappy*" with the sensitive, emotionally open Betas, Deltas and Gammas they'd married. And since changing husbands seemed to be the most expedient way to find happiness for a woman, hypergamy-fueled divorce became the norm, not the exception.

That not only soured an entire generation of men on relationships in general, it also put those cynical, horny men out on the market for a Second Chance . . . or a third . . .

This was particularly frustrating for men, because while some of us really were looking for good solid long term relationships, the majority of us just wanted to *get laid*. All of those Betas, Deltas and Gammas hovering around the fringes of the Alphas like hyenas at a lion's kill absolutely *revolted* a generation of women who had been told that there was a Bull Alpha billionaire out there for each and every one of them . . . and they all *deserved* one.

Romance novels and popular culture said that there was a Richard Gere out there for every pretty woman in six inch stilettos, a Mr. Big for every odd-looking but plucky sexually hyperactive newspaper columnist. While feminism was telling women that they could have anything they wanted, and telling men that what they wanted was more sensitive beta skills, popular romance was telling them that they wanted super-hunky, super-ambitious Alpha males with money, power, charisma, and self-assurance.

Not just that they should want a guy like that . . . but that they *deserved* Prince Charming. And until one came along, jumping into bed with a lot of frogs was just a way for girls to fearlessly have fun. Indeed, for two generations women

pursued sex as aggressively as men did . . . and they got good at it. But that didn't mean that there really were enough billionaires to go around.

Since it's better for a girl to be *in* a relationship than to *not be* in a relationship, the vast majority of single women had to make a choice: either become one of many girlfriends orbiting a Bull Alpha, as **Carrie Bradshaw** famously was in ***Sex In The City***, or capitulate with a Nice Guy Beta with decent genes and a job until something better comes along. But they sure didn't make it easy on the Betas.

Being approached by a Nice Guy Beta after being coldly rejected by a Bull Alpha makes a woman *nuts*, sometime. If their sense of entitlement is great enough, then they can find it insulting – and project that insult back on the poor chump who summoned the courage to approach her in the first place.

They may even sleep with him, much to his surprise and delight – but while they might find comfort and contentment in his arms, their passions are reserved for the brooding, tall, dark and handsome rich powerful well-built stereotype of masculine alphatude bursting forth from the cover of every bodice-ripping romance novel.

Single women don't *want* Nice Guys for sex. They want cads, not dads. Alpha fucks and Beta bucks. Bad Boys are far, *far* more likely to inspire sudden attacks of wet panties than your average accountant. On the reverse side of that coin, most women couldn't physically compete with pornstars or supermodels, either, but then most dudes knew the supply of such was limited and monopolized by the rich and famous.

But that didn't make the Nice Guys any less horny and unfulfilled as they snagged the occasional crumb from the Alphas' table – it just made them more *frustrated*. These men lived in the most sex-obsessed culture on the planet, where luscious babes winked from every beer sign. The old marital structure had fallen away with Sex and the Single Girl, and they knew that there were women out there, having sex, and they wanted in.

Unfortunately, they just didn't measure up, at least not as first choices. And that led to crippling rejections for no understandable reason. As they became more liberated and felt entitled to more in their men, women became far less forgiving of the men who were attracted to them.

This trend was famously noted by feminist scholar **Camille Paglia**, in 1995 when she pointed out that women were not naturally attracted to the unmasculine, anxious men that their confusing explosion of sexuality had created. She goes on to state

> ” Even when men are doing their share, taking out the garbage, doing the mopping, whatever, women are still running the household. They are in control and the men become subordinate again. So that's what the feminists are so worried about? Men who are subordinated by their mothers and then by their wives? **Men are looking for maternal solace in women, and that's the nature of heterosexuality. Now you tell me, who really has all the power?** (Playboy Interview, 1995)

The Betas and their fellows wanted sex, and they wanted it without the hostility and the rejection they were getting just from approaching. They were even willing to endure grudging, occasional “IV sex” (“just enough to keep you alive”) with a woman who was not particularly attracted to them, so badly did they want marriage and family.

Of course, once inside a marriage with a feminist-inspired hyper-controlling woman who saw her husband as just another child to take care of and resent, the poor Beta saps didn’t have many options. Many turned to porn—hell, *most* turned to porn – but some were unsatisfied and ended up searching the internet for help in getting the average woman to say yes to sex with the average guy.

That’s an important issue, because Sex is an important issue to men. Perhaps the *most* important issue, as most of our other drives are dedicated toward sex in some form or fashion. **Finding, and then convincing a woman to have sex with you is, indeed, one of the consuming passions of the masculine soul.**

And with the devastation of marriage as an institution and the rise of casual sex, not to mention the flood of free porn on the internet, that passion has *never been stronger.* Men turn to sex to restore and confirm their emotional landscape. We use it to find the maternal solace Paglia speaks of, the beautiful release of feminine caritas on our troubled masculine soul. (We also like a lot of orgasms.)

But the quest for pussy has gotten so complicated over the last 40 years that professional help is often needed for the 21st century man, bereft of patriarchal

guidance, to get laid. And for some men, that's a full-time job in itself. Negotiating the complex waters of sexual harassment, approach anxiety, and even simple conversation doesn't come naturally to everyone. Indeed, it rarely comes naturally save to Alphas, and seduction is not a class they teach in college, outside the odd fraternity.

So a few enterprising men decided to teach it on their own. On the internet.

Pick-up manuals are nothing new, of course. They've been around since at least the Roman Empire, where **Catullus** counseled the hot-blooded young Roman youths to rent expensive chariots to impress prospective brides, then act with confidence to draw their interest. A recent history of the genre shows renewed interest in the subject of the "Crimson Arts" of seduction coinciding with the Sexual Revolution, but the roots of Game are deep.

Beginning in the late 1960s there was always a growing market for books suggesting ways to have sex with women. In 1975 the guide ***How To Pick Up Women*** sold thousands of copies. Although it seems rudimentary today, that book (and the made-for-TV-movie loosely based on it) ushered in a steady stream of how-to manuals on seduction.

Even through the Great Sex Drought of the 1980s there were plenty of guides available in the back of your favorite adult magazine promising to make the wimpiest nerd a studly Casanova. But for the most part the advice wasn't that far removed from what Catullus had told his audience: **confidence and a cool set of wheels will get you laid.**

But that just wasn't enough for most men in the increasingly complex realm of modern dating, mating and courtship. Oh, it does work – there are plenty of women who will sleep with you if you roll up to their house in a $150,000 sports car, no matter what you look like – but that just wasn't an option for most guys. And in all honesty, even *that* wasn't enough anymore for most women.

The message from feminism and popular culture was clear: *men were like houses, you got one you could afford and then you traded up*. By the second or third generation of popular feminism, women were getting picky, and the strain of hypergamy was starting to tell on the social system that produces our children. The promise of a Prince Charming for every mousy career girl seemed just out of reach, and the average Beta schlep just *wasn't* cutting it for her.

The fact is, after women gained control of their sexuality, they more or less decided that they only wanted Top Shelf . . . even when the well brands were half price.  That's just how things work now in the **Sexual Market Place (SMP).**

**The Sexual Market Place**

If you frame the mating issue in economic terms, as the Manosphere often does, you can see the dating realm as a Sexual Market Place, with women selling "Woman" and men selling "Man" to each other. That's been the standard since about the end of WWII. Where once village matchmakers, church ladies and barn dances were responsible for introducing a future Mrs. to her future Mr., after WWII "fate" and "romance" alone were responsible for mixing and matching the sexes. But before they got married, both men and women advertised and marketed themselves to each other in a variety of ways.

About the time Bill Clinton was elected, the "market" was flooded with both middle-aged women on the heels of their first divorce looking to "trade up", and the first waves of Generation X girls, scarred by divorce, sexually savvy, and empowered and entitled by feminism. Both ends of the "Woman market" were looking to buy . . . but only if the quality of "Man" was high enough. Otherwise, they could "hook up" to cater to their sexual needs, indulge in a long-term boyfriend who could be dropped ("shorted") if a better offer came along, or just wait and work on your career until you met The One.

After all, they had *plenty* of time to find Prince Charming.

Meanwhile, the quality of "Man" was *in the toilet.* Things were rosy for the natural Alphas, but the aggressive sexuality and high expectations of the women in the market, coupled with a brief economic recession, put the majority of Beta male Gen Xers (who were a majority of men) at a distinct disadvantage.

They were just as scarred by divorce, but instead of empowered they were depressed – the "slacker" stereotype of the era stems in part from the sexual frustration and angst felt by boys who didn't see much of a future for themselves. **They didn't know what girls wanted.** They couldn't seem to meet their parent's expectations. And the culture at large scorned them and their geeky interests.

In the face of strong rejection, they turned to other interests – such as computers, and the cool Internet thing they learned about in college. In fact, they were quite good with computers and networking. It was cool. It was mysterious. It was simultaneously solitary and social. And, more importantly, you could get pornography through the internet.

Within a decade those kids had built a digital empire out of their obsessive sexual need. Porn paved the way for the Infobahn, the Information Superhighway. The Internet, as we know it today. And not only did the slackers strike back and make a lot of people obscenely wealthy (including many of themselves), they provided an easy escape for the despairing Betas, Deltas and Gammas everywhere by giving them 24 hour access to free whackfodder and high-end videogames. That put the market for good-quality "Man" up higher just by removing so many Omegas and rebounding Betas, Deltas and Gammas from the immediate market.

If the attitude of women was "Men are like Houses", the attitude of men became "women suck, and there's always porn." That sent the value of "Woman" on the market on a downward spiral. "Hookup" culture prevailed, with casual, passionless sex without hope of relationship became the norm, and actual dating became something your parents did after their divorce.

"Prince Charming" was still out there, the girls assured themselves. In the meantime, bedding a few hunks gave them sexual experience and adventure, the kind of excitement their systems craved. Their standards were still high, but men weren't really "closing" much anyway. The median age for marriage rose dramatically by 2000, according to the Marriage Project statistics favored by Manosphere blogger **Dalrock,** the acknowledged authority on the subject in the Manosphere. By 2005 . . . things were looking *dire.*

All dudes had easy access to porn, but the Betas, Deltas and Gammas were still getting laid by luck alone or not at all. Despite the eventual economic success of Gen X, the Millennial girls had higher standards – why date a guy seriously who didn't make more than you did? And the Gen X girls – women – were realizing that "Prince Charming" had better hurry his ass up, because their fertile reproductive years were waning. The problem was, they seemed to be surrounded by a sea of timid, nerdy, self-absorbed and passive men, and not the burly billionaires they had been promised.

Thus developed "Combat Dating", a term coined by Paglia, where the Sexual Market Place became a *de facto* Sexual Arena, with individual combatants dueling with their genitals in a kind of mockery of the old-fashioned dating-and-mating system. Women were openly shopping for husbands, or sugar daddies, or one-night stands, and they weren't afraid to quickly pre-screen out the losers.

And they all seemed to be losers.  In the meantime, the dudes were realizing that as enticing as masturbation is, a real vagina is usually a superior experience.

Enter the Pick Up Artists, and **Game**.

# Game

Game is at the center of the Manosphere, that elusive philosophical gravitational center around which so much else revolves. Game comes from "the Pick Up Artists' game", because so many of its early practitioners, taking Paglia's advice to heart, started treating mating like a bloodsport, not the solemn act of biological procreation it has always been.

Game is, at its core, a mating strategy. It's a male-oriented mating strategy, essentially a collection of rules-of-thumb and observable responses to male behavior by females as a prelude to sex. Game is what happens when you get nerdy boys who can't get laid applying their tremendous intellectual talents to the problem, and developing a system as complex and as dynamic as a well-played game of ***Dungeons & Dragons.***

There are a lot of proponents of Game, and it has gone through some fairly rapid and dramatic developments in the last decade. But Game has always been about getting laid. It breaks down human mating into discrete areas of study and then breaks them down even further.

Game has come a long way from the stereotypical sexually liberated 1970s swinging single pick up lines and cheesy routines. Modern Game is the reflection of a deep study of the available scientific research on human reproductive biology, evolutionary biology, economics, and evolutionary psychology.

At its most basic level Game is the art and science of picking up women and convincing them to have sex with you. And it doesn't rely on you being a Nice Guy Beta who is just being himself. It has far more to do with teaching Nice Guy Betas how to mimic successful Alpha Male behavior. In the process, it can often lead to a new understanding of their own sexuality and masculinity.

But first and foremost Game isn't a masculine philosophy; *it's a way to drop panties*. That's why it offends feminist as fundamentally misogynistic: **because sex should only be controlled by women, with a nominal nod to "equality".**

Game gives dudes some control of sex, with no nod to equality or even decency. A good working knowledge of Game exposes female mating defenses and

suggests countermeasures to push toward the desired conclusion, *i.e.* dropped panties.

Game is unabashedly aimed at convincing women, through a variety of clever means, into overcoming her natural, automatic objection to sex with a strange dude. It's designed to trigger unconscious arousal triggers in women, impelling them toward a sexual encounter. In doing so it exploits a number of female insecurities, psychological constructs, and observable strategies used by women to find Prince Charming.

Feminists hate Game, because it takes the control of sex out of the hands of women. Feminists have likened Game to organized date rape, despite the frequently-touted Game goal of a consensual, willing partner. Feminist hate Game because it treats women as stereotypes, using sometimes-unflattering language to dehumanize women in general. Feminist hate Game because it produces cocky, immature-acting men who strut around with casual disrespect for all women.

Feminist hate Game because . . . ***Game works.***

**Roissy**

If you had to pick a Godfather of Game, it would be Roissy.

Even though he has changed his online handle to "Heartiste", and his website to "Château Heartiste" ("Where pretty lies go to perish"), the blogger known as Roissy will *forever* be known as Roissy, more than likely. It's a "power name" from the infamous bondage and discipline novel, **The Story of O**. And indeed Roissy finds a lot of inspiration in this classic tale of female desire and submission.

His most important contribution to Game theory and the Manosphere in general is clearly his oft-quoted and nearly iconic **16 Commandments of Poon**. It is cited as an authoritative source in the same way the Founding Fathers or the Bible frequently are.

Roissy's Game theory is actually fairly simple: ***the secret to successful Game is leading a woman to come to you, not chase after her.*** It's not the kind of message that feminism really wants to hear from any men: *that women are replaceable in men's lives, and need to be managed in a romantic – read: sexual – relationship by a confident, charismatic, overtly-dominant Alpha-presenting male.*

In fact, that kind of message *infuriates* feminists who see it as objectifying and demeaning. Further, Roissy's emphasis on finding an *attractive* woman is even worse. That undermines the feminist theory that a man shouldn't look at a woman's beauty in determining whom he wants to date. He should look under all the leg hair and find the real, *genuine* woman inside he wants to become his future ex-wife.

But that isn't his biggest sin against feminism. **Roissy is an open advocate of male dominance in a relationship.** Indeed, it's the foundation of the 16 Commandments. Male dominance, he contends, is essential for a properly functioning male-female sexual relationship. It is how Evolution has crafted our species for the last 100,000 years and it is how women still respond to men, despite the luxury of economic independence and four decades of feminist theory about gender equality. Male dominance, he argues, is the predicating factor in *all Game.*

But that's not as easy as it sounds.  As Roissy himself states on his blog,

> **Men feel powerful lust from dominating attractive women, the same lust women feel from submitting to the domination of powerful men. But most men will never admit to this. Not because they agree with the myths of feminism, but because most will never be in a position to enjoy the sublime pleasures of dominance over women. A complete lack of acquaintance with dominating women, and a dearth of opportunity to do so, psychologically castrates weaker men until they embrace, at least in theory, the opposite of what they truly desire. The embrace of anti-desire, the dark matter of joylessness, offers respite from an otherwise unrelenting daily reminder of their sexual and romantic failure.**

That's enough to make a die-hard feminist spontaneously combust.

Roissy doesn't try to move this philosophy beyond the romantic sphere, although he doesn't deny that learning proper Game will help you at work and in other areas where a man interfaces with women.  The idea of male dominance is discussed almost purely in the context of a romantic or sexual relationship, not as a prelude to male-supremacy in greater society.  This isn't a manifesto on social issues – it's a guide on how to get laid and stay laid.

On first glance, the 16 Commandments are pretty brutal if you don't understand Game.  Looking at the titles alone, you can see that there's enough to inspire a whole syllabus for a gender studies class:

## Roissy's 16 Commandments of Poon

### 1. Never say "*I Love You*" first
### 2. Make her jealous
### 3. You shall make your mission, not your woman, your priority

4. **Don’t play by her rules**
5. **Adhere to the Golden Ratio**
6. **Keep her guessing**
7. **Always keep two in the kitty**
8. **Say you’re sorry only when absolutely necessary**
9. **Connect with her emotions**
10. **Ignore her beauty**
11. **Be irrationally self-confident**
12. **Maximize your strengths, minimize your weaknesses**
13. **Err on the side of too much boldness, not too little**
14. **Fuck her good**
15. **Maintain your state control**
16. **Never be afraid to lose her**

It’s not hard to see why feminists *hate* Roissy. Any dude who has the balls to put “connect with her emotions” in the same list as “fuck her good” is *clearly* a danger to the feminist establishment.

Roissy’s astute assessment and blunt characterization of the current state of female mating has been, at times, overtly misogynistic. At the same time, he is the acknowledged master in Game Theory, and often expounds at length on particular points. While he doesn’t hesitate to take aim at the larger issues, it is his methodical and compelling – and oftentimes eloquent – understanding of Combat Dating that sets Roissy apart from the average Game blogger.

Roissy himself has been blogging since the middle of the decade, first on a DC area singles blog where he began refining his Game techniques and gathering a following. He doesn’t focus on any particular area of Game – ***scouting, sarging, scoping, approaching, kino, negging, escalation, isolation, teasing, closing*** –

he looks at the Big Picture to find usable trends in current mating habits and use them to further refine Game.

Before Roissy, there were PUAs and Casanovas and playas . . . but there wasn't true Game. With the **16 Commandments** Roissy took the brutal reality of male-female sexual interactions and put them in a form as simple to follow as the **Boy Scout Law.**

The thing is, Roissy's little off-the-cuff list worked like a magic talisman. Dudes who used to strike out were getting numbers left and right, and dudes who used to get bad numbers got spontaneous bootycalls. Despite the apparent misogyny of Roissy's work, you couldn't deny that it got results. There is just something about the aloof, self-absorbed douchebag that seems to captivate the female loins in this country.

That doesn't mean that Roissy advocates actually being a douchebag – instead he proposes a more comprehensive approach to picking up women. His 16 Commandments cover many contingencies found within the early stages of a courtship, from a dude's perspective, and when fully employed they can maximize any particular man's enjoyment of his sexuality in an open SMP.

That is, he can get laid with astonishing frequency, often by women far higher than he could in his pre-Game state.

Roissy's 16 Commandments are not science – but they are informed by science, as we'll see in a later chapter. What they are is a social strategy guide for navigating the observed courtship behaviors of the average modern young woman. That is, it uses practical advice and not political ideology to guide a man toward that most precious of achievements.

That may seem like a petty and shallow endeavor to some feminists, and even to plenty of non-feminist women. Men shouldn't study how to pursue women, the conventional female thinking on the subject informs us, because men should just be themselves and let women decide which ones are worth mating with. To turn the affairs of the heart into a curriculum designed to drop panties like autumn leaves seems to take all of the romance out of courtship – and even the most die-hard feminist doesn't want that. Happily Ever After is the birthright of all women, after all.

To call Roissy and his fellow PUAs "misogynistic" is to purposefully misunderstand their perspective and their motivations. PUAs don't hate women. In fact PUAs *love* women—just not in the "sisterhood-is-powerful!" riot grrls hooray-for-menstruation way that feminism prefers. The PUAs love women the way an oenophile loves a good Bordeaux. Feminism wants men to love womanhood, wholesale, and cower before them retail.

Game does the opposite: it takes a dim and depressing view of feminine mating behavior wholesale and looks for bright spots and pleasantly glaring exceptions to enjoy, retail.

Consider that among the 16 Commandments is one directing a man to "Connect with her emotions", not in a jaded, exploitive way, but in a genuine and thoughtful way. In fact, there is little that is directly hostile in the 16 Commandments – it just advocates holding women accountable in relationships, adopting a dominant attitude and a deliberate strategy, and not be willing to be held hostage to their unfair demands. To work for a man's interest, in other words, not necessarily in a woman's. And since a man's interest turns to poon nine times out of ten, that makes Roissy the Michelangelo of PUAs.

Chief amongst the observed mating behaviors in Game is the fundamental idea that women utilize a two-channel communication system that they pick up on instantly, but which guys are usually deaf to. It's the language of *emotional subtext*, in which what a woman does is a far more accurate gauge of her true thinking on a subject than what she says.

Don't want to believe me, ladies? Consider how many times you've found fault with a dude because he didn't pick up on something utterly obvious to you in a conversation with or about another woman. Don't men seem stupid, sometimes?

It's not that we're stupid, it's that we're usually focusing on the content of the conversation, not its context and obfuscatory subcontext. When we watch you exchange polite compliments with a known rival in a public place, we have no idea that you mean anything but what the exact words coming out of your mouth mean. Usually, that is. Game helps us crack the code, so to speak, of female subcontextual communication.

That should worry you, if nothing else does.

Game encourages men to understand and exploit their sudden knowledge of this secret channel of communication. To focus on what a woman *does* instead of what she says. *"Once I stopped listening to what she says and paid attention to what she did, our whole relationship brightened up"* is a common refrain on Game blogs.

That might seem insulting to the Gender Feminists reading this, but the fact is, when you observe a group of women (even feminists) in a social context, the ones who succeed the best are usually the ones who focus on what their peers do, and not on what they say.

In fact, one could say a good deal of Game Theory is derived on the basis of women's *own observations of other women's behavior*. As any sciency geeky fanboy will tell you, nothing beats the flavor of that original source material.

What Roissy's Commandments, and his witty and cogent (if sometimes hyperbolic) blog establish is no less than **the right for men to unashamedly pursue their own emotional, social, and sexual mating strategy without the permission or even the consultation of Enlightenment-era feminist ideals**. It is not in men's interest that we live in a gender-neutral world. It is in our interest to get laid a lot, and on our own terms, not at the dictates of the feminist matrix.

Roissy grants the permission for a man to withhold even a whisper of commitment until he is utterly satisfied with the possibilities. He denies the "True Love" paradigm even as he exploits it. Women are fungible, is what the 16 Commandments say, and no man should ever live in fear of being unable to replace a woman in his life except his mother.

Roissy's advice is predicated on the simple idea that if you want women to be attracted to you, that it's best to *become attractive* and not rely on your witty personality to drag a chick past your amusing idea of fashion sense and personal hygiene.

And by "become attractive", Roissy isn't just suggesting a new suit and a shiny pair of shoes. Roissy and his colleagues in the PUA end of the Manopshere dissect the intricacies of human sexual attraction down to their constituent elements. They reverse-engineer romance novels and teen vampire movies for the essential building blocks of attraction, wrap a metric around it, and work it

into an overall formula of personal Game.

When you do dissect the romance novel template that is the industry standard for female sexual response, as was done in ***A Billion Wicked Thoughts***, the 2011 best-seller that looked at male and female attraction through the lens of internet porn marketing, it becomes as regular and predictable as the stars in their orbits.

Ask any romance writer – they'll tell you. You depart from the formulae at your peril. And while no woman would seriously take relationship advice from a romance novel, their hopes and expectations and – most importantly – their attractions cues are shaped and formed by popular culture and their own personal web of female contacts. The **Female Social Matrix**, I call it.

Turns out, in romance novels and other lusty feminine fare, the heroine seems to like brooding, teasing, well-built, wealthy, tall dark and handsome men with broad shoulders, big hands, an engaging smile, and (preferably) a mansion in the Hamptons. He falls for the heroine's unique charm and the promise of her magical vagina for no real reason except she's just so darn special, and at the end of the book there is a proposal, a ring, or both. Happily Ever After.

But beyond being rich and handsome and funny, the romance hero has something else essential to his character. He must be utterly dominant. To the heroine, to his peers, to everyone around him, the boilerplate romance hero is Alpha to the bone, and the heroine's damp panties are obvious even as she scorns his lewd advances in Chapter 3.

(It should be noted here that the same scenarios used so often as to be stereotypical in romance novels are actually forbidden in video porn by most reputable porn companies, what is known as "positive outcome rape". That is, when the heroine is raped by the hero, and she ends up liking it. A company like Adam & Eve or Hustler would never dream of doing such a flick – but it's standard fare in bodice rippers. But I digress . . . )

Roissy applies that to Game Theory in his blog quite forcefully. His thoughtful approach to promoting an Alpha presentation when out on the prowl gives women exactly what they want, not what they say they're looking for. Roissy advocates skipping the Nice Guy Beta crap that leaves you holding some chick's purse while she pees for fifteen minutes and going right for the gold.

While it can be off-putting to some women, it's also ridiculously effective in the field. When you let a woman know that your primary interest in her is for sex and not her brain, her career, or her witty personality, something interesting seems to click in her mind. She may violently reject you, but the thrill of being the object of interest of a quality man is inherently exciting. And excitement, as the PUAs will all tell you, is more important than likeability for a dude in mating mode by an order of magnitude.

Another frequent topic at the Chateau is *frame control* – that is, skillful management of the conversation that purposefully steers all communication toward one particular goal, *i.e.* a truly fulfilling sexual encounter. Still another is Text Game, the electronic flirtation apparently necessary before anyone under 40 knocks boots these days.

But there is one element of Game that Roissy and most other PUA bloggers are adamant about: **men do not put up with disrespectful conduct or speech from women.**

That puts them at odds with vocal feminists who see shaming language and ridicule as natural weapons in their endless war against testosterone. But as any of these successful PUAs will tell you, the moment a man demands respect in an exchange with a woman, it dramatically improves the chances for a positive outcome. Men who allow themselves to be disrespected early in the conversational relationship without standing up for themselves are doomed. In the pursuit of pussy, cocky is just naturally a better position.

**Roosh V**

If Roissy is the Godfather of Game, then Roosh V is the Marco Polo of Poon.

He started out as an anonymous blogger working in the STEM fields in the Washington DC Metro area. DC is a hotbed of bad sex, of course, fueled by workaholic career women, the allure of power, and the scent of money. Trying to find "Mrs. Right" is hard. Finding someone to hook up with for the night is much easier. Roosh began chronicling his sexual exploits and detailing his Game techniques on his **DC Bachelor** website in 2005.

It was a pithy, witty, no-nonsense Combat Dating blog that bemoaned the flakiness, entitlement, and projection of the average DC chick…and how he used those as leverage by Gaming dozens of women into his bed.

Once he was outed by a jealous stalker, he's been known as Roosh V ever since.

Roosh self-published his Game guide, ***Bang!,*** in 2007, and promptly sold enough copies to start an epic journey, searching for (and finding) poon not just in America, but all over the world. Roosh's bibliography reads like a Fodor's guide…if Fodor's rated pussy by country.

But that frank and clinical discussion of how to remove panties has brought Roosh not just popularity in Game circles, but notoriety in the international community.

He's openly been accused of writing a "date rape guide" by Icelandic media, and his site was cited as a "hate group" by the **Southern Poverty Law Center** (because talking a sophomore co-ed into making a poor personal decision is apparently on par with domestic terrorism and racist lynching). His highly-successful techniques for good openings, in context of time and place, have led thousands of young men into the arms of eager young ladies.

Roosh knows his shit, but he will be the first to tell you that he's not infallible. Some of his best stuff are post mortems about his failures.

If Roosh has a particular strength it's in his ability to understand cultural nuance that escapes most Americans abroad. Once he very publically lost faith in American womanhood and started taking his show on the road, his

interpretations of local poon conditions were masterful. Roosh has a keen eye for the socioeconomics of the socio-sexual sphere in a country, and that has led to a lot of late night walks home over the years.

Roosh openly credits **Roissy** and other Manosphere Game bloggers for informing his style, but there is a slightly cantankerous yet charming personality all his own behind his sometimes devastating words.

He's adept at analyzing other men's plays. When a dude shows up asking "Is this too Beta?" he doesn't hesitate to let him know. Then he goes on to correct the problem without undue judgment and will often discuss the wider issues behind the observation.

Roosh puts Roissy's theories into practice in the field, and encourages other men to do likewise and report on the experience. As he says in response to the question of how the Manosphere might change the lives of American men, Roosh responded,

> I'm by no means a spokesmen of this unorganized movement, but to me the manosphere is about men increasing their power and options, both of which have been slowly robbed from them in the past 40 years thanks to the feminism movement. I believe:
>
> 1. Men should be able to have choices in a dating market filled with beautiful, feminine women.
> 2. Men should be able to leave a failed marriage without getting robbed with their kids held as hostage.
>
> My writing is mostly concerned around the first point. By teaching men game, they can make themselves more attractive to women in the dating marketplace and say no to masculine, sloppy, self-absorbed women. Since power is zero-sum, anything which gives men options will take away options from women, so this is why the community is constantly attacked from women and the beta male orbiters who hope defending those women will give them sex (it doesn't).

Roosh can be brutal in his assessments of modern American sexual culture, and gloomy in his outlook on its future. But when it comes to Game, he's an adept. Not just Game, but meta-Game. He writes,

> The sad thing about people's understanding of game is that thanks to Mystery and Neil Strauss, they think it's looking like a clown and running crazy routines. It seems that the public's mind is made up that game is just some nonsense run by guys in top hats. In a way this is a benefit because it keeps girls in the dark when real game is being run on them, since they're thinking of more corny lines, not "Can I use your bathroom?" moves that actually lead to sex.

Roosh, like many in the Manosphere, sees actively learning Game as male empowerment in a way that folding laundry and packing lunches just couldn't compete with. But Roosh's Game implies a deeper commitment to masculinity than mere PUA tactics might suggest, a realization of manhood through its interactions with femininity on an intimate level.

Sure, that might sound like a massive rationalization to justify banging a lot of hot chicks, but I've heard worse.

Many of his followers embrace Roosh's disdain of modern American femininity, but to consider their protests misogynous is to miss the point: **these fellows aren't anti-women, they're anti American corporate warrior women with an open dedication to hypergamy and carbohydrates.** This is where the Puerarchy and the Men Going Their Own Way come to learn how to get laid with pretty girls, not the over-fed feminists that clog the arteries of dating sites like cholesterol.

Roosh's Game is very personal, using texting as a flirtation but encouraging a quick and decisive close. And then implement an exit strategy, if necessary. Roosh isn't against hooking up with a girl more than once, or even a relationship, but the fact is he finds few women worthy of the effort. Most behave utterly predictably. And not in a good way.

The PUA community within the Manosphere have frequently faulted (or at least called attention to) the widely observed feminine tendency for a woman to view things *solipsistically*; that is, through the perspective of how any given event or person would affect *her* first and foremost. Coupled with an observed tendency (particularly in interpersonal affairs) to *use emotion in place of reason* when arguing her point, this combination has led to countless browbeaten Beta men getting whipsawed by an angry date for no reason he can fathom.

Roosh and other PUA bloggers frequently demonstrate how this very un-politically-correct assumption about feminine behavior gets borne out, night after night . . . and how they can be exploited by aggressive control of frame and constant escalation.

Basically, by acting like a cocky asshole who any girl would be lucky to be with, Game encourages more women to be attracted to you. But an aggressive and purposeful approach isn't the same thing as assault – this is seduction, not rape.

Indeed, nonconsensual sex is an abomination amongst the PUAs not just for the moral repugnancy but as a *catastrophic failure of Game*. If you even have to make an effort even to talk a woman into sex, you have poor Game. The goal of Game is an eager and willing partner who has responded positively to your seduction – not rape.

Roosh (and everyone in the PUA community) understands the difference between a consensual and a nonconsensual act (the sites are full of horror stories of what happens when the lines get blurry) and they pride themselves on finding only willing and eager (and drop-dead gorgeous) young women to sleep with.

Despite the claim that he encourages "date rape", Roosh's only thought-crime is that **he figured it out and communicated a system *how* to convince women to sleep with a dude that doesn't adhere to the feminist paradigm.** His techniques don't utilize coercion in the slightest, emphasizing teasing persuasion and legitimate seduction.

But that doesn't mean he's a pussy. Roosh, like Roissy and other PUAs, doesn't tolerate disrespect from the women he approaches. While he advocates a politely aloof presentation, heavy on the Alpha and the eye contact, if a woman gets rude or obnoxious, he recommends a quick verbal shut-down . . . and that isn't always gentle or considerate of her feelings. Like most PUAs Roosh doesn't recommend getting invested in any particular woman. Thanks to the observed behavior of preselection, attention from multiple girls pays huge dividends for the Game-savvy man.

Preselection refers to the increase in desirability a man enjoys when he has the visible attention of a woman. In essence, this "other woman" has "preselected" the man for fitness – in other words, someone thinks he's worth a damn,

therefore he is more attractive to a woman's solipsistic outlook. Particularly if the "other woman" is more attractive than she, a man who walks into a room with a woman fares far, far better at seduction than a man alone in most cases.

Don't believe it? Search around YouTube for the video of the boy who convinced a few girls to act like he's a celebrity at a local mall. A few squealing, hooting teenaged girls soon turns into a mob of dozens who have no idea who the boy actually is or even who he might be, they're merely responding to the "call of the herd". Because other girls think he's popular and hawt, he MUST therefore be popular, hawt, and worthy of damp panties. Preselection in action.

Roosh's books are the closest thing to a field manual for finding pussy in a dozen foreign countries, but the principals he espouses are international in scope: **masculine men are attracted to feminine women, and vice versa.**

And in America, finding feminine women is so hard that outsourcing femininity is really a dude's best bet to find a sexy playmate.

**Return of Kings**

The same year that Roosh was called out as a "hate group", instead of folding like a pussy and apologizing for his allegedly misogynistic ways, he *doubled down*. He started a *second* blog. Not just a PUA blog, but a blog devoted to greater issues of heterosexual masculinity and male interests. That blog is **Return of Kings**, and in many ways it has assumed the mantle of the defunct **In Mala Fide** as a central point-of-gravity in the dirty snowball.

**Return of Kings** is an example of what I contend is going to become a growing trend in the Manosphere, the use of Game by men not just as a panty-dropping device, but as a means of personal development and transformation toward a more mature, robust masculinity. Roosh invited select bloggers to contribute, giving a rotating platform for a number of up-and-coming voices in the Manosphere.

Combining the visceral machismo of Jack Donovan, the wicked sophistication of Roissy, and the sense of deep masculine introspection of Jonathan Frost, Return of Kings provides more than just a clearinghouse for information and opinion, it serves as a post-it note on the mirror of our masculinity reminding us of the legacies of our fathers.

There is a decided dedication to the merits of a Classical education and an emphasis on great books in Return of the Kings. Recent postings have included discussions on **Xenophon's *Anabasis*** ("The March Of The Ten Thousand"), ***History Of The Peloponnesian War, What Is Man?*** by **Mark Twain**, **Dostoyevsky's *Notes From The Underground***, **Smith's *Wealth of Nations***, a biography of **Porfirio Rubirosa**, the works of **Alexis de Toqueville** , and 25 great quotes from German philosopher **Arthur Schopenhauer**, to name but a few. Many bloggers choose Latin or Greek handles.

Kinda shoots a hole in the whole "ignorant rednecks of the Manosphere" meme, doesn't it? **Return of Kings** demonstrates that there are some incredibly well-educated, well-read, and well-cultured rednecks in the Manosphere, too.

**RoK** is unapologetically, defiantly, gloriously male in scope and focus – this is where both the MRA and the MGTOW can feel comfortable learning about their masculine heritage. The site has a bit of a nihilistic picnic-while-Rome-burns feel to it, with posts encouraging young men to enjoy the inevitable decline of

Western Civilization, not try to stop it.

The site describes itself thusly:

> Return Of Kings is a blog for heterosexual, masculine men. It's meant for a small but vocal collection of men in America today who believe men should be masculine and women should be feminine.
>
> RoK aims to usher the return of the masculine man in a world where masculinity is being increasingly punished and shamed in favor of creating an androgynous and politically-correct society that allows women to assert superiority and control over men. Sadly, yesterday's masculinity is today's misogyny. The site intends to be a safe corner of the web for those men who don't agree with the direction that Western culture is headed.

That makes **RoK** solidly **Red Pill**, and it covers a lot of territory. Guest posts have covered economics, culture, the plague of feminine obesity, the hysteronics of feminism, travel, dating – lots on dating – history, language, lifestyle, wisdom, the best and worse places to find a wife, and to mix a really, really potent panty-dropping cocktail, how to get laid in Vegas, bitchy women, and politics. The perspectives are heavily skewed-right, but not in the traditional way. These are not Tea Party stalwarts, these are men of intelligence and education who are disgusted with nearly all modern politics. **RoK i**s not a political activist site. **RoK** is a political *knacker man.*

The tone on **RoK** is not defeatist, however, it's defiant. The gentlemen writing understand that the current civilization is not savable, and they feel no obligation to make the attempt. Instead they advocate a kind of gleeful enjoyment of the decay and destruction they see, advocating Puerarch-like responses to such issues as the Welfare state, high taxation capital restrictions, and dating. Lots on dating.

RoK is not exclusively a Game site, but it is a Game-oriented site. There are plenty of guest posters from the PUA universe there, but at RoK's level of masculine appreciation, distinctions between classifications become moot. Game is here because Game is a masculine resource, and RoK is a chronicle of masculine resourcing.

**RoK** seems to be the future of the Manosphere, where the ruggedly, unapologetically masculine celebrate all the goodness there is to having an XY

chromosome.

**The Private Man**

Pick Up Artists tend to be young men, and for a long time Game was a young man's game. But the rocky landscape of the dating world has a lot of players, and some of them are not looking forward at wife, kids, and family, but backwards at it. For them – the newly-divorced, the chronically under-laid, the perpetual bachelor Gamma who just never seemed to be able to close with a woman, all of these men flock to **The Private Man** for wisdom.

The Private Man is a PUA blog of repute, and while I was tempted to include him with the WOMs due to his venerable age and wisdom, the fact is he specializes in the bleak yet promising life of a post-40s bachelor – not an unusual situation within the Manosphere.

TPM lives a modest lifestyle in south Florida, where he plies the local dating scene in person and online, through a plethora of dating sites. TPM's site is designed to help the middle-aged man take advantage of the massive glut of cheap and easy sex the Sexual Market Place is offering right now.

Traditionally the post-40 single dude is looked upon with suspicion by society – either as a permanent loser so socially retarded he can't find even a poor girlfriend, a devastated post mid-life crisis divorcee, or some ugly combination of the above.

But the fact is that thanks to half of the marriages failing over the last forty years, a lot of dudes out there hit 40 without too much baggage. In fact, it can be argued (and is) that 40 is where a man starts accruing sexual capital the most rapidly. At 40, he appeals to the widest number of women, from early 20s girls who see him as distinguished and exotic to 30's women who see him as stable and settled, to 40s women who see him as alive and with a pulse. Being 40 is good to a man, certainly better than it is to a woman. And that's a subject that comes up a lot at TPM.

If the post-40 single man finally knows who he is, the post-40s single woman has lost who she was. The common term within the Manosphere is "the Wall": **the point at which a woman stops attracting overt sexual attention from men.** While the exact age a woman hits the Wall varies, 40 is usually a good benchmark age. At 40, a woman has received almost all of the sexual capital she's going to get, and anything from that point on she will have to work

diligently for . . . or learn to do without.

It is within the posts of the Private Man that the vulnerabilities and insecurities – not to mention the frailties – of the 40-something single woman are revealed and reviled. At 40 a man no longer feels compelled to put up with the bullshit a younger man might endure for the prospect of pussy. At 40 a woman often feels suddenly compelled to validate her womanhood and her desirability by having as much affirmation sex as possible. The problem is, finding a quality partner is problematic.

TPM makes a point of advising women in their 40s how to market themselves on dating sites to attract men. To *really* attract men, not just make them feel better about themselves by "getting out there", only to discover a world of four-time losers and perverts. "There are no good men left!" is the constant cry of the almost-40 single woman. There are blogs about how miserable these ladies are in the sexual landscape feminism has fostered. **They're miserable because they were told a lie.**

They were told that if they busted their ass and got a degree and a job and a career, something that could ensure their security and give them disposable income, that they could have a string of meaningless relationships and one-night stands and then would have plenty of time for relationships and family and kids once they made partner.

The problem is, the men that these women are waiting for – like Mr. Big in *Sex in the City* – are *phantoms*. It's not that the family-minded, Alpha millionaires aren't out there, mind you, it's that they're not looking for *middle-aged career women who let their best reproductive years slip away, spending their prime on meaningless sexual relationships.* They're looking for robust young *uncomplicated* women who are eager to devote themselves to husband and family.

That might prove galling to the sensibilities of progressive feminists everywhere, but that's the fact of the matter. Even at the local level, most Alpha men who are considering marriage are looking for young, pretty, with low maintenance fees.

That means the 40-something career woman, sometimes with a divorce under her belt, sometimes with a kid or two in tow, has only the vast sea of Betas, Gammas, and Deltas stumbling along out there, and that just does *not* fit their

Happily Ever After fantasies.

The question that frequently haunts The Private Man's blog is . . . just why are these women entitled to Happily Ever After-producing Alphas, when what they bring to the table is lamentably slight? Wanting a man is one thing, but if a woman doesn't have what a man wants, why would he want her? Especially in the late 30s-early 40s never-married career woman demographic, a tidy apartment and the opportunity to change your life around for occasional and mediocre sex is just not the draw some of these ladies think it is.

Or, as one of my readers wrote to me,

> *I've been dating this 41 year old woman with a fierce case of baby rabies. I'm open to the idea of kids but she's obsessed. She's a nice woman, reasonably attractive (about a 7+), but it's clear she's been riding the carousel for years and no man has ever made her tingle just right. Now she's telling me to my face she's settling but she'll take it. That's bad enough. I closed the deal after the second date and it was decent. We've done something on every date since. But I get the suspicion that she's on best date behavior in the sack. She's also wanting to introduce me to her sister and started hinting she's ready to move in together.*
>
> *But the more I watch her in action the more I can see where this will lead: with me an aging father and henpecked husband trying to meet her impossible demands. The sex will dry up after the kids and she'll be a tiger mom. I'll be the dumb ass husband who brings home a paycheck, watches the kids while she runs out to her book club, and we're both contemplating affairs. I don't get the slightest sense of devotion out of her, just desperation. She doesn't want me, she wants a sperm donor and a babysitter who picks up half of the check. I'm not signing on to be anyone's second choice beta baby daddy.*

One of the things that really rings a bell in the Manosphere is anger and frustration at the observed sense of entitlement that pervades social interactions with these women. Their standards are ridiculously high, and often incredibly unrealistic, and they have cavalier and often disrespectful attitudes toward the men they try to date . . . and that pisses off a lot of dudes.

While women whine that they can't find any decent guys, perfectly decent guys

commenting on The Private Man reveal just why they avoid getting involved with some middle-aged ladies looking for a late-in-life fresh start. And it isn't pretty.

Enter online dating. Rapidly becoming a billion-dollar industry, sites like Match.com, Chemistry.com, and OK Cupid promise to sort you into happiness with compatible, like-minded members of the opposite sex, carefully vetted through a long and detailed process of survey-style questionnaires.

Online dating has become the Air War in combat dating. It not only allows you to discretely examine hundreds of potential mates who are already preselected to appeal to you, you get to see folks not just in your geographical area, but from around the world.

For the first time in history, the internet has allowed the ultimate in human genetic diversity. Dating sites promise women the ultimate search for their soulmate. In reality, they're often just getting stuck plumbing the loser pools of other metropolitan areas now that they have exhausted the possibilities of their own.

Online dating is a major new component in the context of dating and mating in the 21st century. And the chief tool for the aspiring lover is the online dating profile. Not only has online dating become an industry, but advising about how to write an online dating profile has become a minor industry – and its one that The Private Man excels at.

Among his other contributions, TPM's blog has a hilarious section devoted to horrific dating profiles on various sites from women trying – badly – to convince men to contact them for dates. (TRIGGER WARNING: it contains a lot of overtly misogynistic crap) As you can imagine, the level of criticism in such a testosterone-fueled environment gets pretty rough. And if that bothers you, ladies . . . consider some of the brutally misandrous shit that falls out of y'all's mouths about the dudes you view when you get three girlfriends together with a bottle of wine, a computer, and a dating site.

The criticisms of bad dating profiles are ugly, but they're also instructive. Most of the guys commenting on them aren't apparently wizened old perverts who hate women – they're dudes who are actually considering dating these women, presumably for a shot at a long term relationship. The target audience of the

female-heavy dating scene, in other words. These are the men who decide whether or not to email a woman based on her profile, or whether to skip to the next profile . . . and they sincerely want to communicate just what irritates them.

It seems to come down to a palpable sense of entitlement, their self-centeredness, and their sometimes overt disrespect toward men in general that turns these dudes off.

Add to that the desperation that bleeds through in a profile when a woman is in her 30s and actively seeking a father for her unborn children for the scant few eggs she has left, the desperation over finding a decent stepfather for her existing children, or the defiant resistance to displaying any kind of inviting femininity while demanding the perfect childless Happily Ever After romance, and what emerges is an aggregate profile of the rank-and-file middle-aged single career woman/mom.

Entitlement, solipsism, and misandrous disrespect echo throughout their profiles. Frequent refrains include clichés that have become idiomatic of their attraction-killing attitudes, code words for their stage in life or perspectives.

*"Strong, independent woman"*
*"Don't want to play games anymore"*
*"Looking for someone to treat me like I deserve"*
*"Tired of all the creeps and losers"*
*"Not looking for sex"*
*"I'm not into drama"*
*"Little boys need not apply"*
*"Looking for a man to treat me like a princess"*
*"wickedly sarcastic sense of humor"*
*"looking for someone who can respect my independence"*

While each of these terms seems innocuous and even prudent, in actuality the profiles of these women seem calculated to send men *running*. Often they dramatically overestimate their own relative value on the cold, cruel Sexual Market Place and display an adamant refusal to "lower their standards". Instead of an advertisement for their qualities as potential mates and partners, they turn into an unrealistic laundry list of what they *demand* in their future husbands.

When a 40-something twice-divorced real-estate agent with a gym allergy and

too much faith in what her girlfriends say insists she's *entitled* to a financially secure, warm and giving Alpha man without previous baggage or children, what she brings to the table is often pretty damn thin.

"It's a matter of worth," one of the commenters of TPM emailed me.

> "They have been told by the SatC lifestyle that a string of meaningless hookups makes them mature and sophisticated. And some of these women do have some serious sexual skills. But they don't know shit about how to be devoted to one man, loyal to a good man and how to be worthy of his loyalty. It's all about the best deal they can make. They all want a Boy Scout with a heart of gold and a ten inch dick, but all they have to offer in return is a boozy bar slut who can't ever quite seem to keep a boyfriend longer than six months. They wonder where all the good men are but the fact is that the good men are repelled by how they have squandered their lives."

The discourse at TPM is often callous. The constant dissection of bad dating profiles has helped generate a brutal nomenclature all its own.

Women who seem to have reached the end of their natural attractiveness have "hit the Wall", sometimes without even realizing it. This woman is considered the victim of too many romance novels in which the plucky, non-descript heroine is adored by the hunky Alpha playboy.

Only that hasn't seemed to happen and she's frustrated and a little bitter. The men who were all over her when she was 29 and were still interested when she was 32 have quit calling by 37 and have quit *looking at her at all* by 42. Yet so many of these profiles are clearly, desperately clinging to the idea that 42 is as good as 32 . . . when there are plenty of eager 29s on the market to contend with. The Wall is an ugly thing.

The frustrated end-result of this unfortunate misplacement of reproductive priorities is the "Cat Lady" outcome, wherein the single woman ends up bitterly living the remainder of her life in a tiny apartment with too many cats upon which to shower her attention. Indeed, a woman who talks about her cats in her dating profile is an instant red flag to most men. The general consensus is that single women who sublimate their maternal urges with cats are often unwilling to extend their emotional energies toward a man.

Single moms are also a red flag for most men, for a variety of reasons. Women who talk about putting their children first might be demonstrating their strong maternal commitment, but the fact is most men don't want to get financially tied to a litter of kids that aren't his own. When a mommy is stepfather-shopping online, it's pretty obvious – and eminently skippable. It's not that many men aren't willing to consider a pre-owned family, as embittered single moms are fond of saying, it's that *featuring* that family as a point of attraction represents a misplaced idea of what a man is seeking in a woman. Click.

Mentions of divorce are also poison in a dating profile. There is the common stereotype of the divorcee who left her husband because "she wasn't *haaaa*ppy", and now seeks to cash in the last of her sexual capital to find a better deal while she still has a modicum of sex appeal. Hypergamy in action.

The single dudes at TPM are constantly wary of the ***Eat, Pray, Love*** woman who's searching for that certain undefinable *something* that seems to involve exotic foreign travel and shopping sprees on someone else's dime – preferably a hunky Alpha male who adores her just for being *her.*

The profiles of these women are replete with warning signs. Calling them "golddiggers" is unfair and not quite accurate. These women want the Total Fantasy Happily Ever After package, just like every other woman. But to them their "commitment" to a man is limited to how much he can provide for her, and how much "fun" he can throw at her, and lasts just as long as that does.

Think this is an unfair stereotype of women? Go to the profiles of any particular dating site and take a look for yourself.

The dudes who hang around The Private Man know enough Game to recognize the EPL woman and how to woo her . . . it's actually not that hard. Women with stars in their eyes and an over-inflated sense of their own sexual market value are willing to believe just about anything. Getting her to rationalize why doing you in the parking lot in your rental car on the first date is actually not that difficult a feat, if your Game is tight.

*Committing* to the EPL woman, on the other hand, is seen as an exercise in disaster containment.

So is the Drama Mama, the woman whose profile is replete with how she's a) sick of all the drama, b) looking for a man who isn't after her money and who can take care of her and c) looking for someone who will "be good to" her kids. That kind of profile smells like trouble to a decent dude a mile away – anyone who is "sick of all the drama" is, as old hands at this will tell you, usually the kind of woman who attracts drama on purpose. An "attention whore".

There are men who are attracted to that sort of thing – men who feel that if they rescue a woman often enough, she will not only learn from her mistakes and avoid high drama situations in the future, but will (in an unabashed display of gratitude) hump them like pornstars for the rest of their lives. These misguided White Knights are known derisively as "Captain Save-A-Ho", and they often land in the Manosphere after being taken advantage of by one of these Drama Mamas one time too many.

Taking too-aggressive a stance in a profile gets a woman skipped for plenty of reasons. Talking about how devoted you are to your *career,* or how you want someone who *isn't threatened by your success* indicates to the men who read them that the women behind these profiles are unwilling to make the personal sacrifices necessary to sustain a long-term committed romantic relationship. In this post-industrial age of women out-earning men, this is becoming more and more common . . . but that doesn't make it any more of a turn-on. *"Hmmm. She's got an average face and an OK body, but look at her earning potential!"* just doesn't roll naturally off of the male tongue.

That's a common refrain amongst the frustrated denizens of the Manosphere. And it is a message that women are just not getting. In profile after profile middle-aged career women trumpet their successes in their professional lives like they're on a job interview for account manager, not Wife. Despite what feminism has been trying to convince them, men just are *not* turned on by resumes, no matter how spiffy.

Nor are they overly enamored of ballbusters. Grown men have usually had enough of that in their professional lives. The tired refrain from feminists is "well, they just can't handle a strong and independent woman, the wimps!". But that misses the point. Women who call themselves "strong and independent" and who "don't need a man, just want a man" are making their intended audience ask themselves, "well if you don't *need* me, then why would I *want you?*"

The Manosphere is pretty clear on this: *men need to be needed.* Men who are commitment-minded don't want to be a woman's accessory or live-in boyfriend or eventual non-sexual housemate. They want to be involved in passionate, fulfilling relationships with women who don't feel complete without them.

They want to be in a relationship where they are considered essential to a woman's life, not an occasionally-useful plaything frustratingly orbiting a hyper-competent woman. The oft-touted feminist maxim "A woman needs a man like a fish needs a bicycle" reveals, upon inspection of the dating tidal pool, that an *awful* lot of carp are certainly craving a Schwinn . . . but that the bikes in questions have elected to wait for chicks with feet.

In other words, **if you don't *need* a man**, Ladies, you shouldn't worry. **You probably won't *get* one.**

What *does* The Private Man advocate for women who are frustrated at the seemingly-endless string of losers their profiles seem to attract? First, what is widely seen in feminine circles as "lowering your standards", or, as the Manosphere prefers to refer to it, *"adopting a reality-based mating strategy"*.

To start, that means making an objective assessment about themselves and what they have to offer a man. While it may gall feminists, when a lady hits 40, it's a buyer's market in the Wife category. Trying to pretend you still have the attraction chops you did when you were 29 or even 36 just isn't going to cut it. And that often means a personally awkward come-to-Jesus conversation a woman has to have with herself. That can be humbling.

TPM encourages its women readers (and he has a *large* female following of women increasingly desperate to figure out where they are going wrong) to stop finding reasons to actively *exclude* the men they meet from consideration, and start finding reasons to *include* them. As has been widely discussed both here and in more traditional dating advice blogs, single women commonly find "deal-breakers" about their dates far too readily.

Their standards are so high, and their sense of entitlement to a quality man and a thrilling relationship is so deep, that they cannot appreciate the rewards of a relationship with any realistic man. Men fear rejection in the first place, and to be summarily judged and rejected because, for instance, they are into Civil War

re-enactments or don't have quite enough hair or don't make more than their dates is insulting. Being pre-insulted with a woman's list of demands is indicative of later problems in a potential relationship, so the dudes move on.

Secondly, TPM advocates rejecting the disrespectful tone toward women that is commonly advocated by feminism. Women who openly complain about the number of "creeps and losers" they're meeting with their profile often are revealing their own misandrous attitudes.

Complaining about exes is likewise disrespectful. It goes without saying that pervs and axe murderers need not apply, so bringing that up isn't doesn't scream "good sense of humor" to a dude, it screams "judgey old entitlement princess". Men are attracted to a warm and appreciative woman, no matter how many feminist hackles that truth might raise. A woman unwilling to respect men in general is likely going to be unwilling to respect an individual man in a relationship – therefore he skips over to the next one.

Thirdly, the denizens of TPM encourage women to embrace their femininity. Both by posting more attractive pictures of themselves (men are far more willing to discard a profile because of an unfavorable picture than women are) and by being more warm and inviting in their profiles. Masculine men are attracted to feminine women, and listing qualities better suited to getting you invited to the neighborhood poker game are not going to be the ones that are going to make a mature man consider you as a mate.

For some women, the commenters lament, discovering their own femininity at this stage of life is an impossible prospect. And just as a woman can decide within the first ten seconds whether or not she'll sleep with a guy, even the densest dude can pick up on subtle sexual signals, even if it's at the subconscious level. When your date shows up in a pant suit and not a skirt, a dude knows he can do better at this stage of life.

That's what irks the bewildered women who find their way to The Private Man in search of help. All those years trying to be taken seriously by men in the workplace has cultivated an attitude and a presentation that makes them not get taken seriously in the Sexual Market Place. They turn to their girlfriends (who usually have fared no better themselves) for advice, which most men in the Manosphere understand is the kiss of death. The last place either gender should go for dating advice is middle-aged single women.

But hope springs eternal.  The women who manage to keep from being offended garner some meaningful advice from the site, and the men who go there refine their game in this demographic, as well as impart some wisdom of their own on the subject.

**Mystery**

Mystery is by far the least mysterious and the most flamboyant and gimmicky of the major Game bloggers, but since he got his own VH-1 TV show ("The Pickup Artist") and sold a lot of copies of his "Mystery Method" of Game, he merits a mention.

Mystery's real name is **Erik von Markovic**, who was originally a chronically under-laid practicing street magician in Toronto. He was one of the PUAs profiled by **Neil Strauss** as being one of the original developers of Game in his book, ***The Game***, and while he takes a lot of crap for his style and his success, Mystery is one of the more public and approachable PUAs out there.

Mystery's Game is overtly flamboyant, breaking down Game into three phases: attraction, comfort, and seduction. But Mystery is most famous for the first.

Mystery freely uses "peacocking" and other devices to attract attention, and then uses more solid Game techniques to build comfort, lower resistance, and eventually close.

Peacocking is one of the more controversial subjects in the Manosphere – it's essentially displaying some single outrageous element of dress to make yourself memorable and distinctive in a woman's mind. Mystery himself prefers a top hat of some kind. She might find you creepy, but she won't forget you – and "creepy" can turn into "dark and intriguing" if you have decent Game.

But Mystery doesn't get a lot of respect around the Manosphere due to these "clownish" antics. He probably should get more – considering he's likely more responsible for introducing Game concepts to the general public than anyone else. It was Mystery's brand of Game that **Howard Wolowitz**, in the nerdy sitcom ***The Big Bang Theory***, refers to during his outrageous courtships.

Mystery's Game is actually pretty solid, once you get past the fripperies. He advocates using a strong mix of ALPHA and BETA, intriguing and seducing with a simultaneous attraction display, aloofness, and emotional openness. It might run counter to the "traditional" masculine Game, but it's also ideally suited for the short-attention-span young ladies out there. Mystery plays a young man's Game, and therefore as solid as it is, it's limited in scope.

But his site is filled with decent advice, and his reality television show isn't half-bad. The fact is, while there are plenty of good instructions there, there just isn't enough theory to make it more than a shallow stab at real Game.

Apart from peacocking, Mystery is perhaps best known for his advocacy of the infamous neg.

"Negging" is the basic Game technique useful for overcoming initial resistance by teasing a beautiful woman. The theory is that a pretty woman is used to being treated like a goddess, and that therefore such treatment bores her and will be unproductive. Or that even pretty women secretly suffer from low self-esteem and that good Game can elicit interest by verbally placing yourself in a superior position to her.

Either way, the effect is observably useful. By offering her a "negative compliment", or "neg", you give her a bit of a comedown and take some of the wind out of her sails. Mystery's classic is "Are those nails real?", but in fact there are hundreds of possible negs. My fave is "Wow, this is the best I've ever seen you look!"

Women in general and feminists in particular demonstrate disgust with the idea that "insulting" a woman while complimenting her is effective – or if it is effective, that it's unsportsmanlike or something. But the fact is that most negs used by men are just the standard female two-channel communication approach. On the one hand, you are overtly complimenting her, but on the other you are establishing your relative positioning by demonstrating that you are not over-awed by her, and even find her wanting.

Women do this all the time. In my native South, the most common form of this is the "Bless her heart" statement, in which a woman will talk trash about another but add "bless her heart" at the end to mitigate the harsh words. Women do this so naturally they rarely even realize that they're doing it.

But "negging" is essentially how the Alpha Females keep the Beta and lower-ranking women in their local matrix in line. That calculated balance between finding worth and finding fault with their subordinates is how women regulate each others' affairs. What Mystery and the other PUAs who advocate negging are doing is simply **co-opting a tool of female discipline as a tool of male seduction.**

While Mystery and Strauss have several areas of overlap, Mystery comes across as more earnest, despite all of his flamboyant ways. His use of hidden cameras and CBT-derived strategies for overcoming Approach Anxiety allow him to critique his students' performances in ways most PUAs can't come near.

Still, Mystery's success has bred plenty of resentment by lesser-known and lesser-skilled competitors in the for-pay PUA industry. And his charismatic style and his willingness to work with any desperate dude to overcome their challenges makes him a valuable public spokesman for the 'Sphere.

**Hooking Up Smart**

I hesitated to include this last site in this list, not because it's not a good site about seduction . . . but because it's about seduction FOR chicks, not seduction OF chicks.

**Hooking Up Smart** is one of those rare female-run blogs that has backed into inclusion in the Manosphere. Originally begun as a blog by Susan Walsh dispensing sound sex advice to young women, HUS soon became a valuable cultural exchange between men and women on the subject of dating. Susan's unusually fair treatment of men, and her recognition of the problems in gender relations from BOTH sides, have made her blog one of the few places where feminine and masculine perspectives can be shared.

Susan is in a difficult position, because while she wants to advise and advocate in favor of a young woman to make smart choices about hooking up, she has come to the realization that the feminist ideals about such things are not working out for young women. At all. The Sex and the City lifestyle, while glamorous and filled with shoes and dicks, does not ensure long-term happiness. Indeed, Susan wonders if it brings even short-term happiness.

HUS is a kind of gender-relations laboratory now, a place where men can find a sympathetic female ear and where women can find unabashed advice on just how and who to date. But it exists as such only because there are women who recognize that men have gotten the short end of the stick under feminism and are both angry and confused by the new mating paradigms.

In the meantime, Susan manages to impart a fair amount of good dating advice to young women, and entertain some compelling topics of gender and sexuality and family and such from men around the Manosphere.

Of course, being female Susan doesn't get a lot of respect from parts of the 'Sphere (she's known as "Aunt Giggles" to some fellow bloggers), and that's a shame. There are few female voices even willing to admit that men have problems, much less try to work with them cooperatively to broaden mutual understanding. Susan's is one of the loudest, and I daresay at this point her feminine perspective has led to as many men benefiting actively from her site as the women it was intended to serve.

While it's clear that the revalorization of masculinity that the Manosphere represents will be self-directed by men, it's also true that it will be informed by the rational opinions (and even emotional rants) of thoughtful women like Susan. Susan herself freely admits to the damage that feminist thought has done to men and masculinity in our culture, and while she doesn't agree with a lot of what is said in the Manosphere, she is actually quite intuitive when it comes to the male perspective, and her own perspectives on what we talk about are often quite insightful.

That's the thing about the Manosphere. It's not a "boys only" club. It's a "boy's *issues* only" club . . . and since girls are a "boy's issue", hearing from them from time to time is helpful.

Especially when they don't automatically want to cut your balls off at the start of the conversation.

# The Red Pill

I'm sure you've noticed the allusion to "the Red Pill", during the course of this book, and in an effort to explain this vital concept appropriately, I felt compelled to devote a section to it, alone.

The Red Pill isn't a pharmaceutical. It's what happens when the men of this dirty comet of the Manosphere began looking at the basic practice of Game not merely as a tool to get laid, at which it excels, but as a tool of male empowerment and positive masculinity.

That will send shudders down the spine of many a thoughtful feminist, and for good reason. Men who use their sexuality as a means of personal empowerment undermine the very nature of the feminist ideology, the idea that sex and mating should not be overt factors in most areas of our society. Despite barking down that well for four decades, we now live in a far more sexualized society than the protofeminists could have dreamed of. Sex is ubiquitous.

Which is why the Red Pill was, in its way, as inevitable as feminism was. The Red Pill is a helpful metaphor for using Game as a means of empowerment and self-realization. Since most of the core principals of Game involve improving a man's presentation toward the Alpha – and the Alpha is where the action is – then what he often finds is that the changes he made to secure a steadier supply of cooze end up improving his life overall . . . sometimes dramatically.

As Game started becoming a life-changing skillset to so many men, they began to see a clear difference in their perspective on the world. Arguably Keoni Galt, blogger of the highly-influential Hawaiian Libertarian Manosphere blog, was the first to see the metaphor of the Red Pill and the Blue Pill as apt for describing the phenomenon.

In his seminal 2009 post, **Game Is The Red Pill**, he says,

> Now that it appears the debate between the PUA/MGTOW/MRA blogosphere about Game and its relevance and morality has cooled down a bit, I would like to reiterate the one point I believe is most relevant for why all men should take an effort to understand Game without trying to marginalize it or write it off as completely erroneous, simply because you

object to the morality espoused by the PUA...or that you think Game is a silly, manipulative script that men follow simply to get laid.

To use the Matrix allegory, Game is the **Red Pill.**

...something happens which makes us question those very rituals we've blindly followed and we are confronted with a choice - shall we take the blue pill and choose to ignore any inconsistencies with our own paradigm which works pretty well, or shall we take the red pill and explore these inconsistencies knowing that it could lead us into a world we aren't familiar with... one that questions the very foundations of our current perspective.

[…]

Symptoms of blue pill delusions are ubiquitous, and it manifests itself all over the place. Only the few red pill takers...those that understand the reality of gender relations...are even aware of just how widespread the mass delusion of distorted gender roles is inculcated into mainstream consciousness.

And this is where "Game" comes in. Game is the red pill because it is based on men analyzing what behaviors are attractive to women, and what behaviors are not.

It is the basis for just about all social dynamics amongst any human interaction...why men compete with other men (for access to women)..why women compete for the attention and affection of men they perceive as desirable to other women.

Game is the Red Pill because it deals with understanding the principles of observable truths that are field tested...and these truths are in direct contradiction to the blue pill delusions of preconceived notions regarding gender roles in our BraveNewWorldOrder.

Once we learn of that new paradigm, we can no longer hold the older belief as our truth. Not everyone can deal with this kind of thinking. Many

people are perfectly content believing something to be as they've always known it to be, and reject this newer attempt at truth because it's too painful to accept - they've been living their entire life based on this lie and only now they come to discover that the world is not what they thought it was.

Unlike the caricature portrayed by its detractors, Game is NOT a simple ruse...a routine or a *shtick* to manipulate or trick women into having sex with men. No, it's about truly understanding social dynamics and the role that social hierarchy plays in any human interaction. Once you have this understanding, you begin to see "THE MATRIX" or false reality of delusions regarding gender relations.

I thought of this as I read the comment section of Dr. Helen's blog post that I cited in my last post on Relationship Dynamics. So many Men weighed in with their comments, unknowingly revealing the depths of their blue pill instilled delusions that contributed to their failures in their relationships.

Here are a few quotes that demonstrate this blue pill effect:

> *And whenever your woman asks which of two paint colors you prefer, you have to say you don't care. The alternative is surely picking the wrong color and paying dearly for it.*

This is blue pill induced paranoia. Fear of "paying dearly" for upsetting a woman. Anyone that even has a rudimentary understanding of Game knows exactly what to do should a woman ask a man to pick a color...

> *My ex-wife used to love to put me into impossible verbal situations such as, "do you think that (super model) is prettier [than] me?"*
>
> *Wrong answer #1: Yes*
> *"You don't think I'm pretty!"*
>
> *Wrong answer #2: No*
> *"Liar!"*
>
> *So I found myself avoiding talking to her at all.*

Taking the blue pill renders many men utterly clueless to the "shit test." And failing these tests are relationship destroyers!

Here a few more comments showing the blue pill-addled mindset:

> *I do think, however, that women manipulate more. They cry, they feign anger or hurt, they tell you stupid things like "a man doing the dishes is sexy" or "I'll be happy if you ___" (and if you refuse you don't want her to be happy).*
>
> *Of course, women lie too. Unless, of course, you really believe she's had a headache for 6 solid months or is somehow turned on by a man pushing a vacuum.*

--

> *I'm a good guy. I don't cheat or go places I shouldn't or do things I shouldn't or drink too much or any of that stuff. I have nothing to hide from my wife, but I have learned the hard way that if I tell my wife the truth about certain things -- especially my feelings if they're at all negative -- then I'd better be prepared for two or three weeks of significant pain.*
>
> *Helen is right. I want to be a truthful person with my wife, but it just isn't worth the hassle -- especially since she's made it so clear that she really doesn't want to hear the truth.*

---

> *No offense, but sometimes women are just plain scary.*

Are you beginning to see the common thread here? How the blue pill

mindset has left so many men so clueless about how to deal with their wives and/or girlfriends? All of these preceding examples are Men who are afraid of their wives' emotional state.

For the majority of husbands, they married a woman who they could communicate with and formed an allegiance. Her attitude became far less tolerant and hostile after. (There are many reasons for this that I won't go into here.)

To rethink his attitude may invite a firestorm into his home. To rethink his allegiance will cost him dearly--he'll lose his children, and quite possibly pay huge bucks for his wife to move someone else in.

> *Your advice would be great if the laws were not so biased in favor of women. Men have much to lose and little to gain by standing their ground. Women have much to gain and little to lose by villainizing their husbands and divorcing him.*

> *I get this impression that there exists a commonly held notion amongst MRA that ever since feminists got no-fault divorce legislated, all women have taken to it with great gusto, simply because they can...that the laws give women gold digging powers, and they take advantage of it simply because it appeals to women's greed, and they will happily destroy the lives of their husbands and children to sate that lust for greed.*

I beg to differ. There's much more to it than that.

> *Because if a married man stands up for himself in today's climate, he could very well find himself put out of his own house, paying over a substantial chunk of his paycheck to his ex-wife, and seeing the kids when (and if) she decides that.*

This is what I call the **Emasculation Paradox.**

Many men today seem to think that the legal system is set up to give all the women the power in marriage...so they'd better cede it to her to avoid upsetting her so that she doesn't take you into divorce court hell. But the

paradox is that a man who understands the reality, also understands that STANDING UP FOR HIMSELF is the ONLY WAY his wife CAN respect, admire, lust and love him.

You really shouldn't worry about upsetting her. She's a woman. She gets upset as surely as the sun rises in the East. What you have to worry about, is turning into someone she doesn't respect...and patronizing her because you are afraid of her emotional state is the fastest path to losing that respect.

When contemplating why we now have over 70% of women who initiate no fault divorces, there's much more to it than simply because all women are greedy, slutty, or adulterous simply because that is the nature of modern, Western women. Yes, there is most certainly a segment of the female gender that is in fact materialistic gold digging manipulators. But I don't think it's quite a stretch to simply say that the 70+% of women that initiate their divorces do so because of a greedy, materialistic nature.

No, you HAVE to account for the social engineering of our BraveNeWorldOrder on BOTH genders into account when trying to understand just why so many women "change" for the worse by getting bitchy, nagging, fat and absolutely contemptuous of their husbands after they get married...and why men that used to be bold, assertive and confident when they were dating, fall into the relationship dynamic where they are the pussywhipped, cowed and beaten wimps absolutely crushed under a domineering harridan of a wife.

In short, it's nothing more than a blue pill overdose. Taking the red pill will open your eyes to the reality of the female sex drive and how its basis on the principle of hypergamy dictates her behavior. It provides a solid understanding of exactly why women on an instinctual level, require men to be the dominant leaders in the relationship. Whenever a man fails to fulfill that role, the relationship begins its death spiral towards oblivion.

Attraction is not an intellectual vocation. This is why "marriage counseling" usually doesn't work. No matter how many logical reasons there are for a woman to be happy in her marriage...if she has that visceral contempt for the man that turned into a "Beta" in the marriage bed and impregnated her with his inferior seed, she cannot control how she

FEELS about that. Because by him "becoming" beta, she only feels disgusting contempt for him in her gut.

This epidemic of blue pill delusion that doesn't recognize this basic understanding of female attraction is why I believe so many women turn into the proverbial psycho ex-wife.

It's women's basic biological nature to seek dominant genes for her offspring. Yet too many men beta-ize when they get married, submit to their wives as their authority figure, and even if she THINKS it's perfectly fine to be the dominant one...that she is just exercising "equality," her basic instinct is to have utter contempt for a man that she can rule.

This is precisely why so many men seem dumbfounded that the sweet loving girlfriend they married turned into an uncaring psychopath without a shred of mercy or decency in dragging him through the divorce court system and all of its vagaries and indignities it inflicts ...THIS occurs because for the most part, because both of them failed to follow their natural gender roles, and the very nature of her sexual instinct -- hypergamy -- makes her regard him as a subhuman creature of utter contempt.

It is the very premise for the "game" routine that Roissy and other PUA call Marry Shag Kill

You have to understand why women have this curdled reaction to betas deep in their bones. If a man spills his seed in the wrong woman, no biggie. He can still bang other women and fulfill his genetic programming. If a woman gets her eggs polluted by the feeble seed of a beta, she’s stuck for nine months, and probably longer.

This is why there are so many cases of these women feel justified and entitled into getting the most they can from a divorce settlement...even if she's the spouse that ended up breaking her marital vows.

Beta Contempt.

By the time you are being taken to the cleaners, she is merely carrying

> through with the legally accepted means of playing the very real version of marry/shag/kill...with you being the Beta Sap she "kills."
>
> I've come to realize this when I've thought long and hard about almost all of the failed marriages and relationships that I know of throughout my life. I can think of no exceptions in the cases where the female ended the relationship. It always happened after the man no longer fulfilled the leadership role her biological imperative requires.
>
> The cultural indoctrination of our Brave New World Order – the blue pill culture – encourages these relationship malfunctions in every conceivable way. Its memes and shibboleths are ceaselessly pushed by our mass media driven popular culture to try and ensnare as many men and women to fall into this devious trap as possible. It is a population control agenda at its most subversive.
>
> To put it succinctly: The blue pill encourages masculine behavior in women and feminine behavior in men.
>
> It encourages women to strive to hold all of the power in a relationship dynamic, and encourages men to cede that power to the women.
>
> By promoting the ubiquitous culture of misandry, and making everyone strive for the unattainable goal of "equality," they push men and women to act out in ways that are contrary to our natural gender roles, thereby affecting an epidemic of "beta-ization."
> Feminist lobbying for No-fault divorce was the mechanism for the BraveNewWorldOrder to attack the nuclear family; to re-make society by first destroying its foundation...but it wouldn't have been nearly as effective if it were done without the social engineering that promotes contrary gender role behavior...empowered women and emasculated men.

This post reverberated around the Manosphere like a comet slamming into a moon. It was so . . . obvious. The married dudes living vicariously through the Game blogs and their tales of easy sex were trying to figure out if they could use the techniques . . . but the techniques for aping Alpha characteristics for a night in order to score a notch just wouldn’t work in a long-term relationship. You couldn’t fool your wife into thinking you were suddenly ALPHA, when she saw the skid marks in your drawers and knew how you cried at the Lion King trailer.

You can't fake ALPHA with your wife. She sees all your BETA . . . and if that's what she's verbally told you she's wanted throughout the entire marriage, then you blindly gave it to her, figuring that's what she actually wanted.

Meanwhile, your every attempt to placate her was leading to less sex, more acrimony, more affairs, more bullshit marriage counseling, more of everything but the one thing her body, mind, limbic system and soul was craving the most: ALPHA.

The Blue Pill/Red Pill metaphor was powerful, it fed into the male fascination with sci-fi, popular culture and Keanu Reeves, and it distinctly defined the two choices that men in the Combat Dating culture of Hookups, divorce, and Marriage 2.0 had: to accept the feminist ideology of equality, Betacize, and succumb to hypergamy . . . or ignore it, ALPHA-up, treat their wives like their grandfathers did and accept the consequences . . . possibly a new wife.

I added my own perspective in a post that you will see was the origin of the book you're reading now.

> Over at Alpha Game yesterday morning I caught a great quote by Vox, as he was advising someone on whether or not to return to a woman he'd lost pre-Game for a second chance post-Game. While that conversation was fascinating enough, the quote is what got me:
>
> > *I appreciate the positivity from the non-predatory crowd. I would simply say that what I am attempting to do with Alpha Game is to apply the basic principles of Game more broadly to socio-sexuality rather than focusing solely on a particular subset of sexual relations as other Game bloggers do. My interest also tends to be more theoretical, whereas Roissy and Athol, just to give two of the more substantive examples, are both relentlessly practical in their applications of Game to pick-up and marital relations, respectively. This is not a criticism of either of them in any way, as I both appreciate and respect what both men are doing in their tangential areas of interest.*
>
> His point is well-taken, and vitally important to the evolution of the Manosphere. Pay attention:

Right now, Men in our culture are divided into three groups. One is the group bravely trying to build a family in hostile conditions, against all odds, in the fulfillment of the traditional quest to be a Family Man. Call them the **Old Married Guys**. We're the ones at the far end of the spectrum, hacking our way through our individual relationships, counting our blessings, and despairing of what's happening to other men around us and to masculinity in general. Some of us have been divorced, some are bitter, some are hopeful. All of us have some unique and valuable insights to share with younger dudes. Some of us even are younger dudes, men who against all reason got married young and tried to start a family, and who have the wisdom to look to other men for advice and answers.

I would try to call this group the "Patriarchy", but that term has been maligned by feminists so long as to be tainted, on the one hand, and the fact is "patriarchy" means "ruled by the fathers", and let's face it: fathers haven't "ruled" in this country since 1970. So instead call them the **Patriologists**, "those who study fatherhood (and, by extension, masculinity)". While fatherhood isn't the end-all, be-all of masculinity, it's a pretty potent defining characteristic.

But then again so are our dicks. The single dudes, whether single by choice, circumstance, or by divorce decree, are the second group. They're the ones taking advantage of the culture of promiscuity and running Game like it's a lotto system. The "PUA" and the "MGTOW", racking up notches and enjoying the tight, moist fruits of the land while spending their off-hours watching sports, playing fantasy football, and killing at HALO. These are the "peter pans" that the feminists created but can't stop bitching about. The "boys" who wouldn't grow up.

And obviously it's their inherently evil nature that makes them want to indiscriminatingly tap anything in a skirt, according to feminism, and not the fact that most of these dudes had absent or distant Beta fathers who were actively prevented from passing on the mature paternal wisdom that usually allows a young man to "grow up". Testosterone is a powerful force, after all, and left unchecked and untempered you get . . . well, you get what we got. We lost control of masculinity, and let it be defined and regulated by feminism. The result is not a *Patriarchy* – they successfully crushed that – but a "**Puerarchy**", or "rule by boys".

That's not to say these "boys" (some in their 40s) actually "rule". In fact, thanks to the wholesale diminution of masculinity in the last forty years, their chances of actually getting to the "halls of power" are slight. Despite the myth of male privilege they have largely eschewed the "successful self-made man" model – they don't want power any more. Money is better. And who can blame them? The "rewards" for most of the dudes who make that run are usually divorce court, custody hearings, and a loss of faith in all of womanhood, so why take the risk? Internet porn, Game-driven hookups, and videogames make contemporary life for a single dude in the Puerarchy a kind of techno-Valhalla, if he can keep from damaging romantic entanglements.

For a few years there's been some acrimony between the first two camps over the definition of masculinity and the role of Game in it. Their goals are slightly different. The Patriologists want to see family life made less challenging for men, and re-claim some of the respect and legitimate prerogatives of mature masculinity and fatherhood, as well as improve their marital lives so that they get laid more. The Puerarchy wants to get laid more, too, but it doesn't see the advantage of being an OMG and often treats such men as either sell-outs or willing dupes. Both have very definite ideas about what Masculinity is. Unsurprisingly, both have an especial emphasis on Getting Laid, whether it's by their wives or a succession of hot young gullible girls. But don't discount the bonding possibilities of sexuality – we'll come back to that in a moment.

Then there's the third group: the Blue Pill dudes who don't have a clue. There the ones who bought into the idea that Marriage is an equal partnership between you and your soon-to-be ex-wife. They "respect" women, that is, they defer to them at every turn regardless of their own interests. They're the Chumps. The vast, vast sea of Betas who are the grist for the divorce mill. They have unrealistic expectations of marriage, not just because they've bought into the "Twu Wuv" one-its meme to the point where they get blinded by pussy, but because they *really believe* in all of that "union of equals" crap without understanding that "equal" in that context means that their wives are a*lways more equal than they are*. Without good fathering, they don't know any better. There's no one left in their lives who feels comfortable passing along that kind of valuable information. Until the Manosphere.

And for that sacrifice, for which they believe they will receive the divine feminine favors (i.e., getting laid more), they instead find that their wives don't respect them, resent them, and eventually actively despise them for doing *exactly* what they've been told by women is what women *really* want. They put their own interests and issues at the lowest priority for fear of being accused of being a chauvinist or something. They're far more concerned with being *liked* and not *respected* by their women. Keeping the woman happy is their *primary focus*, whether it's her request for more security, more affluence, or more "emotional support" (that is, agreeing unconditionally to every thing she says).

They are, in other words, completely divorced already . . . *from their own masculinity.*

Between the Puerarcy and the Patriologists lie these true Beta Lost Boys. Despite their age and apparent maturity they will, indeed, remain "lost" to manhood in their hearts and their lives. They might become Adults, but they won't ever be real Men. That's because their self-loathing ideas about manhood and masculinity have been tainted by feminine and feminist critique for so long that they've abandoned all hope of controlling their lives, and have descended to merely managing their lives . . . and usually doing a piss-poor job of it. And an almost universal element of masculinity, across culture, is the idea that a fully-formed Man is *in control* of his life.

Those poor Blue Pill Betas are the ones who need the Manosphere the most. They need to be taught that it's not just okay to be male, it can be *fucking fantastic* if you quit worrying about what women think and approach it from a masculine perspective -- 'cause that Blue Pill perspective just leads to misery and depression. That's the Red Pill message. **The Red Pill is nothing less than the attempt of Men in our culture to consciously revalorize masculinity**.

"Revalorize" is an obscure word, I admit. It was coined by **Mircea Eliade,** one of the great Religious Studies scholars of the 20th century, based out of the University of Chicago. He used it to mean taking a term, idea, or meme from the past and reconstituting the traditional with new and more useful meaning. In this context, the Red Pill revalorization of

masculinity is vital and necessary if we don't want to see the mistakes of the past four decades promulgate into our sons' futures. Or our daughters': things are looking just as grim for our girls as our boys.

The current popular ideal of masculinity, *ala* the Blue Pill, is essentially "a person who just so happens to possess an XY chromosome and lives to serve women". Bereft of all the "bad" masculine qualities (which also happen to be all the Alpha qualities women get their panties wet over) – *honor, bravery, aggression, anger, stubborn determination, leadership, and yes, violence* – Blue Pill masculinity leaves "good provider" and "has a functioning penis" intact at the expense of all the rest, and the latter *isn't even really required.*

Now there are plenty of feminists who have *no problem* with this definition, and don't think that seeing two generations of miserable men is too high a price for their trouble. They don't want a new masculinity to include, well, *masculine* traits.

If aggression and achievement are considered "masculine", then they don't feel like they can play with the boys properly. If they redefine masculinity to include a bunch of Beta skills and get rid of all of the Alpha skills, then they have an opportunity to control the balance of gender-based power in our society. Which is essentially what they've done for two generations.

The problem is, *it doesn't work.* Not for men, at least, and not for our kids. When you allow women to define masculinity for men, you get what we have now: a generation of men largely bereft of maturity and wisdom, growing up without dads, with overbearing mothers who encouraged them to hate their own gender, and feeling shame and guilt about those natural inclinations towards traditional masculinity that inevitably arise. Particularly around sex and violence.

As a culture under the influence of feminism we have been taught since birth that men are all secret sexual predators one step away from brutal abduction-and-rape, and we should therefore despise all aggressive male sexuality or we're essentially condoning rape. We've also been taught that men are all power-hungry despoilers or ignorant idiots messing up the world – that is, the world women live in – by killing and exploiting

everything in sight at every chance.

We're the ones responsible for all of the wars (that we fight and die in). The level of guilt about this has been raised to such a high degree in an attempt to remove the violent impulse from men that it has left us with a bunch of unassuming Betas who honestly feel, in the depths of their hearts, that they are *bad people just because of their penis*, and nothing they can do – however much they try – is *ever* going to make up for that.

The intriguing thing about the evolving Manosphere is that the Patriologists and the Puerarchy, while they've been learning various aspects of Game from each other (because our common goal, to have more sex, is truly universal) have also been ***revalorizing masculinity.***

Most of the essential nuggets of Game theory are re-hashings of old masculine paradigms long discredited under feminist dogma, after all. And while the two groups have been volleying Game back and forth, some of those poor Blue Pill Beta bastards have started to notice, *hey, why are these guys having so much more sex than I am? What is their secret? Teach us, oh Wise Ones!*

The desire and even yearning for the Red Pill is out there, but it isn't just about Game. Game is the *vehicle*, because Men are motivated by sex, and Game is about how to get laid. But the things that Game teaches us go far beyond managing our sex lives.

Game informs our new definition of masculinity by returning to the essentials of our mating toolkit instead of talking about our feelings with our woman until she's so bored she's sleeping with the pool boy. Beyond that, it gives us a medium through which to pay respect to each other for our masculine achievements.

Hardcore Alphas in the Puerarchy can learn, for example, that getting married doesn't have to mean the end of your sex life and the beginning of servitude; it can become an ***empowering and richly masculine experience***. Conversely, the Patriologists can learn from the Puerarchy that the apparent solid wall of feminist thought that seems to dominate the intellectual landscape is actually made up of a new generation of very, very fallible young women who are just as frustrated with the mess their

mothers made of things as *we* are – and that in a relationship it's more important that your woman be *attracted* to you than that she *like* you.

But between them both you have a sea of Betas who are staring at the single dudes getting laid with a single text message and the OMGs getting laid like tile by their wives like it's a porn movie and running their stable households the way their grandfathers did, and they're starting to wonder: *what do those guys know that I don't?*

And that's the secret we need to tell them: **the Manosphere means it's not only Good To Be A Man, once you quit deferring to the women in your life, but that it doesn't matter which end of the spectrum you prefer – both fatherhood and eternal hookups are two sides of the same masculine coin.** They are not mutually exclusive.

Nor is Game the end-all, be-all to masculinity, it's just the beginning. A man who learns Game (single or married varieties) and learns it effectively will soon find himself much-improved, spiritually, and that's not just all the sex talking.

In a redefined masculinity, Game is an essential tool, but it's not your *only* one. You need to talk to other men, have solid male friendships, enjoy a solid culture of masculinity by learning from the old dudes and teaching the young dudes, and accept in your mind that while men and women might be technically *equal under the law*, that doesn't mean we are the *same*.

Our differences *define* us. Men have their own interests and issues, and we have just the same rights as women to pursue them . . . *just as aggressively*. We, not women – and certainly not feminists – are the ones responsible for defining what masculinity is in the 21st century.

And the most important thing the Betas need to discover? **They don't need any damn woman's permission to take the plunge, swallow the Red Pill, and rediscover their own masculinity.**

**The Masculine Backlash**

They called it “backlash”.

In the 1980s, as millions of men were attempting to recover from the effects of divorce and losing their kids, not to mention the sudden scourge of HIV/AIDS, if you were paying attention to the Sexual Revolution you noticed a kind of hush.

Part of it was purely economic – the early 1980s recession, and deregulation of the Reagan Administration put a lot of Baby Boomer dudes out of work. That always add stress to the marital equation. But that unfortunate period coincided with a new aggressiveness within the feminist community.

Despite the election of Ronald Reagan, arguably the most socially conservative president since Nixon, First and early Second Wave feminism had firmly established a beachhead in the Ivy League and other ivory tower universities of the Northeast, as well as liberal enclaves all over the land. Women who had been pioneers in the crusade for “Women’s Liberation” got tenure . . . and the level of rhetoric went up dramatically.

The 1980s saw the first real social reaction to institutionalized feminism as terms like “date rape”, “patriarchy”, “rape culture”, and “politically correct” began to haunt the public discourse. Gender Feminism made its first appearance as

Second Wave feminists, who had been firmly entrenched in the Equity camp, started giving way to feminists-of-color who saw the movement as largely concerned with white, upper-middle-class women’s opportunities and rights, not working-class black and Hispanic women’s. In the 1970s feminism was all about First World problems, not the day-to-day struggle of women in the working class here and in the Third World.

The First Wave feminists had been dedicated to fighting for equal rights and opportunities under the law and society. Second Wave feminists strove for socio-sexual freedom for women that matched that of men in middle-class society. But as the Third Wave began to crest, and scholars turned the ideologies of feminism on the developing world, the inequities within the movement began to show.

First and Second Wave feminists were looking to establish a firm beachhead in mainstream society, pushing professional boundaries and archaic social customs that often legitimately held women back from pursuing careers. While political in nature, the early Equity Feminists were also fairly practical. It was the First and Second Wave that got the symbolic and practical Title IX passed – and signed by Richard Nixon – establishing financial equity for women in collegiate sports, and lobbied successfully for liberalized divorce laws.

The Third Wave, the Gender Feminists, were bound and determined to establish that being born with a vagina was an *intrinsically political act*, and that masculinity was a threat not just to the rights of women, but *to the human race in general.*

Hailed as a fresh, avant-garde approach to the ideology, Third Wave feminists were at first welcomed by the First and Second Wavers . . . and then they started asking uncomfortable questions. Using feminism and anti-sexism as a pretext Gender Feminists began to attack masculinity itself, under a lot of different guises, heating up the Gender Wars significantly, if subtly at first.

After all, it's easy to generate outrage over an egregious violations of social law – rape, sexual harassment, blatant gender discrimination – but it's difficult to sustain that outrage long enough to enact policy. By institutionalizing the outrage, and adopting the memes and models of Marxism (the Marxists weren't really using them by that point, anyway) at the academic level, Gender Feminism began to co-opt revolutionary terms to describe their political position.

The capitalist oppressors of Marxism became the hated Patriarchy, the sinister secret plan to oppress all women, everywhere. The long-suffering workers and proletariat of Marxism became every woman, everywhere (and by extension other marginalized people – social and religious minorities, racial and ethnic groups, homosexuals).

And, most damning, that heterosexual human sexuality, as practiced in the West, is **inherently demeaning, oppressive, and coercive.**

It began with rape. Always a hot-button issue, there is no denying the difference in perspective the genders have on the subject. That's not to say one side is

“pro” rape and the other side is “con” – I think it’s safe to say that no sane person is “pro” rape.

But rape and sexual abuse exists in our society, and feminism was instrumental in bringing attention to the subject. Expanding the socially-accepted definition of rape to include not just violent, forced sexual assault but also the coercive pressure often put on young women during courtship gave the Gender Feminists the leverage they needed.

Date rape happens, and it’s a tragic thing. Calling it “date rape” is actually a misnomer. “Acquaintance rape” is more accurate, but the perpetrator can also be a stranger to the woman. The use of drugs and alcohol, coercive and threatening language and actions is often indicated. And every year there seems to be a new class of drug that’s even better for slipping into some unsuspecting girl’s (or boy’s) drink.

But that differing perspective on the subject often leads to misconstrued signals, poor communication, bad decisions and regrets that lead to the infamous “He Said, She Said” defense for an accusation of rape. After all, much of the “date rape” warning literature in the 1980s would have been seen as “rules of the road” just a generation before.

In 1985 getting a girl drunk enough to have sex with her was rape. In 1965 it was a typical Saturday night. The aggressiveness associated with male initiation of the sexual response was suddenly under an uncomfortable spotlight, and Gender Feminists were pushing hard to expand the freedoms of women and attack male sexuality at the same time.

Suddenly, a dude who didn’t totally withdraw after the first time a girl said “no” was a rapist. This was problematic, as token protest has been a staple of human heterosexual courtship since the invention of human language. Resistance, and overcoming resistance, is part of the mating dance. “No means no!” . . . unless it means “no . . . but give me a few more minutes”.

The problem is, most young men didn’t have the discrimination to determine the difference. In fact, most young women didn’t either. Ordinarily, it would have been a father’s job to instruct his sons in this sort of thing, but due to the scarcity of dads and the complexity of the subject (honestly, dads didn’t have a fucking clue how to handle it, either) the young men who came of age in the 1980s were

taught to consider themselves and every other man they new potential rapists and abusers.

Human courtship at the collegiate level became fraught with torment. The increasingly radical and militant tone of the Gender Feminists sent a deep chill out over the dating landscape. "No means no!" became a rallying cry for angry women, and dudes who would never, ever, ever consider such a foul act as rape were suddenly made to feel that mere possession of a penis made them 95% guilty.

If you were a dude and got an erection in the 1980s, you were scornfully considered part of "rape culture": "a societal attitude that delegitimizes sexual violence and predisposes people to excuse rapists."

Of course, when you redefine "sexual violence" to include anything that didn't come with a notarized consent form before-the-fact, that does make pretty much every sexually-active dude on campus a rapist. Expanding the definition of "date rape" to include instances where consent is "impossible" to give (after *any* alcohol has been consumed, for instance) or where the woman is never overtly threatened, but just "felt threatened", or even changed her mind about her consent after the fact made dating in the 80s an exercise in dangerous futility. Some radical elements even boldly suggested that all porn was rape, all heterosexual sex is rape, and marriage was nothing more than institutionalized rape.

It was around that time that men started getting fed up with the issue. The complex issues of consent and marriage and rape lured many into the pornworld. Others gave up on women entirely, and others decided to pursue a more traditional woman from a more traditional culture instead. Indeed, the number of expatriate brides in this country has skyrocketed.

Particularly with the rise of the STEM fields (Science, Technology, Engineering, Math), which remains as male-dominated as an NFL locker room, men who grew tired of the games Western women play started withdrawing as they became more successful. After all, why shop around for a future ex-wife in your local town when you have the entire globe at your feet?

As the internet and computer technology in general grew, many men in the STEM fields began making a lot of money. A few even became billionaires.

But a lot more of them decided to quit their jobs, buy a ticket overseas, and live out a life where masculinity is respected and their talents are valued, not despised.  They're the Men Going Their Own Way, and they might just be the way most men will go in the future.

**MGTOWs**

## Men Going Their Own Way




**Men right now are redefining what it means to be a man. It used to be that "being a man" meant you prepared yourself for marriage and fatherhood; and that in turn meant you prepared yourself for a lifetime of work. You went to college; learned a trade; got out of high school and just started working somewhere. That was what it meant to be a man. There's a lot of yelling at men to "man up" and Slumlord's posts are the latest version of it. It's just that men are starting to define for themselves what "man up" means to them. And I think more and more men's versions of "man up" do not look like Glenn Stanton's, or Mark Driscoll's, or their wives', or Churchianity.**

**I think also that a lot of women — married and single — are not going to like what the new version of "man up" is. Mostly, it will mean men doing what they want for themselves and their families, not what society or churches or pastors think they should do. It will mean more and more men foregoing marriage, leaving bad marriages, and finding alternative arrangements to traditional legal marriage.**

**-- DETI**

One strongly masculine archetype frequently touted as the be-all, end-all in

human machismo is the image of the cowboy. Rough. Tough. Independent. Mostly independent.

Cowboys represented the very closest to Nature a white man could get for the last five hundred years, the untamed land and the risks implicit in daily life in the 19th century West forging a stereotype of manliness unparalleled. Cowboys were manly men, who did manly things, and who almost never got married and stayed cowboys.

Strong independence has always been a masculine trait. There is a soulful sense of fulfillment when a man goes on a mission alone, and has no one but himself to rely upon to see to its completion. Once that mission was on behalf of mighty empires or mercantile concerns, but now in the 21st century a man has the choice to eschew the expectations of society and slip free of the bonds of its expectations of him.

But even when the challenge and mission have failed, there is dignity to be gleaned for men. To do your utmost and fail is not a masculine sin. To fail to do your utmost is. Either way, the mark of authentic masculinity is the unwillingness to blame others for the failure. So while you can consider the idea of the man who has "checked out" of societal expectations as a "failure", you can be certain that the men in question don't consider it as such.

Even the ones who have been ruthlessly battered by life and have retreated to the fringes of society don't usually consider their station in life to be the result of a loss as an experience with their personal weaknesses. Some even consider it a great victory. The man who is left jobless, divorced and estranged from his children may initially see his life as devastated, but if it leads him to cultivate a new passion for low-rent activities like surfing or fishing, then perhaps Fate has guided him rather that shitting on him.

But either way, the traditional response of men to such challenges is pretty straightforward.

What do boys traditionally do when they get bullied on the playground? If they meet a challenge and lose? They can either submit gracefully . . . or they can *pick up their ball and go home*. They can, in other words, **withdraw their participation from the activity** as a kind of final move.

When men met – and largely lost – the challenge from feminism, some capitulated into the Blue Pill mode of submission to female authority. Some stubbornly clung to the last vestiges of a patriarchy no longer adequate for the times. Some screwed everything in a skirt. Some responded angrily and politically and didn't get much attention. Most just stumbled around in a confused haze.

And a few just . . . *checked out.*

Seeing their future as planned by American society – college, job, dating, marriage, kids, family, separation, divorce, child support, lather, rinse, repeat – they have given the matter considerable thought and decided . . . *why the hell would I want to do* that *to myself?*

Meet the **Men Going Their Own Way** . . . the **MGTOW**s. They're a steadily growing sector of the Manosphere, and if that doesn't scare you ladies more than the PUAs, then you have your priorities screwed up.

While their political philosophies and their motivations vary widely, this diverse group of men have all made the decision to end their participation in American society according to the expectations given to them by that society. And first and foremost in their philosophy is a **strong discouragement against marriage** . . . particularly marriage to a career-oriented corporate feminist, or a batshit crazy divorce-happy flake.

That's not to say that these guys don't enjoy female companionship. Many of them are avid practitioners of Single Game. Many of them even have girlfriends. But they understand that while women control sex, men control commitment. And in the absence of good protections for their interests, they'd rather live a more solitary life free from the distractions of a bad marriage and a broken family.

MGTOW has sometimes been described by its detractors as " a lot like lesbian separatism, but for straight dudes ." In some forms it's a denial and a rebuke of Western consumer culture. Many **MGTOW** refuse to date "western women" and some try to avoid women altogether.

The first great MGTOW blog has to be ***Freedom Twenty-Five***, which tells the story of **Jonathan Frost**, an earnest young man of 25 who, after a moment of

epiphany, decided that pursuing a successful corporate career, wife and children in this climate just wasn't a good idea for him – or many men. So he ditched his well-paying corporate job and moved to the other side of the planet, to the Third World where he spent his time surfing and enjoying himself. And NOT paying alimony, child-support, divorce lawyers, or taxes.

And NOT getting married. At least not yet.

MGTOWs are the first real sign of a "marriage strike", the sort that has been long called-for by the MRM. Remember all of those disaffected youth that were the product of divorce and lackluster or absent fathering? That's where the MGTOW are coming from . . . and they aren't just a couple of college kids who ditched grad school to start their own surf shop. MGTOW is becoming a stronger and stronger social trend.

I include in this trend the life of my brother, Andy Ironwood. Andy is younger than I am, and what I do with words he does with wires and screws. He's a crackerjack mechanic and technician, and he can fix just about anything. He loves working with his hands and finds it fulfilling work. So he has a decent job as the senior head of maintenance at a major office building. Good, solid, decent, honest work with great job security and little hope of advancement or raise.

Unfortunately, this wasn't enough for my ex sister-in-law, who divorced poor Andy in an ill-conceived bit of hypergamy that went horribly awry . . . for *her*. Her would-be rescuer discovered her abject flakiness before the ink was dry on the divorce papers and she's living with her parents now. For Andy, after the pain and trouble and expense of a divorce, he's just not willing to even go back to the dating pool in a serious way.

Andy's quite a catch, in a working class sort of way. Great health, fairly muscular body, keen mind, witty sense of humor, healthy libido, and no major drug, alcohol, or mental-illness problems. He's strong, resolute, highly moral, pays his taxes, never cheated on his wife, loves music, is kind to children and dogs, and he flirts with old ladies just like his father.

But since he's unwilling to shoot for a higher-paying job, he doesn't fulfill most prospective brides' ideas about "success". It's not that he is incapable – he could segue into medical equipment repair and double his salary *overnight* – but that

he's unwilling. He's happy doing what he's doing. He enjoys working with his hands. He enjoys not being stressed out about work. He doesn't mind not being able to get a new car every year.

He's also an adept father, as my brilliant nephew attests. Andy's got some serious Alpha skills when it comes to keeping a strong-willed boy on track. He's often been the object of admiration amongst the single females in our community based on how he handles his son, alone. As well they should be.

Andy was designed and trained from birth to be an outstanding husband and father – he was two classes behind me. But despite the training, the temperament, and the natural talent, Andy is not planning on getting married again. He has **Gone His Own Way.**

There are plenty of others, too. Many of the PUAs have gone their own way – Roosh V. certainly has, and arguments can be made for the rest of them, too. By **rejecting the expectations of society and living according to their own interests**, the MGTOWs have effectively stuck their middle finger up at modern society.

Many of them have fallen "off the grid", living robust, itinerate lifestyles of aimless wandering, or settled their own modest shack way off the beaten path, to better commune with nature or practice a Buckskinner lifestyle. Some have fled to the wilds, and others have left the country for greener pastures. But they, like the main character of the 90s cult movie ***Office Space,*** just *stopped showing up to work.*

When the skills a reasonably-intelligent young man can get for a decent price at a local community college can command a big salary in, say, Manila or Jakarta or Tiblisi, and it can sustain him at a much higher standard of living, the allure of a crappy newlywed apartment, followed by a crappy divorcee's apartment just doesn't measure up in their minds. Just knowing and being able to teach English is enough for better-than-subsistence living in most places in the world.

There are places where men feel valued and appreciated, not condemned and derided. That's where the MGTOW go. MGTOW takes the view that the family and men's place within it in the West has been destroyed both structurally and ideally. With no more place for husbands and fathers, MGTOW is no less than **total male sovereignty.**

Much has been made of ***The Richer Sex***, the book by **Liza Mundy** examining the rise of the female executive and the diminishment of male workers in our culture. Women now make more than men in professional positions, and it's only when you factor in the millions of low-paying "pink collar" jobs that women's pay sinks lower than men's pay. Women, as feminists are proud to tout, have finally achieved something close to financial and economic parity with men. They have successfully competed with, and defeated, men in the workplace.

One can certainly look at that trend and decide that a resurgent, feminist professional class successfully usurped the male dominated professional world: more women in medical school means more female doctors. More women in law school mean more female lawyers. More women in business school mean more women in entrepreneurial pursuits and corporate jobs. Women are finally realizing the promise of industrial and post-industrial society, using their educations to do something other than attract a husband, and are really achieving now.

Of course, for every woman who got into college, a man did *not*.

For every woman who got an executive office, a man did not.

For every woman who successfully negotiated a six-figure salary, a man did not.

That may inspire pride in some feminists, but to a very, very large number of women, that actually inspires dread. Because while more women are being more successful, *the pool of potential husbands to which they can "marry up"* – better educated, more money – *is shrinking*.

Think of it this way: Say you live in a small village with fifty men and fifty women of various ages. Each generation has about ten members in it, so you have ten to twenty possible mates, going into this, depending on whether you are willing to marry outside of your age cohort. Let's say you aren't. So you have ten dudes to consider, and are in competition with all nine other women for them.

Now subtract one of those men because he's gay. Subtract another who is just too messed up in some way to marry – the least desirable and acceptable

possible mate for you, an Omega that no one wants. Assuming you subtract the same from the girls (no shortage of lesbians or Omegas amongst the womenfolk), you now have eight potential husbands and seven women you are competing with to get one of them.

Four of the guys just don't make enough money for the number of kids you want. That would be fine, if you could make enough money to fill the gap, but you really want the best possible father for your kids, so you focus on the top two guys in the group.

So do the rest of the women. So all eight women are competing for the attention of the top two males, while the rest of the males stand by and get impatient. Eventually, the top two will make their picks, you wouldn't have made the cut, and you could go on and make your best match out of the remaining six. It's not ideal, but Number 4 doesn't look too bad, and he does make decent money, and he seems . . .

Wait. What happened to Number 4? And Number 5 and Number 6? Imagine they dropped out and Went Their Own Way. Now it's *six* women competing for *three* men.

Three women *aren't going to have husbands*. And it's possible that none of them will have "desirable" husbands – that is, husbands more wealthy and powerful than *they* are. But that's what they're stuck with. They trade around a while, but eventually things settle into an equilibrium of mediocrity that leaves no one happy . . . except for numbers 4, 5, and 6, who are now getting mad play daily from drunken tourists vacationing at their bar in Cabo.

The Hypergamy cycle only works as long as men are a) willing to marry and b) financially able to marry. It also only works when you limit the supply of potential wives. But since the disincentives to wed are so profound for men, with marriage providing *no* real security or guarantee of a commitment, **women of marriageable age in this country are finding it increasingly difficult even to get a date, much less a husband.**

Men Going Their Own Way threatens the hypergamy cycle. If men stop marrying, or marry only once and then are done, then that decreases the pool of potential mates for 30-something women who are looking to segue their successful careers into a family. **If men stop trying to achieve and**

**demonstrate financial success, then women will indeed take more and more of the top jobs . . . before dying childless and alone.** And that's a trend that's happening, too.

It's difficult to quantify lack of ambition the way you quantify success. You can estimate how much money you will make this year – you cannot really estimate how much money you *could* have made. Therefore trying to figure out the "loss" of success among these men is impossible. But that doesn't mean that there isn't a trend, or that the trend isn't having an effect.

A friend of mine, Sid, dropped out of a successful, high-profile job at a pharmaceutical company to work for a third of his previous salary in a sports memorabilia shop. He also shed a wife along the way.

Sid was on the star-track in Big Pharma. He would have been in the mid six figures within a decade. But when he saw the direction his life was going, how hard he would have to work compared to how little satisfaction he would get, and how much his theoretical second wife would get in a divorce, Sid Went His Own Way.

He also invested in a VW Microbus which he raced around my house at 4 am in a drunken frenzy a couple of nights a week. Good times.

How many men have "dropped out" of the traditionally ambitious pathway that leads to marriage and fatherhood? It's impossible to say . . . but it's probably more than anyone realizes.

> "I was in Business School, grinding my way through three kinds of Economics classes, when I figured out just how much of my future potential income would go towards a wife", says Sam, a 32 year old boat builder who went his own way five years ago. "Then kids, through college. Then an ex-wife. Then a second wife – that's what the statistics said I had to look forward to. Half of all marriages end in divorce. Did I really want to bet $250,000 on whether or not some chick is going to flake out or not? Did I really want to invest $250,000 each in kids whose mother would teach them to hate me one day? And then I figured up how much I'd pay in taxes, to sustain that lifestyle. Almost enough to support another family. For the privilege of dying early of a heart attack in some office somewhere? *Fuck* that."

Instead Sam dropped out and headed for the beach, where he eventually ended up building custom boats. It's not glamorous work, or well-rewarding, but it pays for his house and his car, and he spends his days working a job he loves.

"My sisters keep asking if I'm lonely, if I'm ready to settle down yet. What the hell am I missing? I *have* settled down. I just didn't need a wife to do it." He did have a girlfriend for two years, who ended up leaving when he explained that he didn't want to marry, but he's just as happy playing the field. "I live at the beach," he explained with a grin. "Every weekend there's a new crop of women from the city desperate to get out in the sun and have an exotic, romantic fling. I get laid like Hugh Hefner," he confides.

For many MGTOW, it comes down to the indignity of "working for the benefit of a woman", either through marriage, divorce, or just high welfare-state supporting taxation. For many, it comes down to rejecting the expectations of masculinity in a culture that doesn't reward masculinity in the first place. So perhaps among the MGTOW, more than any other group in the Manosphere, the subject of "just what makes a man" is a serious matter.

Mostly, the MGTOWs don't want to have to define their masculinity according to feminine – or feminist—expectations of them. Men, they argue, are the *only* true judges of what constitutes masculinity. Just as feminism didn't solicit the advice of men when it redefined femininity in the 1960s and 1970s, the MGTOWs don't desire any input from women.

> "That's why despite getting a job and moving into his own place, a man is still thought of as a 'man-child' or having a 'peter pan syndrome'. The articles I've read just describe a 'man-child' as a man who isn't married with children, like men his age were decades before. Funny how it all comes down to *them* whining about *us* not doing what they want us to do,"

says William, another denizen of the Manosphere.

That image *disgusts* men in the MGTOW movement. If feminism implies that men and women are equal, they argue, and women can achieve like men in our society, **then the freedom to NOT achieve, marry, and breed must also be respected as a masculine prerogative.** Denigration of masculinity and

righteous screeds against men who have gone their own way is a sign that feminism is *not* about equal opportunity and equal achievement – *it's about what's in the best interests of women.*

By that token **MGTOW is about what is in the best interests of *Men.*** And the first part of that, some argue, is letting go of even the desire to *want* to please women. That's not hard, considering what they've been facing.

> "Men increasingly are realizing that they can't do anything right. Their masculinity is denigrated without mercy by a feminized society, and a feminized church all too often. Nothing they do is ever going to be "good enough". So why should they do anything, for anyone, if all that effort brings them is more shaming, screeching and "man UP" screeds from feminist harpies and their White Knight errand boys? The opposite of love is not hate. The opposite of love is *indifference*. Since the leaders of western civilization have decided that it should be impossible for an average man to ever earn any respect, from them or any woman, more and more men will react to those leaders [and women in general] with *indifference*."

A bitter-sounding condemnation to be sure – but then there are some *very* bitter men among the MGTOW. And rightly so. Many have been abused by the system they once enthusiastically supported. Some have been brutalized by women, either in relationships or in the workplace. And some just don't see a point in supporting the Welfare State that subsidizes single motherhood yet punishes fatherhood in all of its manifestations.

There is an overtly political bent to the MGTOWs, akin to that of Gender Feminists and feminist separatists. It's on the right wing side of the aisle, but no more radical in degree than those on the left who push for universal socialized medicine. Many tend toward libertarianism, and are naturally suspicious of government's interference with the private lives of its citizenry. Particularly in the realm of entitlements.

MGTOWs often see the modern Welfare State bureaucracy as actively anti-male, the government and courts as openly misandrous, and the laws purposefully structured against them. Their potential reward for more objective "success" is a higher tax penalty and lower respect, higher divorce rates and lower lifespans. Better to chuck it all and go fishing.

A common feminist criticism of the "Men's Rights Movement" (under which banner they lump all gender-identified straight male activists for men's issues) is that the oft-cited fact that masculinity is "in crisis" is somehow *wishful thinking*, or merely a sour-grapes attempt of a privileged class to cast themselves as victims to elicit sympathy.

Such criticism is disingenuous and biased. Even the briefest survey of popular culture will reveal that masculine archetypes have been under attack by the feminist establishment for *decades*, as feminism has tried to de-emphasize masculinity and redefine it around men. When the "traditional" ideal of masculinity arises, feminists are quick to label it *atavistic* and *backwards*:

> "Images of the conventionally rugged, super-independent, extra-strong macho man still circulate in popular culture. And as incitements for women to fulfill any role proliferate, conventional masculinity is increasingly exposed as tediously monolithic."
> http://www.theoryhead.com/gender/extract.htm

The "older tropes" of masculinity – emotional control, strength, resilience, tenacity – are constantly disparaged in feminist literature, and any unapologetic symbol of masculinity is attacked as regressive.

Thanks to the influence of Gender Feminism on popular culture, strong masculine role models were replaced with phony caricatures of masculinity from whose idiocy the day is saved only by the intervention of a clever wife.

Popular culture memes from the last thirty years demonstrate a dedication to cooperation over individual achievement, emotional communication over emotional control, asking for help instead of persevering, and giving up and declaring victory rather than actually achieving victory. Fair play and equality trumps achievement and success. Female *good*. Male *bad.*

Is it any surprise that a number of men who grew up with that subtextual message driven home constantly found little or no incentive to cooperate with women over the years, either professionally or personally? When given the choice between eternal frustration and solitary passions, an estrogen-light lifestyle might well be most palatable to them.

Instead of being incited to violence or activism, MGTOW are taking the

opportunity to simply vote with their feet. They're dropping out. They're taking their ball of potential success *and going home*.

That's pissing off an awful lot of women who think they should be working for *them* (or some other woman) instead. Ironic, considering that early feminists were the first to encourage men to break out of stereotypical gender roles and explore their lives in freedom.

**Only when feminists were thinking of men avoiding gender roles, they were imagining a nation of aproned househusbands . . . not a nation of masturbating dudes who view women as co-workers with vaginas, not co-partners in building a family.**

Male independence and liberation may not be what women *want* (as evidenced by the myriad of "man up" "child-man" type articles in mainstream news outlets) but it is certainly what they *asked* for. **"Men's Liberation" increasingly means liberation *from feminism* . . . and feminists don't like that *one bit.***

That's why this area of the Manosphere is so important to the others. The MGTOW blogs touch every aspect of the Manosphere, thanks to the inquisitive nature of men on a mission. As the MGTOW philosophy starts to pervade the greater masculine culture, it brings with it a freedom that many men truly do find liberating. They are perhaps closest to the "core" of the dirty snowball in spirit . . . if one of the dirtier parts of the snowball in practice.

Some voices within this area of the 'Sphere are openly anti-woman, justifying every impolite thing feminists have to say about them. Their bitterness is often justified by their circumstances – no one would blame a rape victim for being a little misandrous, or even racist if her trauma had a racial component. Similarly many of the men who have Gone Their Own Way have been severely wronged by women in their lives, and seek the lifestyle as a means of coping.

Some are apocalyptic, seeing the "fall of Man" to feminism a sure sign that Western Civilization is headed over a cliff . . . and unwilling to help avert the catastrophe. Some our adamant, thoughtful libertarians who see MGTOW as a validation of their political principals of individual freedom. Some are paranoid and delusional or just willfully ignorant.

And some just ask good, penetrating, inconveniently-truthful questions about the state of Manhood and masculinity and the motivations of feminism and the war

between the sexes in plain language anyone can understand. They have taken the Red Pill, it has opened their eyes to the plight of men, and they have recoiled in disgust and retreated into themselves.

Here, more than even in the MRA blogs, you find the appeal to masculine spirituality that surpasses divisions of race and class. Here you find the men who are experiencing the thrill of solitary masculine endeavors . . . free from the friction of feminism. Here you will also find the most spiritually wounded of the Manosphere, whether by heartache, rejection, or injustice. Men who consciously Go Their Own Way have often been hurt so badly that they divorce themselves (sometimes utterly) from the society they were raised from birth to serve.

If ***Fight Club*** is the anthem of the Puerarchy, the movie that best represents the MGTOWS has to be ***300***.

This love-letter to masculinity was based on comic book genius **Frank Miller's** retelling of the classic tale of warfare and sacrifice, the amazing story of how 300 Spartan warriors slew thousands of Persians in the tight quarters of Thermopylae, buying the rest of Greek Civilization the time needed to organize a defense. **King Leonidas** (**Gerard Butler**) and his men epitomize the ancient male virtues as they march bravely to certain death and eternal glory in defiance of wicked **Emperor Xerxes** (**Rodrigo Santaro**).

***300*** raised an outcry because it was viewed as "anti-Persian", but the fact is that men didn't leave the movie theater thinking that they needed to go bomb Tehran in revenge for Thermopylae. They left and hit the gym. *Hard.* ***300*** had to be responsible for more gym memberships in 2006 than any other factor.

The movie had a profound effect on men, in particular. Here laid out before your eyes were men of bronze and iron, chiseled specimens who had been forged into the purest human weapons by their culture and situation. Here were men who lived to die bravely in battle, and women who saw such masculine attributes as noble and worthy of great respect.

There have been plenty of war movies, but it's rare to have a war movie in which the soldiers are portrayed as fathers. Yet ***300*** rekindled the passion in men to grab their own destiny and seek out their dads for wisdom and counsel – unapologetically. When King Leonidas plays rough with his son, it's a gesture of love, not abuse. When he marches away from his wife for the last time, it is a gesture of love, not abandonment. ***300*** demonstrated the masculine virtue men

prize perhaps above all else: **the willingness to let our actions speak for us.**

In the MGTOW community, it was like crack.

It is within the MGTOW, even more than the OMGs (Old Married Guys, ahead) that you find the most romantics, in the Jack London tradition. Men who hunt wild boar with arrows, surf the wildest waves, explore remote wildernesses, work with wild animals. Men Who Go Their Own Way may reject the expectations of society, but oftentimes the result is to **raise expectations on their personal life.** Winning the regatta isn't important anymore – sailing around the world by yourself is.

Even amongst those MGTOWs who don't hacky-sack on the edge of live volcanoes for fun there is an embrace of their lifestyle as the natural one for the 21st century male. Just as feminism argues that industrialization and housekeeping technologies compel women to give up the role of housewife and pursue careers to ensure their long-term security, MGTOWs argues that 21st century technologies that allow a man a simpler and simpler lifestyle that encourages the self-reliance that is its own form of long-term security. In a world that contains a 72 inch screen LCD TV for under a paycheck, after all, why slave away to pay for an elaborate house to put around it?

Feminists have voiced undisguised scorn and disgust at the movement, which they usually see as purely misogynist and hateful. But that doesn't mean they're worried about the MGTOW. Indeed, feminists barely acknowledge them. Which is unfortunate, because these single working men were once the bedrock of the taxpayers in the West. Now that more men are ceding the corporate world to feminism and dropping out, that burden will lie increasingly on young single *women* . . . and older single women, of which there are a plentitude.

If the feminist establishment isn't aware of it, the MGTOWs certainly are. But MGTOWs aren't what feminism should be worried about. They *should* be worried about the **Puerarchy.**

# The Rise Of The Puerarchy



**The Puerarchy**, for those who are new to the term, is a Manosphere term-of-art used to describe the phenomenon most recently called out as *"Extended Adolescence"* (as this harsh assessment of the group by the Guardian Angels, of all people, points out): **the tendency for young men to spend a decade or so getting drunk, high, laid, and wiped out from video game exhaustion and porn marathons instead of applying nose to grindstone, getting a college education that will allow them to support their future ex-wives.**

It's perplexing for feminists because it means the pool of "acceptable" men for marriage and procreation (and productive taxpaying to support the welfare state) is *drying up*. It's perplexing for conservatives in the Manosphere because the Puerarchy seems to be thumbing its nose as traditional Conservative values of hard work and ambition, while freely succumbing to the pleasures of the flesh and the decadence of the West that TradCons shun.

*No one* seems to like these guys – the Left condemns them as slacking losers who won't grow up, and the Right condemns them as dope-smoking losers who won't grow up.

At last, *consensus!*

The Puerarchy (from the Latin *puer*, boy) is what happens when feminism is the primary social force in our society. Feminism had fought hard against the

institutionalized sexism of the Patriarchy . . . but it didn't realize that when you take away the fathers from "rule by fathers", you don't get a bunch of men who act like women. You get a bunch of raunchy, unruly boys who, eventually, utterly rejected feminism's lofty goal of a sexism-free society . . . because, quite honestly, there wasn't any room for them in it.

But without the ordering influence of a strong father figure in their lives, these boys not only failed to develop the traditional masculine disciplines that had turned adolescent boys into responsible members of society for centuries, they ended up being lukewarm at best to their mother's ideals about feminism. Or even outright scornful. The men – boys – Guys who make up the Puerarchy rarely think about feminism, but when they do, they don't think kindly about it.

Then again, feminism has never thought particularly kindly about them, either.

If you had to pinpoint a particular cultural moment as the birthplace of the Puerarchy, you could do worse than select the 1979 movie ***Porky's***.

***Porky's*** is the timeless tale of a group of young boys, desperate to lose their virginity, who attempt to patronize the floating whorehouse known as Porky's. Porky, a Jabba-like figure with a Confederate decorator, isn't amused by the under-aged teens. Hilarity ensues.

***Porky's*** was an exercise in pure juvenile raunch. After a decade of hypercautious treatment of women, gender relations, and sexuality in general, ***Porky's*** was the first tangible sign that the high-minded ideals of feminism weren't *completely* taking hold in society at large.

Set decades in the past, in a different age where such lowbrow treatment of women and sexuality was normal, the hormone-laden adventure into manhood dwarfed the tepid treatment to the matter that The Graduate had presented a generation before. ***Porky's*** was the first of the great Teenage Sex Comedies in our culture.

The feminist response was swift and sure. ***Porky's*** represented everything about men and sexism that feminism despised. It objectified women, treating them as objects of lust and vehicles of male desire. "Disgusting!" was a typical review.

***Porky's*** treatment of women – and the role they played in the sexual

development of young, adolescent males – was *exactly* the sort of thing that feminism had set out to destroy in the culture at large. There could be no equality while such trash infected the popular mind. That was the message that erupted in response to the film.

Their cause wasn't helped by the fact that ***Porky's*** was funny as *hell.*

And popular. ***Porky's*** was the first major film disrespecting women by treating them openly as sex objects that had exploded in popularity since the feminist age began. Dudes *dug* it. It was a fresh and refreshing break from such icons of masculine mediocrity as ***Smokey and the Bandit***. Hot Florida hookers, dick jokes, and raunchy sex humor was just more appealing to the male mind than the idea of **Burt Reynolds** tapping that hot **Sally Field** ass in a mutually fulfilling and meaningful relationship. Go figure.

***Porky's*** was the first stirring of the dormant adolescent male response to feminism: **the Puerarchy.**

Women's sexual cues and reactions were becoming unpredictable, and the popular wisdom on the age old question of *"what do women want?"* began to change on a daily basis.

Women want to be respected at work. Women wanted to be valued for their contributions. A woman wanted a man who was willing to share in domestic responsibilities without shame. A woman wanted a man who valued time with the children and took a more active role in parenting. Women wanted to be empowered to challenge male-dominated paradigms.

And in no other place did feminist ideology hit men more than in the sexual arena. Women were out there, sexy and independent and experimental . . . but they were also suddenly *dangerous* creatures.

A woman could complain about sexual harassment if you commented on her appearance. A woman could garner moral outrage and cause social ostracization if you made an unwanted sexual advance toward her. Hold open a door as a courteous gesture, get labeled a chauvinist. Tell a dirty joke in the break room and get labeled a sexist. Talk about your sex life and you were creating an unfriendly working environment.

Not only had women become co-workers, but competitors for jobs and promotions. And at home, young wives were being filled with a vague sense of unease and anxiety of their relationships with their husbands were not "fulfilling", or if their husband wasn't a good communicator. One argument too many . . . and it was divorce court and starting over.

Custody and support policies made picking up your kids and moving to California or another community property state to get a divorce and start over far easier than it had been a decade before. Bad personal decisions in the 1960s led to such re-launches throughout the 1970s and 1980s. And instead of attempting to work things out, with the expectation that the commitment to marriage would provide impetus to meaningful compromise, more and more women were simply filing for divorce, finding a new, better man than they began with, and starting over. The 1970s was the Great Age of Hypergamy.

In that vacuum popular culture provided their instruction, and popular culture said that women wanted *sensitive, caring* men who could cry, change diapers, and do laundry – everything their dads had refused to do as unmasculine and overly feminine. But if there is anything that will force a man to redefine his masculinity, it's the prospect of pussy.

Men in the 1970s who wanted to see their relationships survive the divorce frenzy gave their wives what they said they wanted**: the perfect BETA male.**

They stepped back from their traditional role of strong father and instead allowed their wives to lead, or maintained the polite fiction that there was an equal balance of power within the relationship. Faced with the constant threat of divorce, these BETA men went to tremendous lengths to appease the more and more angry-seeming feminists and the affect they had on their wives and girlfriends.

Feminism got its fondest wish. Fathers were made redundant or optional. The Patriarchy was, for all intents and purposes, forever broken around the same time Nixon resigned. For one brief shining moment it looked as if history was on the side of feminism, as they got virtually every major policy changed that they desired while men lost out in both the zero-sum and the non-zero-sum sides of the equation.

But feminism's stated goal of a non-violent world of feminized men and

powerful, masculinized women had miscalculated about something *very* vital. Passing on the glory of womanhood to a new generation of empowered, motivated young women was fairly straightforward. But despite all the gender-neutral rhetoric and de-emphasis on traditionally masculine memes such as toy guns and tanks and trucks and soldiers, the young sons of this wave of feminists did *not*, on the whole, become the sterling paragons of female-worshipping virtue their mothers had tried to shape them into.

Because when you take away Rule By The Fathers you get a bunch of drunken punks scheming to avoid the judgment of their mothers. A bunch of dudes whose highest goals involve sex and recreation, not performance and achievement. If Patriarchy is the rule by the fathers, Puerarchy is Rule By Boys. Not men. *Boys*. Big, legally adult, binge-drinking chronically masturbating boys.

Boys are *not* Men. When confronted with a challenge, instead of confronting it head-on boys *avoid i*t if at all possible. Just watch a group of twelve-year old boys with a job they don't want to do. They'll spend far more energy avoiding the job than they ever would have if they just did it – but that's how boys behave.

Unfortunately, feminists don't believe that. Indeed, when they think of them at all, feminists have a lot of gross misconceptions about boys, and how to rear them. A recent blog posting on "**Raising Sons To Respect Women"** by **Kasey Edwards** (the "best selling author of four books" that no one has ever heard of) include these emasculating factors:

1. Don't let them watch porn
2. Make them do housework
3. Don't let them look at women or say anything about women that isn't glowing with praise
4. Discourage them from stereotypical masculine endeavors that encourage their boyhood and gender identification with men
5. Make them cry because if it's good for girls, it's good for boys
6. Enforce the new paradigm by forcing the boy's father (if any, if present) to conform to the above to 'set a good example".

Of course, #6 is *horribly* ironic. Fathers are needed to raise good feminist boys . . . but only to provide an example of how a proper pussy should act. It isn't

really much of a problem, however, because in most feminist households a father figure is impotent and estranged, if present at all. Indeed, feminism doesn't even see the advantages of a father who can't submit to the greater feminist meme – better to let the boy grow into adulthood learning how to be a man from women.

The problem is that the theory that a patient, loving, and understanding feminist *mother* could substitute adequately for the influence of a *father* was tested millions of times in America during the Great Age of Hypergamy.

The idea was that if a boy grew up with a strong enough *maternal* influence and away from the poisoning influence of the Patriarchy (represented by his father or any other strong, straight male) he would grow into a strong but deferent, non-violent young man who was respectful to women to a fault. After all, feminist theory ran, men carried the cultural taint of the Patriarchy – if they kept their boys apart from them then they wouldn't grow up to be assholes like their forebears.

In *theory*.

I think we all see how that turned out. While there are plenty of success stories, they were far from typical and represented the exceptions, not the rule. More typically a woman confronted with a testosterone-poisoned adolescent male who suddenly realizes he's bigger and stronger than his mother becomes a common thread in the narratives of single-mother households with sons.

A succession of tepid boyfriends and pussywhipped stepfathers had little influence on such a boy. He'd been trained from birth to fear *women*, not men. Men, he was taught, were things to be loathed and ashamed of.

And then he suddenly *became* one of those shameful, loathsome men, and everything just sort of goes to hell after that.

The degree to which a boy rebels in adolescence varies from individual to individual, of course, but the *usual* (pre-feminist) scenario was this surge of testosterone was recognized for what it is by the fathers of the community (Dad, uncles, grandfathers) and the ancient rites of manhood were conducted to deal with it. The exact method of their rite may have changed over history and culture, but the essentials are the same.

In Sparta they dealt with it by abandoning boys to violent packs haunting the wilderness at seven, where they spent fourteen years in the most savage puerarchy in history before becoming the most feared and deadly pre-industrial infantry in history.

In my grandfather's time, it was customary to deal with rebellion first by *beating the shit* out of the rebellious teen and then (in some cases) taking him to a whorehouse to lose his virginity properly. Then the expectations and responsibilities of manhood were taught to him, until he came of age and was ready to be his own man. In my grandfather's day it was not unusual for a sixteen year old to leave home and have a wife and kids and a job or business by the time he was old enough to vote.

These days . . . *not so much*. If you can get a sixteen year old boy to explain his life plans, if he mentions something other than World of Warcraft, clandestine porn or disc golf, you have a real prize on your hands. Mostly he just wants to entertain himself, whack off, and not be bothered. Especially by his mom.

Absent fathers can't confront the rebellion of boys. As every culture has realized, when it comes to adolescence you can only conquer testosterone with more testosterone. The young primate makes a big deal out of how strong he is, the older primates demonstrate that he's not so strong, and thus cowed he takes his proper place among the most junior adults.

But mothers, especially *feminist* mothers who believed in non-violence and reason and sharing of feelings in the face of aggression . . . they were pretty much helpless.

Because, as a whole generation of single moms realized to their horror, boys really *will* be boys. You can't teach it out of them. You can make them ineffective, spineless caricatures of adult males, but you cannot make them *men* . . . and you cannot coerce them into respecting women when they don't even respect themselves.

As a wave of feminist-oriented teachers hit public schools in the 1970s, boys were a problem. Always looming over girls at the top of test scores, always dominating classroom discussions, always taking the lead and pushing girls out of the way. That irritated the feminist sensitivities and the hurt feelings of those teachers, and before you knew it, they were restructuring education around the

whole idea of promoting girls' achievements, whether they warranted it or not.

Poor math scores among girls were due to the "overbearing" nature of boys in the classroom and a system that discouraged girls from serious academics. So to counter this, regulations and customs were implemented that slowly but surely took away the apparent advantages that boys unfairly had.

Indeed, the educational establishment by about 1982 had firmly bought into the "boys are trouble" meme. The plethora of growing boys who were living without any paternal influence at all was not considered a factor – clearly popular culture was the culprit, if there wasn't a convenient father to blame. Or perhaps it was just because boys were inherently fucked up.

That's when you started hearing about ADD and other such issues in the 1970s and 1980s– not because they didn't *exist* before, but because a whole generation of boys had grown up without strong masculine guidance, and like boys everywhere they were pushing the boundaries of what they could get away with.

As fearful as they were of their mothers, that fear wasn't enough to change their puerile activity more than concealing it better, at best. Single moms flooded school counselors as their adolescent boys acted out, sometimes violently. *Is there any medical reason for this?* they demanded.

The counselors had an answer: call them 'hyperactive', drug them into a stupor, and then push little Susie like HELL while little Johnny is in Detention. There was even a point where school counselors were more-or-less empowered to make the diagnosis and recommend treatment.

But while clinical ADD *can* be successfully treated with amphetamines, the fact was that **there is no medical treatment for male adolescence** no matter how badly their mothers wanted it.

Like it or not, feminism had built the Puerarchy. They just hadn't realized it yet.

From the boys' perspective, there wasn't much incentive to "grow up". The prospect of getting older, getting a job, and marrying a girl *just like dear old mom* terrified these lost boys.

The respect for women that their mothers had tried to instill in them using fear,

persuasion, rejection and big steaming piles of shame often turned instead to open contempt and disdain to the boys. If the best he could hope for was to grow up and end up like his Dad – wherever the hell he was, whomever the hell he was – then these dudes didn't want to have anything to do with that. Drugs and alcohol were constant lures away from their bleak future. Stepfathers had no respect and no authority compared to Mom – she terrified him, too. School was an extension of the matronly control mechanism.

It was even worse in the African American community. With a skyrocketing incarceration and murder rate, an entire generation of fathers was wholly absent from the lives of their sons. In one black family I grew up near in the South in the 1980s, of five brothers only one had escaped jail or murder. But they had a bunch of kids in between incarcerations.

And when those boys – my contemporaries – grew up, they had even fewer paternal resources. Adulthood to many of my working-class male African American friends meant screwing as many bitches as possible and living large until they went – inevitably – to prison or to the cemetery.

There were very few places for single mothers to turn, back in the 1980s, and most answers were unpalatable to feminists raising boys. The other avenues of raising a boy to manhood – the military and Boy Scouts – had been under constant ideological attack from feminism since the Anti-War movement. They were ***tools of the Patriarchy***, after all, and their boys had to be protected *from* that.

At a certain point in most of these boys' lives, there was a confrontation with their mom, often with the participation of another adult. Sometimes several. It might have been a formal Intervention, a screaming-and-yelling match, a guidance counselor visit, a meeting with a pastor, or just an increasing silence and alienation. There comes a time when the boy looks at his mother not with fear or respect, but with disdain and contempt over both her impotency and her total lack of understanding of what it is to be male.

The Puerarchy was filled with disdain – they had watched their mothers make one horrific personal mistake after another, and seen what happened to their fathers. How could they not feel contempt? When the boys realized that their mothers didn't have any real power over them (or they decided to ride it out until they graduated), they didn't bother to confront their issues, man-style.

They avoided them. They took the route that boys traditionally take under stress. They went *subversive*. They became true Puerarchs.

***Porky's*** was the beginning of that subversive movement, the point where the first generation of the Divorce Boom realized that being respectful to women and not staring at their boobs (or even expressing sexual interest) wasn't the only approach to life. There was sex and booze and weed and, later, porn. By the 1980s there were videogames and in the 1990s, computers. By 2000, the Internet was here and it was all over. ***Porky's*** had gone mainstream.

Mom didn't usually know about half the shit their darling little delinquents got into, and the boys did a pretty decent job of hiding things. Their mothers, terrified what they might find if they looked too closely, either attempted to institute harsh controls over their sons or rationalized any odd behavior as a mark of their son's "specialness".

But the subversive wave was starting to build. 1982 was a watershed year. After ***Porky's*** there came other signs that the feminist message hadn't taken root in their sons. Movies glamorizing "puerile" behavior, including ***Fast Times At Ridgemont High, Risky Business, Police Academy, Bachelor Party*** . . . these early 80s "raunch" movies were extremely popular with the developing Puerarchy in the throes of rebellious adolescence. They represented a world where dudes got drunk and got laid and *nobody's mother bitched about it.*

A good number of these guys were already drifting, the casualties of divorce and relocation. They were weekend kids, shuttled from one house to the other on the weekends. Or raised by grandparents or aunts and uncles while their parents tried to sort out their crap. They were raised on cable TV and VHS tapes. Your life is ruled by your mom, and your dad . . . well, he's going to have a new wife soon. Even if your own parents were together, they were the minority in most neighborhoods, and they almost always had serious problems.

The Puerarchy's ideas of marriage, family, love and sex were horribly skewed by their personal experience, which had shown them the bitter reality of life during the Sexual Revolution. While their sisters were being praised for every minor achievement, *they* were blamed for aping the stupid antics from television and movies that had been their *only real guidance into male maturity*.

As the years went by, and the divorce rate climbed to near 50%, *happily* married couples became as rare as Full Service gas stations. Cynicism and irony became a way of life as step-siblings and step-parents came and went. The string of **John Hughes** films about the screwy sexual misadventures teens in a safely-white upper-middle class upper-Midwest neighborhood was a ***Brady Bunch*** standard by which their own personal horrors were measured. "Family" itself became ironic.

In the African American community, things were even worse. Divorce and abandonment and single mothers, incarceration and murder, easy access to drugs and guns made the once-hallowed working-class family structure that had sustained the black community through slavery and integration into a shattered network of aunts and grandmothers and sisters bravely trying to keep the family together against the violent tides of chaos.

Even as the black middle class was growing strong and finding the same challenges to marriage the rest of the middle class was, chaos and violence could all to easily find their way home. The statistical future for poor black boys was abysmal in the 1980s, and the defiant, militant attitude of the strong mothers in their lives made becoming a black man in the 1980s a challenging proposition.

Things could have been unbearable, if there hadn't been fantasy escapism to retreat to. Comic books. ***Star Wars. Raiders of the Lost Ark. Star Trek.*** Cartoons. ***Dungeons and Dragons***. Atari video games. And computers.

Computers most of all.

Things could have gotten *totally* out of hand if we didn't have computers.

Especially computers that could *talk to each other*. In 1988 I got a job at the prestigious public university in the Office of Information Technology doing some data entry on a grant. That's where a mystical Welsh-descended poet in charge of my work-study job introduced me to the terms Internet, Hyper-text, DARPA, e-mail, and the World Wide Web.

It took me a couple of days to figure out the implications, but at that point I was writing science fiction and I knew about all that ***Star Trek*** stuff and Oh My God, *was that the world just changing?*

Why yes, yes it *was.*

Late in December 1989, shamelessly killing time wandering the very tiny World Wide Web, I chanced across a series of usenet newsgroups called the alts. As in *alt.sex*, *alt.sex.stories*, and *alt.sex.pictures*. I of course *had* to jump on that last one.

It took an hour and a half with our blistering fast modem connection, but in 1989 I got to download a file onto the workstation to see a picture of a chick's bare boobs and a good 50% of her bush . . . *for free over the internet.*

*All* the cool kids were doing it. First the techy-geeks and science nerds, but soon even the liberal-arts majors were getting in on it. *It was just too darn fun.* There was talk of even letting *any* student who wanted one get a university-sponsored email address. A few weeks earlier, I had met my girlfriend in a chat session on the local campus intranet.

Oh My God. The world just changed *again.* And our moms had *no idea* what was about to happen.

Thanks to the internet and great examples like ***Revenge of the Nerds*** and ***House Party*** to aspire to, sneaking your dad's pornos became *passé.* If you *really* wanted action (and you didn't know an action-inclined girl) then you got a computer for Christmas from your guilty Dad and started an email account "for school" and you started, pretty much from the beginning, to *look for porn.*

You knew it was out there. You heard about it. Other dudes gave you hints and codes on the sly. And it didn't take long to find out *where* to get it. This was back when it was technically illegal (and certainly against the spirit of academic freedom the founding fathers of the Internet had in mind) to use a DARPA-created, government-run computer network to transfer a lurid photo of two cheerleaders exploring the love only two teenage cheerleaders can.

Just pictures, at first, but it wasn't long before the video formats stabilized and you could get small, 10-15 second clips that actually showed four or five repetitive thrusts.

But if you put it on endless loop, it was enough to whack to.

We knew that we were violating everything our self-righteous, feminist-encrusted mothers stood for about respecting women and not objectifying girls and how porn was evil . . . even though they, themselves were going through a *wildly* experimental phase with vibrating toys and video porn. Their hypocrisy made the rebellion of internet porn all the richer.

The Puerarchy thrives on subversion, and passive-aggressive rebellion was our specialty. Besides, getting it on the computer was just easier because hey, your mom would never guess that 85204729.jpg was that one with the really big tits in the convertible it took you a day and a half to download at night, when no one else was using the phone lines. And after all that work . . . by God, you *earned* that blissful orgasm.

But the thought of millions of young men beatifically whacking their evil penises at home to the images of women was a thought-crime that could not be borne by the feminist establishment. With the welfare of girls firmly in mind, it took on the evil specter of pornography and sought to deal a permanent blow to it (and male sexuality in general) through a series of legislative initiatives that, alas, kept coming up short.

You see, by the time a law would get close to getting passed on the subject, the technology would change so radically that the legislation was outdated. Go back and read the **Digital Millennium Copyright Act** for such quaint language. Most of the early attempts only targeted pictures, the power of online video yet undreamt of.

The fact was, the dudes of the Puerarchy weren't going to get rid of their porn – because it was far, *far* better than actually dealing with the pushy, entitled, and prone-to-lawsuits women their own age. In the Olden Days a dude might have to take a girl out on up to six or seven expensive dates before he got anywhere. Even in the age of early loss of virginity and eager sexual experimentation, once you got past the actual orgasm part of the agenda the rest was pretty unfulfilling for a dude. So good porn beat a bad girlfriend nine times out of ten.

But porn wasn't just restricted to the Puerarchy – our *dads* were watching it, too, with increasing frequency. And that was a problem, because while some of them were sharing it with our moms and enjoying a good married sex life with some bells and whistles, other dads, the frustrated Betas and mild-mannered Gammas and Deltas who had been fed a subsistence-level of sex for years, just plain went

*nuts*.

Porn was the evil specter that loomed over marriage in the 1980s. The ubiquity of VHS made getting new XXX movies as easy as going to the back room of your local video store. And when a married man is faced with a choice of kissing his wife's ass for a week for a mediocre lay on Saturday night (providing he'd been good and not pissed her off) or whacking off six times to ***Lusty Busty Sluts***, the choice became obvious.

Masturbation became preferable to jumping through the hoops your 1980s, feminist-tinted wife put up for you to have sex with her. And she had to have those hoops there – to do otherwise was to cede sexual control of the relationship to her husband, and that wasn't something any woman, much less any feminist, was eager to do.

Eventually the wives started to notice that. It was hard not to – when your sexual power evaporates that quickly, everyone starts to notice it. And wives panicked – but instead of lowering the bar on sex and trying to meet their husbands halfway, they freaked out and tried to turn masturbation into sociopathic illness.

Porn was disease, was the message. Watching it killed desire, ruined marriages, and was tantamount to infidelity, according to the feminine consensus of the time. Feminism backed that play strongly, save for a few "sex positive" women ahead of their time who saw traditional female sexual power as a good thing.

One of the main complaints against the porn industry (and at that point, it really started to be an industry) at the time, besides the usual moral indictment for "exploiting and objectifying women", was that exposure to porn gave men "unreasonable expectations" about their sex lives.

In other words, it made women *work too hard.*

These "unreasonable expectations" included oral and anal sex, exhibitionism, voyeurism, and exposure to pretty young girls with big fake boobs. These weren't "real" women, feminism argued; these were caricatures of real women that didn't exist in real life.

And no, just because those pornstars insisted that they *were* real people didn't

matter – **the fact was that men who watched porn in the 1980s were no longer satisfied with starfish sex (where a woman merely lies there like a starfish while her mate has sex with her, with little movement and devoid of passion).**

They wanted *blowjobs*. They wanted *anal sex*. They wanted wild times with happy feminine chicks who really, *really* loved getting screwed. They wanted to feel master of their universe, not the foil in a bad television sitcom. Compared to the disapproving, antisex and anti-male women they were often married to, video porn was like a glimpse into a strange and wonderful world of male sexuality . . . and the fact that women were generally against it made it that much more alluring.

1980s VHS porn represented a departure from the place of porn in our society. Until about 1977 or so, almost all the porn in America was consumed in less than 1000 theaters and "bookstores" spread out across the country in non-descript, often unmarked buildings. Usually these places were a haven for clandestine gay hookups, scaring off many of the more mainstream customers.

But once VHS brought porn into virtually every local convenience store, it suddenly became, if not respectable, at least common for a dude to grab a movie or two to fill his idle hours without feeling like a criminal or a pervert.

That was, in its way, as liberating to straight men as the Stonewall Riots had been for gay men. Having access to any kind of sex without going through the gatekeepers of poon, their wives, freed men from the sexual stranglehold 1980s wives imposed on them. While the 1970s had been the unabashed Golden Age of Hypergamy, the 1980s became the Golden Age of Whacking Off. And while radical feminists like **Andrea Dworkin** went into a tizzy, declaring ALL heterosexual sex as fundamentally "rape", the newly-powerful Religious Right did its best to demonize porn from a purely moral standpoint.

Dudes tended to ignore both of them and continued whacking off.

That kind of passive-aggressive resistance to feminine authority wasn't exactly revolutionary, but it was important. Porn represented an escape from judgment and rejection. Your wife might have a perpetual headache . . . but Amber Reynolds never did. And her tits were better, too. AND she did anal. She was awake and willing 24/7, and you could rewind to the best parts over and over

again without her getting tired or complaining. How was that not a bad thing for men?

Wives were frustrated – how could they compete with the perfect bodies of young girls? How could they keep their husbands "attracted" to them and away from the "other woman" of porn? For a few, the answer was to up their game, break down and learn a few things and keep their marriages functional. Some even went so far as to be conciliatory about the whole thing, and abandon some of the worst elements of feminism in favor of happier unions.

But most . . . most of the irate women who discovered their hubby's secret stash of video tapes retreated to name-calling, shaming, and emotional blackmail. Where it worked, their dudes got rid of their porn (yeah, right) and fell back into BETA mode. Where it didn't . . . well, divorce was always an option, and "porn addiction", while not a medical diagnosis, was a devastating enough charge in a divorce to compel a lucrative settlement.

They weren't entirely wrong. Porn did "destroy marriages" by bringing "unfair" competition into the bedroom. Women who weren't willing to do the same thing as the porn stars were doing with frightening regularity ended up sexually estranged from their husbands, who could have their desires filled in fantasy while they became increasingly disenchanted with the reality.

To their wives, it was a seemingly impossible task -- they were competing with another woman who *wasn't really there* – one who didn't fart or nag or bitch about her girlfriends. So the only reasonable thing to do was, of course, shame their men about their sexual urges and convince them to appreciate their meager offerings and treat them as highest art.

That didn't scare dudes away from porn. You can't un-see an interracial double-penetration, for instance. But the objections of those wives just made it a more attractive alternative. For the first time in a long time, men had some sort of leverage in the bedroom. A man could increase his sexual education and enjoyment, explore his own sensuality, and his wife didn't have to be involved at all. That in and of itself was enough to inspire dread in their wives.

Of course some who went into the alluring world of fake boobs and eager pussies never came back to their wives. Once these men saw the possibilities, they took advantage of the same liberal divorce laws and went in search of a

sexual nirvana not even the specter of HIV could cloud. Or, if a dude had crappy Game in high school and had become discouraged from pursuing a real relationship with a woman, porn offered an alternative worthy of consideration.

Sure, it didn't fill your heart with the emotional bounty a relationship could . . . but look at the unpalatable alternative.

The Puerarchy is usually divided into "cads and losers", **with the majority of eligible women all competing for the relatively small pool of natural Alphas – "cads" who are dipping their wicks like it's on sale at half price.**

The rest of the pool – the Beta, Delta and Gamma "losers" who are running lame Game and getting laid only by chance or circumstance, are blindly competing for the 85% of women who *can't* manage to end up in an Alpha harem.

Those "losers" are the Puerarchy, the subversive chorus of socially-antagonistic "extended adolescents", the Lost Boys who can't or won't go fully into a mature Manhood. The guys who made **Vin Diesel** and *Grand Theft Auto* household words.

They're the dudes who are still hitting the clubs looking to get laid when they're in their mid to late 20s, or older. Some "guys" never quite leave the Puerarchy. They just keep going back to the clubs and running their Game on the next generation of young women. When it came down to a choice between porn or pursuing a relationship, porn often won out. And if porn won out, the dude was, whether he knew it or not, on his way to the Puerarchy.

If one had to come up with a working definition of a Puerarch, it would be a man who, usually without being conscious of it, has rejected the social expectations usually reserved for mature males in our society in favor of an extended adolescence spent catering to their own selfish pleasure.

By definition a Puerarch has *not* moved on to full male maturity. Although he has left childhood far behind, he is nowhere near real manhood. Nor do I reserve marriage-and-family as the only acceptable standard for real manhood – the Puerarchs lack the thoughtful deliberation of the MGTOWs. They're just here to get high, get laid, and have a good time, not establish a new masculine paradigm.

Along with porn, a staple of the Puerarchy the feminist did not anticipate were videogames. Starting with the simplistic electronic console game of Pong, the rapidly-evolving generations of video games spawned huge industries and employed thousands. Since most of the gamers were male, it's not surprising that most of the game content was "male-oriented": violent, gory, and sometimes overtly sexual. And dudes ate it up.

While not a vice of our fathers, videogames provided hundreds of hours of masculine therapy, effectively giving us a simulation of the hunter-gatherer skills we men have largely lost and lament. "First Person Shooters" were particularly popular – and an epitome of "male orientation". Needless to say, women in general and feminists in particular hated these games with a passion.

When you tried to ask women in the 1980s and early 1990s about videogames, their views were almost universally negative. Even "educational" games, devoid of objectionable content, were suspiciously viewed as time-sinks. While a small minority of women played, the industry was and continues to be predominantly male-run and male-played.

A little investigation at the time made it easy to see the objection to Junior playing ten hours of ***Sim City*** a day: it made Junior "unproductive". That is, he skipped schoolwork and got bad grades because he devoted too much time to ***Donkey Kong***. Once computer games came home with home computers, the fight was on between mothers and sons in the suburbs. It was one thing to have that violent crap in the mall arcade. It was another to have it playing over and over, all day long.

If Mom could get Junior to graduate in the hope that he would get married and provide her grandchildren, Junior seemed far more interested in Lara Croft than in pursuing Archeology . . . or even a girlfriend. With a computer a dude had access to porn AND entertainment. If he lived near a Taco Bell, it's unlikely that he really needed a working vehicle, much less a girlfriend. And no one back then felt like they needed a wife unless their religion encouraged it . . . strongly.

Another gift to the Puerarchy has to be sports. While the feminists were re-writing the play-book on human mating in the West, sports leagues were consolidating and improving and investing in technologies and rivalries that made sports an industry in itself. The draw was the huge amount of beer that men drink while watching it, and the all-important beer company ad revenue.

Once cable television was predominant, and then satellite television allowed it to be imported into rural areas, sports exploded as a common male interest.

Once relegated to a morning scan of the box scores, televised sports didn't just provide the thrill of Monday Night Football, it allowed dudes to watch every kind of sports any time of day. With a reasonable amount of money and a Lay-Z-Boy chair a man could fill his spare time with a never-ending stream of competitive endeavors. And once the internet came along, allowing men to take the raw statistics of their favorite teams and players and construct "fantasy leagues", not only was a whole new industry spawned, millions of men stopped their blind chase for low-quality pussy in favor of the more gentlemanly (and far easier) pursuit of professional sports.

A subset of the rise of the importance of sports in modern masculine culture is the fairly-recent rise of gambling, particularly poker. Texas Hold 'Em has become a passionate pass-time for millions, and they tend to be predominantly male.

While internet gambling is technically illegal in the United States, hundreds of thousands of men "waste" precious time and money every day playing poker online or on their phones, with human opponents or computers. Poker has become the manly alternative to more juvenile videogames for some, and there's no doubt that it encapsulates several masculine virtues: risk taking, estimation, calculation, achievement and competition.

Thus arose the Puerarchy, fueled by beer, porn, videogames, gambling and sports. It's not a conscious movement, like the MRAs or the MGTOWs, it's a *cultural phenomenon* based on male apathy and self-gratification in response to the feminist utopia we live in.

The Puerarchs are the Lost Boys, the fatherless (or father—*lite*) dudes who don't have any ambition beyond their next burger, next game, next orgasm. But they don't want a "Wendy" to come play mommy for them. Indeed, they have very little respect for women in general. Despite having feminist thought shoved down their throat by their moms and their schools and society at large, they remain unconvinced by it, and thoroughly uncompelled.

They have very little respect for themselves. And they have very little inspiration or incentive to aspire to anything else.

*

Women hate the Puerarchy, even as they court it while young and combat it when they mature. Puerarchs are guilty of the most unpardonable sin in the feminist lexicon: **they just don't give a damn about women.** And almost as bad, they don't feel compelled in the slightest to go out and find a woman to "enrich" their lives . . . or spend their money on.

Puerarchs may not have made the conscious decision to Go Their Own Way, but they do so by default. They are the whipping-boys of feminism, the immature mouth-breather who treats girls like objects and scorns the beautiful nature of sisterhood that feminists revile so frequently.

That the Puerarchy is a concentrated version of some *essential male qualities* doesn't phase them – some women are just unnerved by the idea of a perfectly good man sitting at home by himself watching sports, playing videogames, eating pizza and drinking beer with the guys and *not calling her*. Or *any* woman.

Feminists go further, actively condemning such poor sportsmanship. After all, it should be any man's pleasure to work in service to a woman . . . shouldn't it?

A lot of folks expected these dudes to "man up" when they hit their mid to late 20s, but that didn't quite happen. Oh, some got married, some had kids, some did what they were "supposed" to, but a significant portion of them *didn't*, when the time came. Lacking incentive or inclination, they latched on to the internet as it evolved and either made enough money to get a really hot girlfriend or watched a lot of porn and played a lot of videogames.

Then folks expected them to "man up" in their early 30s, and a few of them did get married or divorced or whatever, but a whole lot of them didn't. Indeed, they didn't seem like they had much inclination to "grow up", much less "man up".

Yet the calls for them to do that are shrill and growing louder. Even feminists understand that there's a problem with dudes right now. They just don't understand what that problem is. They think that "manning up" (which is insulting to hear, particularly from folks without testicles) will solve the problem: if more dudes step away from the porn and videogames, then they can

be more productive members of society.  Right?

More productive *for whom?*

Psychologist **Dr. Philip Zimbardo** (you may remember him as the professor emeritus at Stanford University who is world-renowned for his 1971 research, the **Stanford Prison Experiment,** wherein students were divided up into prisoners and prison guards and then observed being inhuman to each other under the color of authority) and **Nikita Duncan,** in their 2012 book and TED talk **The Demise of Guys: Why Boys Are Struggling And What We Can Do About It**, claim that the videogame-and-porn culture of the Puerarchy are "ruining" guys.

(Yeah, *that's* what did it.  Not the systematic denigration of masculinity.  It was Pac-Man and Poon.)

"…(Y)oung men become hooked on arousal, sacrificing their schoolwork and relationships in the pursuit of getting a tech-based buzz," write the researchers for CNN.  They go on,

> Video game and porn addictions are different. They are "arousal addictions," where the attraction is in the novelty, the variety or the surprise factor of the content. Sameness is soon habituated; newness heightens excitement. In traditional drug arousal, conversely, addicts want more of the same cocaine or heroin or favorite food.
>
> The consequences could be dramatic: The excessive use of video games and online porn in pursuit of the next thing is creating a generation of risk-averse guys who are unable (and unwilling) to navigate the complexities and risks inherent to real-life relationships, school and employment.

There you have it, folks.  Videogames and porn are bad for dudes not because they're, y'know, *bad for dudes,* but because they're bad for *women*.  Puerarchs don't achieve.  Puerarchs don't get MBAs (or if they do, they don't get married, they buy jetskis, beer and hookers).  Puerarchs are guilty of the high crime *of working for their own pursuits and interests*, and not one which favors a woman in any way.

These dudes aren't "risk averse", they're just bored and apathetic. They take plenty of risks, they just don't do it in a feminist-approved way. Instead of going out and finding a future ex-wife, they're going out and spending their money on cars and games and DVDs and computers and the ESPN sports package. Hardly a "productive" career, from a feminist perspective.

Neither feminists nor psychologists actually care about the young men themselves – their interest is in how to turn them into more "productive" and "rewarding" (for other people) citizens, regardless of their own passions and interests. In fact no one actually asks the Puerarchs if they want to "man up" . . . they just assume that they'll be "happier", like a dog is "happier" after getting neutered.

But wait, there's more! It's not just making us slobs, it's *messing up our brains!*

> Such new brains are also totally out of sync in traditional school classes, which are analog, static and interactively passive. Academics are based on applying past lessons to future problems, on planning, on delaying gratifications, on work coming before play and on long-term goal-setting.
>
> Guys are also totally out of sync in romantic relationships, which tend to build gradually and subtly, and require interaction, sharing, developing trust and suppression of lust at least until "the time is right."

Um, apparently Doc Zimbardo isn't aware of the romantic holocaust that is the Dating 2.0 world. And that's *hardly* fair. **That's applying *feminine* standards and perspectives of romance and relationships to *men* . . . and that's as inept as applying *masculine* standards and perspectives of porn and sexuality on *women* and expecting the same results.** Sexuality is a big, complicated, many-hued thing, and male sexuality is its *own freaking animal*, separate and distinct from what women desire and are aroused by.

Relationships only build gradually and subtly when there's the potential for commitment or more than a mostly physical encounter, and in most cases there just isn't. Interaction, sharing, developing trust? That's a *female* approach to the Sexual Marketplace.

The male approach is usually more direct and practical, revolving as it does around the disposition of our dicks. It doesn't *require* all of that stuff, and

usually we'd just rather skip it . . . so now we're labeled *by pathology* for the crime of *not acting more like women* (or how women *want us* to act).

It's not that guys are "totally out of sync" in romantic relationships, **they just don't care for all the crap and expectations of a romantic relationship that is, in all likelihood, lead to a bad end and a broken heart.** Viewing the current SMP in this way is completely approaching romance from the female perspective without regards to romance from the male perspective. It ignores the more sex-based "romance" dudes prefer (hint: it's more like a porn movie than a romance movie) and denigrates male sexuality by insisting on a "suppression of lust" as a precondition.

That is some ***bullshit.***

The fact is, dudes are *perfectly happy* with the sex-heavy, romance-light mode, for the most part. It keeps things from getting complicated, expensive, and messy, even if it means you have to learn some Game to pursue it. No, it isn't "romance" -- but that is *their* issue. Mostly, dudes just want sex. It's our primary motivator. Not romance. *Sex.*

That isn't good enough for feminists and psychological pundits, however. Male sexuality is a threat to feminism, and shrinks aren't a big fan either. Apparently dudes are just fucked up because they aren't as willing to put up with feminine bullshit as much anymore . . . and they lay the blame for this barely-suppressed resentment and anger at the feet of Jenna Jameson and the Mario Brothers, not on a culture that systematically devalues and dehumanizes young men.

Doc Z concludes:

> [W]e are in a national, and perhaps global, Guy Disaster Mode that needs to be noticed and solutions advanced to fix a totally novel phenomenon, which will only increase in intensity and breadth without the concerted efforts of educators, gamemakers, parents, guys and gals.

That is, if they aren't careful then **these dudes will go on *enjoying themselves* without knowing the special joy of supporting an ex-wife and estranged children from afar.**

The very idea that men need to be "fixed" out of the Puerarchy is mistaken. As feminism chose to abandon the social and cultural expectations of women, so the Puerarchy has turned its back on the social and cultural expectations of men. No, they didn't turn into the perfect domestic housecleaning god and sensitive crying-man lover the feminists expected . . . they were still *dudes*.

When it stopped being a good deal for them, they wisely retreated into the dude universe where sexy babes are always happy to see you, your electronic machine gun never runs out of ammo, your teams always win and the pizza is always there within 30 minutes or its free. In other words, **in a free society, these men have *every right* to withdraw to pursue their own electronic happiness, and should be able to do so without judgment and condemnation.**

If ***Porky's*** was the Puerarchy's inception, its coming-of-age was clearly the cult classic film ***Fight Club.***

Fight Club, a 1999 flick about a young man who starts an underground boxing club and eventually founds an international cabal of men to screw with the universe, is the Puerarchy taken to its logical conclusion.

The nameless main character, played by **Ed Norton**, is haunted by a "friend", **Tyler Durden (Brad Pitt),** who encourages him to fight back against his socially-induced apathy and establish meaning for himself through innumerable petty pranks and subversive elements.

***Fight Club*** is an ode to the Puerarchy, the way that ***300*** is an ode to testosterone. If there ever was an escapist fantasy about getting away from the dominating influence of women and pushing for a masculine-ordered life, ***Fight Club*** is it. It gained instant cult status and was the inspiration for untold numbers of anti-social acts by the Puerarchy.

The allure of ***Fight Club*** is its complete abandonment of feminist-inspired context and the unapologetic pursuit of "dudeness" through violence, subversion, and sabotage. Through the complex plot machinations Norton's character not only finds masculine meaning within his own life, but provides context for other lost men to reinvent themselves in post-industrial society. Eventually Norton uses the group to destroy credit card companies through an act of terrorism, but by that point he has clearly lost control of it.

Anti-feminist messages may not be profuse throughout the flick, but pro-male ones are. The director, Fincher, spoke of the nameless protagonist thusly:

> " *He's tried to do everything he was taught to do, tried to fit into the world by becoming the thing he isn't. The narrator cannot find happiness, so he travels on a path to enlightenment in which he must "kill" his parents, his god, and his teacher. At the start of the film, he has killed his parents. With Tyler Durden, he kills his god by doing things they are not supposed to do. To complete the process of maturing, the narrator has to kill his teacher, Tyler Durden."*

While that might be an overly-intellectual approach to the film, most of the Puerarchy latches onto a few key concepts. They are embodied in quotes that could be official slogans of the Puerarchy, if not the Manosphere in general:

> *"Fuck off with your sofa units and strine green stripe patterns, I say never be complete, I say stop being perfect, I say let... lets evolve, let the chips fall where they may."*
>
> *Fuck damnation, man! Fuck redemption! We are God's unwanted children? So be it!*
>
> *Man, I see in fight club the strongest and smartest men who've ever lived. I see all this potential, and I see squandering. God damn it, an entire generation pumping gas, waiting tables; slaves with white collars. Advertising has us chasing cars and clothes, working jobs we hate so we can buy shit we don't need. We're the middle children of history, man. No purpose or place. We have no Great War. No Great Depression. Our Great War's a spiritual war... our Great Depression is our lives. We've all been raised on television to believe that one day we'd all be millionaires, and movie gods, and rock stars. But we won't. And we're slowly learning that fact. And we're very, very pissed off.*
>
> *It's only after we've lost everything that we're free to do anything.*
>
> *I felt like destroying something beautiful.*
>
> *You're not your job. You're not how much money you have in the bank. You're not the car you drive. You're not the contents of your wallet. You're*

*not your fucking khakis. You're the all-singing, all-dancing crap of the world.*

*Listen up, maggots. You are not special. You are not a beautiful or unique snowflake. You're the same decaying organic matter as everything else.*

*The things you own end up owning you.*

*How much can you know about yourself, you've never been in a fight? I don't wanna die without any scars. So come on; hit me before I lose my nerve.*

*Is that what a real man is supposed to look like?*

*God Damn! We just had a near-life experience, fellas.*

*Our fathers were our models for God. If our fathers bailed, what does that tell you about God? You have to consider the possibility that God does not like you. He never wanted you. In all probability, he hates you. This is not the worst thing that can happen.  We don't need him!*

*A guy who came to Fight Club for the first time, his ass was a wad of cookie dough. After a few weeks, he was carved out of wood.*

*After fighting, everything else in your life got the volume turned down.*

*And then, something happened. I let go. Lost in oblivion. Dark and silent and complete. I found freedom. Losing all hope was freedom.*

*Do you know what a duvet is? It's a blanket. Just a blanket. Now why do guys like you and me know what a duvet is? Is this essential to our survival, in the hunter-gatherer sense of the word? No. What are we then? We are consumers. We're the bi-products of a lifestyle obsession.*

*I'd be very, very careful who you talk to about that, because the person who wrote that... is dangerous. And this button-down, Oxford-cloth psycho might just snap, and then stalk from office to office with an Armalite AR-10 carbine gas-powered semi-automatic weapon, pumping round after round into colleagues and co-workers. This might be someone*

*you've known for years. Someone very, very close to you. Or maybe you shouldn't bring me every little piece of trash you happen to pick up.*

*I flipped through catalogs and wondered: What kind of dining set defines me as a person?*

*Marla's philosophy of life is that she might die at any moment. The tragedy, she said, was that she didn't.*

*We are all part of the same compost heap.*

*When the fight was over, nothing was solved, but nothing mattered. We all felt saved.*

*I can't get married - I'm a thirty-year-old boy.*

*Like so many others, I had become a slave to the Ikea nesting instinct.*

*Reject the basic assumptions of civilization, especially the importance of material possessions.*

*Warning: If you are reading this then this warning is for you. Every word you read of this useless fine print is another second off your life. Don't you have other things to do? Is your life so empty that you honestly can't think of a better way to spend these moments? Or are you so impressed with authority that you give respect and credence to all that claim it? Do you read everything you're supposed to read? Do you think every thing you're supposed to think? Buy what you're told to want? Get out of your apartment. Meet a member of the opposite sex. Stop the excessive shopping and masturbation. Quit your job. Start a fight. Prove you're alive. If you don't claim your humanity you will become a statistic. You have been warned.*

*Most of the week we were Ozzie and Harriet, but every Saturday night we were finding something out: we were finding out more and more that we were not alone. It used to be that when I came home angry and depressed I'd just clean my condo, polish my Scandinavian furniture. I should have been looking for a new condo. I should have been haggling with my insurance company. I should have been upset about my nice, neat, flaming*

> *little shit. But I wasn't.*

And, of course, the immortal

> Welcome to Fight Club. The first rule of Fight Club is: you do not talk about Fight Club. The second rule of Fight Club is: you DO NOT talk about Fight Club!

But perhaps the most profound message was encapsulated by this statement:

> ***We're a generation of men raised by women. I'm wondering if another woman is really the answer we need.***

If you look at ***Fight Club*** as a manifesto of the Puerarchy, coming as it did at the end of Gen-Xs' "extended adolescence" in 1999, then a few things become clear:

1. The Puerarchy isn't interested in material culture or "traditional" ambition because it sees no real benefit for itself.
2. Young men in our society are filled with anger and longing for paternal guidance. Women just do not have the answers to our questions.
3. The Puerarchy is more than happy to Fuck Things Up in a subversive manner just because they *can . . . and it amuses them*.
4. Despite 30 years of trying, feminism couldn't remove the desire for young men to be masculine, even if it killed them.

The violence and the anarchic overtones got ***Fight Club*** pegged as a juvenile fantasy by the critics and it didn't do as well as expected at the box office. The initial marketing campaign was changed to make it "less offensive", and that killed the buzz.

The buzz was alive and well when it hit DVD, however. And when it did, dudes ate it up like double wing night at Hooters.

***Fight Club*** seemed to epitomize every petty frustration and secret anxiety of the Gen-X Puerarchy. For some of us, it marked a transition to a more responsible place in our lives. For others, it was permission to go their own way long before the term became popular.

***Fight Club*** celebrated masculinity like ***300,*** but it wasn't the noble, heroic masculinity that flourishes in a culture which respects it. It was the stunted, pernicious masculinity of false expectations and disappointment, the one that strikes back through subversion and withdrawal, objectification and ridicule, when it tries to grow in an environment devoid of respect for masculinity.

What amuses some Manospherans is all the sudden public interest in men that, otherwise, feminists just can't stand. When Gender Feminists aren't condemning them for just being male, Equity Feminists are criticizing them, unfairly, for not "growing up" and "facing responsibility".

Why don't the dudes just "man up" and get real jobs and be *men?* Can't they see how pointless the Puerarchy is? Aren't there more rewarding things for them to do, like support a wife and children before they leave him?

Disgusted commenters everywhere, from the Religious Right to the Mainstream Left, keep asking that question of these dudes.

The answer is one of those classic *"Why on earth do women use twice as much toilet paper as men?"* stupid questions.

You see, porn and games from the Internet and sports and fantasy sports and motorsports and such aren't compelling them from pursuing "real life". At most those attractions *impel* them. **The Internet is merely providing a haven that allows the disaffected males of the West a place to hang out and have fun in the face of widespread cultural rejection . . . without feminine oversight.**

That's *golden*, for us dudes. It's not that we want to go someplace and talk shit about women, it's that when we try to go someplace and talk about women, there always seems to be some woman (or misguided male) *who wants to give us shit about it.*

The fact is, "real life" for boys and men these days is so far removed from traditional fonts of masculinity, not to mention traditional masculine incentives, that *there just isn't really much interest in putting so much energy into something that is ultimately going to feel like such a sucking chest wound to the male in question*.

Easier to load up on pizza and hack-and-slash electrons for another 12 hours

than even contemplate the misery and horror of trying to convince a chick to drop her panties for you because you're a nice guy who's just being himself. Because killing electronic zombies is just a hell of a lot more fun than being lectured about a bunch of boring crap you have to put up with before you can get laid.

Especially boring crap about how men suck. Easier to ignore the women, whack off, and kill more zombies.

Which makes feminist heads spin with frustration and anger at being ignored by Puerarchs. *How dare they?*

The irony of this should not be lost on anyone: after persuading our civil society that **violence and aggression were universally toxic things to be universally despised** since the end of WWII, after convincing us that ***all* masculine endeavors were automatically Oppressive Colonial Racist Sexist Imperialistic attempts to gain Control over Everyone Else**, and how we should Ashamed of our Power and Masculinity . . . well, there just isn't much *left* for us dudes, is there?

Try to achieve, and you're an oppressor. Try to slack off, you're a loser. There is no middle ground. There is no way out.

The forces of academia and public policy have systematically undermined any real incentive a guy has to "evolve" out of Guydom, get some ambition and "Man Up". So they just *aren't.* **The Puerarchy isn't stupid – crude, obnoxious, subversive, ridiculing and self-serving, but it isn't *stupid.*** "Manning Up", to a dude in his 20s, is as close to a ticket to hell as he could ask for, the way things stand.

The issue isn't the internet, games, porn or how our brains get wired in early childhood development. Those are subtle and ephemeral explanations for a far deeper, far more meaningful evolution in masculine culture. Like, for example, **gender relations.**

The true gall of Doc Zimbardo's perspective is to assume that boys who don't want to go to work and school and become daddies anymore are somehow messed up when **for two generations we've had plenty of girls who *did* want to go to work and go to school and *not* become mommies . . . and they are**

**celebrated, not diagnosed as having some sort of "condition",** for their willingness to depart from their traditional norm.

Masculinity is seen by the feminist-informed public policy machines of the world as a *medically treatable condition*, not an ideal for half of the human race to aspire to. **In their quest to equalize the playing fields of the world feminists have convinced themselves that an *impotent* male is the only *civilized* male, and "Manhood" as a class is something to be despised.**

Boys are "problems" in school, guys who don't try to compete in the work environment are considered "lazy" or "unmotivated", and men who don't conform to the Female Social Network's standards of behavior are "losers", "creeps", or "assholes".

(Yeah, give us more of *that!)*

That's why the Puerarchy is so important to the Manosphere, even if the blogs of Puerarchs aren't often represented there. The fact is, the Puerarchy is a powerful masculine cultural force, and at this point it isn't self-conscious enough to recognize its male-orientation.

If you had to name the "Puerarch sites", you could do worse than listing the incredible softcore success of **Joe Francis**' ***Girls Gone Wild*** video series. And the ***Maxim*** magazine website. Some of the over 2000 Fantasy Sports sites would also be there, as would be all the internet gambling sites and, last but certainly not least, porn and videogame sites.

Put together, an argument can be made that a goodly fraction of the *entire internet* is devoted to the Puerarchy. It's not self-aware, it's not self-motivated, it's not organized and it has no organizing principal beyond *"if dudes dig it, it's cool!"*.

But that's *why* the Manosphere looks favorably toward it. The Puerarchy is the Junior Varsity of the Manosphere.

The Manosphere is an approach to masculinity that serves MEN, even if it leaves society at large in the lurch. That's *fine*, as the feminists have been telling us, as society will get along *perfectly fine* without the active participation of Straight White Men (or men in general – sorry black and gay dudes, the sad fact is that

after the feminists put the signs away ultimately you're lumped in with *us*) for decades now.

Pursuing personal glory over public service, personal fulfillment over the fulfillment of a relationship, and personal satisfaction over the ambition traditionally associated with the corporate "young go-getter" is pretty much all we have left to depend upon now that we can *no longer depend upon women*.

The Manosphere needs the Puerarchy because they embody an important concept for the 21st century man: *Our masculinity is whatever <u>we</u> define it as.*

It used to mean jumping out of planes and defending the empire, to the acclaim and respect of a grateful nation. It used to mean charging up the corporate ladder to achieve success sufficient to have a wife and family, with the tacit approval of the entire community. It used to be taking the hard shots, making the hard calls, and building a civilization from scratch.

It *used* to be. That was when being masculine, being a man, and being a successful member of society was an aspiration worthy of respect, not revilement.

Now? Now, thanks to the Puerarchy, masculinity includes **Sportscenter, WoW, YouPorn**, your favorite online porn store, drawing an inside straight, the perfect craft microbrew, the upcoming season, sarging for chicks on the weekends, bootycalls at 4 am, the playoffs, the preseason, Snap On tools and WD40, .30'06 and 9mm,*whatever men want it to be.* As free as the MGTOWs are, the Puerarchs are exercising that freedom wholesale.

A lot of people are worried about the Puerarchs. But the Puerarchs aren't worried.

While his Sexual Market Value is stalled in Twentysomething land, the fact is the Puerarch can *afford* to coast for a decade. No high-quality woman is beating the bushes for a guy without "potential", anyway, and the results of long-term relationships at this tender stage of life are pretty well known. So he gets a laptop, a crappy car, a room to call his own and a menial job with little future in it . . . *and he relaxes and enjoys himself.*

And that *bugs the shit* out of every woman in his life.

The difference is, this Puerarch's best reproductive years are *ahead of him*, while his female equivalent, studiously taking the corporate world by storm and eschewing family and relationship in exchange for "success", is *squandering her best reproductive years away*. At 29 he will just be ready to begin his *actual* maturity into post-extended adolescent manhood.

*She'll* be suddenly aware of all the babies she's not having, and hearing from her older spinster sisters how *"there just aren't any good men out there!"* By the time she's "ready" for motherhood, **she's far past her prime reproductively, and in terms of attractiveness to her target cohort . . . she just can't compete.**

The *"Man up and marry the sluts!"* cry from the Christian church and other conservative voices just has *no effect* on the Puerarch. The prospect of marriage sounds awful to him, colored by a tradition of divorce and neglect and the constant scorn of feminist voices. The string of rejections he suffers through in the early years hardens him from taking *anything* a woman says seriously, unless she's his boss at work.

The Puerarch's happy fun time is a kind of post-industrial Valhalla, where a reasonably cushy day job allows him just enough resources to indulge in whatever cheap electronic form of entertainment he likes, and easy access to casual sex through **Craigslist**, **Plenty of Fish**, or other venues for desperate women give him all the milk he needs.

And there's *always* porn.

It's unfortunate that some Manospherans look at the Puerarchs with disgust, when they could well prove the most reliable indicators of the future of 21st century masculinity. While they are far from the salt of the earth one relies upon to seed the next generation, they still have their place in the Manosphere. The reason the Puerarchs are valuable is the same reason the Spartans valued the *agoge*.

The Spartan *agoge* was the essential feature in the renowned warriors' development in the ancient world. Designed as a means to build a perfect army of perfect warriors, the *agoge* was the brutal period of training and ordeals a young Spartan man undertook in order to be admitted to the glorious Spartan

army. It began before puberty, at age 7, when the boy was roughly pulled from his family and tossed into the company of his fellows in the cold, barren wilderness of Lacedaemon.

This wasn't mere cruelty – under the belief that the raw energy and powerful hormones associated with puberty made it dangerous for the youths to be inflicted on Spartan civil society, the *agoge* was designed to hone and temper that youthful adventurism with a host of values akin to the Scout Oath: *loyalty, bravery, trustworthiness, discipline*.

And they didn't do it with soothing words and rationally convincing arguments – they put those boys through one rigorous test of their capabilities after another, and plenty of them didn't make it. But the ones who did were extraordinary. Just watch that ode to testosterone, ***300***, if you want to see what the result was.

Why make the comparison to the Puerarchs and the *agoge*? Because the ancient Spartans were a highly pragmatic people. They used the ill-behaved, violent, aggressive and belligerent boys undergoing the *agoge* to keep their *helots* (state-owned slaves) in line. When there were stirrings of trouble amongst the servants, then the Spartan elders would permit the *agoge* to run wild and focus the bulk of their violently energetic inclinations upon *them*, not regular Spartan society. Two birds.

While the modern Puerarchs bear only a passing resemblance to the *agoge*, the fact is that they are here and they have no real reason to want to change and mature. Men of the 21st century would be best served by recognizing the power of the Puerarchy and **seek to use it as leverage in their own mating strategies**. Because the Puerarchy, despite all of its faults and flaws, has one extremely potent power at its disposal:

**It scares the hell out of feminists.**

Truly. Just as feminists *hate* the Puerarchy, they also *fear* it, like a three-day frat party at a beer festival. Fear it for the potential of sexual violence it represents (then again, pretty much *any* group of straight men seems to evoke that fear), fear it for the poor prospects of "quality men" it leaves for their daughters and sisters, fear it for the creeping sensation that the feminist ideology went *horribly wrong* somewhere, and created this monster as a result.

***In this the feminists get it right.*** In many ways the Puerarchy is the result of feminism, divorce, and single-mother families. If a dude's parents stayed married, then he tends to lean towards marriage eventually. If a dude was raised by a single mom and an absent or distant dad, then he enters Extended Adolescence and stays there until he matures out of it or he is transformed into a real adult man. He becomes a Guy, and may never, ever transform into the Wolf Alpha or Ambitious Beta that the rank-and-file of femininity seems to favor, after it gets over the Bad Boy phase.

The Puerarchy is valuable to the general Manosphere because it represents all of the things that feminists (and women in general) fear *most*: crude, unambitious boys who just want to get in your panties, pump and dump you, and then ignore your calls and pleas for equality in favor of a 30 hour WoW marathon. Lost Boys who never want to grow up and do what a woman tells him too ever again. Cagey players with nothing but notches on their minds and no compunctions about treating women with appalling disrespect.

With halfway decent Game the Guys can obscure the playing field, keep the distinction between clear Alphas and cagey Betas foggy, and present the worst of male alternatives in the SMP. The more they leer and catcall, the more they make bad pick-up attempts and run weak Game, the more collective womankind shrinks away from that possibility . . . making them even *more* susceptible to decent Game. The Puerarchy lowers the bar on masculinity, in the dating realm. And it can provide shock-troops in times of crisis.

The most powerful example of Puerarchy-as-agoge has to be the international hacktavist collective **Anonymous**. Using the internet, anonymity, cloudsourcing and raw (male) anger to fuel its philosophy, Anonymous has become a kind of anonymous army of Puerarchs who, collectively, can have a *devastating* effect.

They have leveled their DoS attacks over the internet at a wide variety of institutions, waving the moral authority of absolute intellectual freedom as their banner as their distributed infowar system wreaks havoc on their targets. The effects of an Anonymous attack are usually temporary, as the boys (and by all accounts, the thought-leaders of Anonymous are male and young) lose interest after a while. Usually they're happy to get in the news, make their point, and then move on.

The symbols that they've chosen to represent them in their various crusades are

telling: namely the menacing smile of the **Guy Fawkes** mask made popular in the Puerarchy by British graphic novelist Alan Moore's brilliantly visionary dystopia, ***V for Vendetta.***

The story is compelling, and the art and writing are essays in brilliance. The main character of the comic book, V, is an underground radical anarchist who is fighting an oppressive totalitarian British government after a nuclear war. He wears the Guy Fawkes mask to both hide scars received in a government-run prison camp experiment and to represent himself to the people of London as Everyman.

Then he systematically destroys the men and women behind the oppression through fiendishly, Poe-esque displays of violence in his bloody anarchist vendetta. V is the true, fantastical aspiration of the Puerarch.

Like **Tyler Durden** of ***Fight Club,*** he moves from subversion to violent rebellion as a matter of course. V, like the boys of Anonymous who wield such great power from behind the mask of the internet, is frustrated by the society he is presented . . . so he unmakes it through subversion and revolt. Through the application of violence retail, through the skillful used of knives, or wholesale, through explosives.

It's a heady rush, to be one of the ones deciding which evil corporation or repressive regime to attack next, when your mother thinks you're just killin' zombies or whacking in your room. All of the frustration you feel when you're rejected by girls or told what to do or labeled a 'problem kid' comes out. The *agoge* of Anonymous are powerful, because they are feared. Being part of an international subversive internet terrorist organization is often the first real taste of power these boys ever get . . . and it tastes of ambrosia on their tongues.

The same impulse that fueled ***Girls Gone Wild*** and ***Anonymous*** powers more sophisticated and socially-acceptable acts of rebellion and subversion . . . such as the regular exposure of secret and classified government and corporate documents by the website **WikiLeaks.** The site's founder, **Victor Assange,** is a kind of mature Puerarch who gets his juice out of exposing the secrets whispered in the corridors of power to the light of day. WikiLeaks doesn't often count the potential consequences of the material it releases to the public, it just throws the bomb and sees where the pieces land.

That kind of shit is bold, risky, brash, and a clear strike against the Status Quo. It's also incredibly dangerous to do under your own name. Assange has been relentlessly pursued by his enemies for his boyish temerity, and will likely fall to an assassin's bullet. You just can't do that to powerful people and escape retribution indefinitely. But the impulse to pull the curtain off of the old man behind the big scary floating head is pure Puerarch.

Boys who harbor frustration at that level might not choose to express their rage and anger over the internet, or by engaging in activism. As we have seen all too often, tragically they trade such transitory pleasure in petty acts of defiance for more nihilistic means. All too often, they pick up a gun.

But back to more lighthearted fare, the Puerarchy can perform a valuable service to the rest of us men by ***helping to weed out the blatantly unsuitable potential wives***. If you want to have kids, and you're a budding Wolf Alpha or High Beta future dad, then your crew of *agoge* can help sort the, uh, **S**exually **L**iberated **U**ninhibited **T**arts from the potential future-Mrs. Wolf like a magnet.

The Puerarchy tests a woman and demonstrates her character through the sharp, relentless grinding of hook-up culture. If a girl rides the Puerarchy carousel long enough, it becomes pretty clear just what kind of quality wife she's going to be. And what kind of ex-wife.

In the world of the feminist utopia, the world of sexual "equality", women are encouraged to behave sexually like men by feminism – an oft-touted refrain from the lips of young sexually-active feminists is *"I want to be able to make the same mistakes a dude would"*.

But it seems to have escaped the notice of the feminists that, unlike the nasty ol' Patriarchy, men are also free to *skip the commitment* element of sex with little or no consequence -- that's what the Puerarchy is based upon.

Nor is it reserved for the young, dumb, and full-of-cum -- an older man may re-enter the glorious adolescence after a divorce, for instance, or during a bachelor party. (And it's amazing what kind of credibility an older dude in your crew can generate in the field, fellas.)

Or he may just decide, at some point, that he is a permanent hetero bachelor. That a stream of casual sex and high-stakes video poker is a better deal than the

prospect of wife, kids, ex-wife.

Ultimately, that's what the Puerarchy represents: **the freedom of a man to drop out, to take his ball(s) and go home because he doesn't like how the girls are playing.**

**Tucker Max**, Grand Puerarch and author of ***I Hope They Serve Beer In Hell*** has until recently made a *career* out of it. He's not alone. There are plenty of Grand Puerarchs selling their subversive vision.

They've expounded on the idea that *"living up to his potential"* is mere code for *"working like a bitch for the benefit of others"*. That being happy and poor is better than being stressed and rich . . . and it gives you time to work on your golf game. Whether they realize it or not, MGTOW and the Puerarchy are *existential threats* to today's feminism. A boy who picks up his ball and goes home is *useless* to a woman.

The hope is that they'll grow up. Even non-feminist-identifying women wish that. The hope is that the Puerarchy is a temporary and ephemeral condition of "boys being boys" and all they need is some maturity, a J-O-B and the love of a good woman (who will divorce him some day), and he's a productive member of society.

The problem is that the "incentives" for him to do that are all negative. The Puerarchy isn't going away – on the contrary, it's growing at an amazing rate. And once men can get reliable temporary vasectomies, the Puerarchy will essentially be *institutionalized.*

Imagine a whole subculture of stubbornly-single, cocky and maddeningly alluring Lost Boys, who have little or no interest in a woman beyond her vagina. Even if they stay celibate porn whackers, the very *idea* of guys sitting around, playing videogames and drinking beer and not contributing to the welfare of some woman drives some feminists insane.

That's the beauty of the Puerarchy: it represents a viable, and quite alluring alternative to the grinding wheel of American corporate achievement. It gives the bewildered young Betas of the world a place to run to and hide, a safe zone where they can objectify women with impunity and indulge in madcap shenanigans without fear of feminine judgment or shame.

And figure out what they want to do with the rest of their lives.  Eventually.

The Puerarchy is the Magical Island of Guys, where ***Porky's*** plays 24-7 and the three Cs are Comics, Consoles and Cooze, not Communication, Commitment, and Cunnilingus.  It's a refuge for juvenile behavior.  And as a social screening-and-filtering mechanism, it's *adept* at discovering which girls are worth a second look, and which are just worth a ride home in the morning.

That's because the Puerarchy is where even "good guys" hang out these days. When the alternatives are as dire as they are, a picky dude who wants to have kids someday can lurk around the edges of the Puerarchy and discover the hidden gems among the ***Jersey Shore*** rejects.  They can scope out good potential wives while their own Sexual Capital accrues, and start the vetting process in plenty of time to find an alternate, if necessary.

Thanks to the Puerarchy the "good men", the strong, dedicated future family men are now hiding among the beer bottles and bong resin and douchey drinking buddies.  And they are *virtually indistinguishable* from each other . . . and when they *do* finally make their wife selection and head for the checkout, more often than not they've passed on feminists in favor of more quality fare.

It doesn't matter how much money a girl makes or how high she is in the organization, in the world of Combat Dating, when it comes to Happily Ever After the real-deal is Alpha Prince Charming NOT going with the Strong and Independent Woman in her 30s, at the crest of their career.

They're either staying in the Puerarchy and waiting for better pickings while in the company of cougars, or they're finding younger or more traditionally-minded girls to eventually marry.  From the safety of Extended Adolescence, the future Mr. Right is rewarding feminists with a pass for the Brass Ring.

Which means, essentially, that as a reproductive strategy, feminism is *failing*.

Keep it up, fellas.

Most Gen-X boys were shell-shocked from watching what their fathers endured in their multiple divorces.  They knew first-hand just how much divorce could fuck a kid up, and since they had no desire to do that they married later and later,

if at all. They got divorced a bunch, too, but in fairness they had a better track record than their parents.

A lot of them just had a string of live-in girlfriends who were pursuing careers of their own. During the 1980s, women were decidedly on top of the food chain, and men were barely represented. A couple of **Dirty Harry** movies, ***Caddyshack***, Schwarzenegger, and that was about it.

Political feminism failed us, as men. While it was supposed to "liberate" women to be able to compete fairly with men, it failed those same women by *destroying* the mating matrix without a workable plan to replace it. It's at this point that feminism jumps tracks with reasonable humanism and starts down the path of destruction. That's when feminism becomes a vehicle to promote female interests, not a true struggle for equality.

A telling point in the failure of political feminism came with the **Bill Clinton/Monica Lewinsky sex scandal**, when political feminists were forced to grit their teeth and support Clinton's overtly sexist behavior even though it violated *every aspect of their antisex perspective*. If Gen-X boys had any token allegiance to feminism as orthodox thought, that killed it.

Bill Clinton had *Game*. He'd gotten head in the Oval office, and even though he had to admit it in public, he got his wife and the feminist establishment to continue to support him even as they rushed to condemn his action. Master Alpha.

Meanwhile, we were all a bunch of simpering Betas, meekly sliding from one low-key relationship to another. A precious few of us lucked out and found someone we thought we could stand, but Gen-X boys weren't in a hurry for the illusion of security a wedding and a suburban ranch house was supposed to bring.

Many of us were forced into the idea of family by an untimely teenage pregnancy, not our own volition. Others wisely chose to wait until the right person came along, and work on our careers until that fateful day. Even the "traditional" households, where Old Time Religion prevailed and wives submitted themselves to their husbands like the Good Lord asked, even they were seething pools of strife.

So it went, as we went through the internet boom of the 1990s, and everyone started making money by thinking for a living. But no one knew how to talk to the opposite sex, let alone practice a long-term mating strategy that didn't involve a divorce lawyer. In my generation getting married was like throwing yourself on a live grenade.

One thing that didn't change was the continued trashing of the American Male. Masculinity continued to be under assault. Aggression, competition, assertiveness were all actively discouraged in males throughout their educational career, and an increasing female-oriented curriculum that de-emphasized the manly achievements of men gave us a daily kick in the balls at Social Studies. Men were bad – they taught us in school.

There was a deep yearning to fix the problem among men. In the 1980s and 1990s there was a whole industry of relationship fix-it books for the commitment-phobic. Once again it was all men's fault. If there was a relationship issue, it was almost always something that the man needed to change about his approach, or his communication, or his demeanor to adept to the needs of women. Book after book on having harmonious marital relations essentially told us that we weren't kissing enough female ass, so we should kiss it more.

Yet despite this feminist utopia, women weren't happy. They didn't like their careers or find them fulfilling in many respects, but their relationships sucked. If they found a decent guy he seemed almost always emotionally wounded. Their sense of entitlement made their criteria for a good mate far, far less realistic, and when they did find a good one they couldn't seem to figure out how to live with him without coming to despise him eventually. One relationship after another fell to "I love you, but I'm not in love with you" and ended with one unhappy woman and one utterly confused and bitter man.

The problem wasn't that the relationships were bad. The relationships weren't any worse than any other relationship. The problem was that the few rules about relationships that survived the great feminist cataclysm were all about how to make sex and love everything that *women* wanted it to be.

But not *men*. And that was a problem.

Masculinity continued to take a browbeating until September 11, 2001. That's

when we remembered why masculinity was a good thing again.

While its cliché to say “everything changed on 9/11”, in this case it’s true. That fateful day marks the recovery period for masculinity.

Those images of heroic bravery, of big macho firemen and policemen running *towards* the burning buildings while everyone else ran the other way, were powerful. They reignited the genuine interest of girls liking masculine men doing unapologetically manly things, and they reignited the interest of men to consider being strong, aggressive and justifiably angry for the first time in their lives. As tragic as it was, 9/11 made being a boy a good thing again, for a while.

In the months and years to come as we sent our young men overseas, we began to see the perception of masculinity in America change, moving away from the negative stereotype encouraged by feminist ideology and towards a far more practical, pragmatic perspective.

But that just pissed the feminists off. Positive images of masculinity were countered with highly negative ones, with the Lone Gunman and the Suicide Bomber taking the place of the Holocaust and the Atom Bomb as anti-male memes in feminist-influenced culture. As the century turned, and the generations advanced, the political Patriarchy was mortally wounded . . . but that didn’t mean that the feminists were victorious.

In wounding the Patriarchy, feminists helped create the Puerarchy. “Rule by Boys”. Their worst middle-school playground fears come true.

Discontent with how boys had been raised to manhood and how masculinity was being unfairly emasculated was bubbling up through the popular culture with movies like ***Fight Club*** (1999) taking the existential angst of the 1980s and going dark with it in a particularly masculine, particularly subversive sort of way. By the time 9/11 rolled around the thirty-something Gen Xers were starting to get *seriously* disillusioned with anything related to feminism already.

And we’d barely even *heard* about the internet yet.

**The Divorce Industry**

Modern marriage bears little resemblance to its pre-feminist, pre-industrial counterpart – or even the tribal hunter-gatherer marriages before that. Post-industrial, post-feminism marriage is an armed camp between two actively warring parties, where the common goal is murky and cloudy, and it's easier to end a marriage than work to save it. Marriage 2.0 is Combat Dating taken to its logical conclusion.

Part of the problem is infidelity. When feminism and the sexual revolution opened up the Pandora's Box of sexuality, it also opened the door on rampant hypergamy.

While it fulfils a woman's genetic need to establish a stable and productive home for her offspring with a genetically superior mate, it also undermines that very stability when she discovers that she may not have gotten the best possible deal and wants to start over. When her husband just isn't doing it for her and she thinks she can do better, the modern woman is entitled and empowered and encouraged to dump Mr. Loser and find Mr. Winner, no matter what she may have promised Mr. Loser.

That's Hypergamy.

But men aren't the only victims. My motherin-law, Mrs. Ironwood's mom, was a victim of aggressive hypergamy.

Back in the 1980s her husband hired a pretty new assistant in her 20s, and within a year the woman had aggressively poached her happily-married husband of 17 years and ended her marriage. The details are unimportant, but thanks to the feminist encouragement to "do better", the modern American woman's attitude about marital fidelity – of *other* women's marriages – is largely "if you can't keep him, I can!"

I can't help but notice that their attitude has changed very little when it comes to their *own* husband's fidelity.

The fact remains that **it is now easier for a married person to cheat on their spouse with little or no prospect of getting caught.** Or if they do get caught,

few realistic consequences outside of ending the relationship. The threat of divorce used so viciously by women as a tool of marital negotiations in the late 80s and early 90s was eventually answered by men threatening to get a little poon on the side. Or not threatening to . . . and doing it anyway.

Thanks to divorce and liberalized attitudes about sex and an anonymous internet, there are literally millions of sexually frustrated women in America who will, quite frequently, fuck a complete stranger. Indeed, married men are preferred in the sordid world of marital fidelity – because, it has been revealed to me by one frequent mistress of the Craigslist Casual Encounters section, *"married men just know how to fuck you right. Their own wives aren't usually giving it up, so by the time they get there, they mean it!"*

There are whole websites devoted to arranging infidelities, and they're doing a booming business. Promising "discreet encounters with sexually frustrated MILFs", among other marketing approaches, these Casual Encounter sites often bring together unhappily married people for clandestine encounters that could conceivably end their marriages. But they do it anyway. As the cultural penalties for infidelity evaporate, it has become more and more likely that one or both parties of a marriage will seek sexual solace in the arms of another person.

Modern marriage is fraught with landmines, and sex is among the biggest. It's usually the canary in the coalmine of marital happiness – when a married couple stops having sex, there's a problem. And for the last thirty years, that problem has been big business.

Ever since the 1980s there have been a steady stream of books trying to bridge the gap in understanding between the sexes and find a working model that allows both husband and wife to prosper without feeling taken advantage of in the relationship. Marriage counseling has become a growth industry as one couple after another seeks assistance before taking the plunge into divorce. Hundreds of books offering marital advice have been written from every conceivable perspective. And most of the books and most of the marriage counselors have one thing in common. They mostly fail.

The granddaddy of all the relationship self-help books has got to be ***Men Are From Mars, Women Are From Venus,*** the run-away best-seller by **John Gray, PhD**, published in 1988.

***Men Are From Mars*** was the first serious, popular admission that maybe – just maybe – all this talk of "equality" wasn't as productive as feminists wanted to think. Indeed, ***MAFM,WAFV*** states in the title that the two sexes have *vastly different perspectives and worldviews* . . . almost as if each gender was from a different planet.

The book and the series of books that followed made some compelling observations about human mating behavior, particularly when it comes to sex in marriage.

For example, it acknowledged the existence and purpose of the "man cave", and how a husband retreats to solitude in the face of loss, hurt, or rejection. It pointed out how women often operate with somewhat predictable emotional cycles that men should be wary of. It pointed out the difference in communication styles, and tried to explain the meaning and mystery behind them to each other.

The book falls far short of being a comprehensive relationship guide or even a holistic explanation of human mating behavior. But it did, for the first time, bring the popular notion that men and women were somehow fundamentally different from each other (and therefore terribly difficult to "equalize" in a marriage) into the popular mind, and made it acceptable to talk about said differences in polite company for the first time since 1974. That was huge.

Gray was dealing with one of the major problems facing American men in the tailpiece of the 20th century: how to live with a woman in an approximation of an old-fashioned marriage without wanting to cheat on her or have her leave you. He used his own marriage as a guidepost, and ended up becoming a best-selling author and divorced – I'll leave you to draw your own conclusions about the efficacy of his methods.

But Gray had launched the first real post-feminist discussion on relationships, and it was one that (surprise!) dealt positively with the idea of male sexuality. Gray was a pretty big proponent – before meeting his wife, he spent several years as a celibate monk. Celibacy will motivate you.

Among Gray's revolutionary proposals? **The idea that men naturally wanted and needed sex to feel fulfilled, and that was something that women who wanted to get married just had to deal with.** All the feminist hype about

marriage turning women into chattel had done nothing to decrease the general feminine desire for wedding cake.

Gray was one of the biggest books on making your marriage work, but it wasn't the only one. A quick survey of Amazon.com on the subject reveals the vastness of its exploration. Further, examining the rise in the number of marriage counselors and couples' groups designed to improve a marriage, and you have a whole culture and economy revolving around men and women's inability to get along for more than a few years.

Add in divorce lawyers, social workers, travel agents and the huge wedding industry (which now looks at its clients as potential repeat customers), and you have a generous fraction of the economy invested in marriage. And divorce.

Mostly divorce.

For all of our investment in trying to make marriages work, we're largely failing. While some look to declining divorce rates as a positive sign, looking at how much faster marriage rates are declining demonstrates the alarming direction we're headed. We've developed a *"keep kissing frogs until you find Prince Charming"* philosophy that *facilitates* hypergamy. We have an entire *class* of women who don't consider another woman complete until she's had at least one divorce. We have people who are trying to redefine divorce away from "failed marriage" despite the obvious logical fallacy involved. We have people who want to "celebrate" divorce, like it's an expected milestone and not a sign of serious issues.

We have **Oprah** and **Dr. Phil** and **Dr. Laura** and a host of other doctors and experts and celebrities of all stripes informing us how we should be running our marriages in order to be happy . . . while they're often failing at their own marriages. The government and the churches and various conservative and liberal think-tanks have addressed the issue and made recommendations. Yet nothing seems to be able to stop the cycle. Fall in love, get married, have kids, stop having sex, divorce, repeat.

But where are the great role models for a good marriage? How do good happily married couples get there, and how do they stay there? Neither sex has a corner on infidelity or sexual interest, as we've seen. Neither one wants to reproduce more than the other. Neither one is inherently unstable or impossible to work

with, despite what we might think on occasion. Where in our culture can we look for good role models? How can we teach ourselves how to be married and stay married . . . and stop looking at that as a bad thing?

Part of the problem is sex. Marriage 1.0 used to be the only legitimate way for a man to have sex with a woman without violence ensuing. For millennia young farmers would marry their village sweetheart, have a dozen kids, and grow old together. If you tried to screw without the priest's permission, you got in trouble and sometimes found your ass married to a complete stranger because your dick got the better of you – the infamous "shotgun marriage".

But that's the old way. Marriage 2.0, the post-feminist marriage, re-writes the contract at a fundamental level. If Marriage 1.0 was essentially a reproductive contract exchanging masculine strength, resources and security for access to sex, childcare, and the occasional home cooked meal, then Marriage 2.0 lacks that social necessity.

Since about 1960 it's been quite possible for a woman to build her own security independent of a man. Since about 1990 it's been possible for a man to have sex with a woman totally independent of a relationship with her. Sex-for-security just isn't an adequate exchange in the post-industrial world – not great enough, at least, to hang a marriage on.

In Marriage 2.0, sex is on the table but it's not central, exactly. While the expectation of sexual fidelity exists, feminism has successful managed to remove the sexual obligation from marriage. If a woman wants to marry a man and then never have sex with her husband, then there is no social, cultural, or legal obligation that she do so in most states.

While that's a victory for feminism and independent women everywhere, combine that with the cavalier way in which women frequently end their marriages these days, and the allure of matrimony to dudes starts to plummet.

After all, one of the whole reasons a guy gets married is knowing you've got a date who's a sure thing Saturday night. Take that prospect away, and there isn't really any good reason for them to marry unless they want kids. And even then it's not absolutely necessary.

Certainly, no sane or reasonable person would condone forcible "marital rape",

but some feminist theorists have gone so far as to call all heterosexual marital sex “rape”, due to the lack of consent implied in the process. And some have declared that any sexual component in marriage is completely secondary to the other factors.

Certainly enough wives seem to treat it that way so that the **Talk About Marriage: Marriage In The Bedroom** bulletin board is packed with frustrated High Desire husbands trying to contend with moody, Low Desire wives who don’t seem to know what to do with their marriages. A frequent complaint is that when the husbands try to ask their wives why they aren’t interested, often they’re handed a variation of “I dunno, I’m just not haaaaapy.”

Which, as most Manospherans know, is one of the first things your future ex-wife says to you.

Sex in marriage has evolved into an armed truce. It’s amazing how many “feminists” (Equity Feminists, that is) are willing to lay aside their feminist principals and subject themselves to the scorn of their feminist (and usually single) friends by actually wanting to have sex with their husbands . . . and having sex with their husbands even when they don’t want to.

The difference between a 1950s wife “doing her marital duty” and the 2012 wife doing hers, however, is different by context in some important ways. The 50s was the tail-end of the Agricultural Era in which Marriage 1.0 thrived. The new century presupposes a level of equal responsibility and accountability for the couple’s sex life, and adds whole realms of pressure unheard of in the 1950s: premature ejaculation, pornography, oral sex, anal sex, menstruation, old boyfriends and girlfriends, Facebook, texting, and, most importantly, the Female Orgasm.

The quest for the female orgasm has been central in most of the sex-in-marriage books and seminars over the years, and while you can explain that in a lot of ways, what it comes down to is that wives frequently loose desire in sex when subjected to the modern pressures of career/husband/family/community.

Part of that is the “betacization” of the men they marry, as they are “tamed and trained” by her. Part of it is her body’s natural desire to find an even better mate, and to start finding fault in her husband. The idea is that if the wife can cum hard enough, then the sex will be so magical that the rest of the marriage will

hum along.

What actually happens is usually far more disappointing. Expectations raised by countless talk shows, self-help-books, romance novels and porn become a distraction, and when the experience doesn't live up to the hype "something's wrong". That "something" is often the husband.

It's not that dudes aren't interested in making women orgasm – on the contrary, for some that's a religious passion. Whether you see it as an acquirable skill, a natural endowment or a native talent, the ability to get your woman off is a huge ego-building skill for a man to have.

If he cannot do that consistently with his wife, particularly with the pressure on them both to have a "good" marriage, sexual tragedy often ensues. She gets more disappointed, starts rejecting him more, stops communication. He gets disappointed, anxious, and responds to her rejections by withdrawal. A couple of rounds to this usually earns the couple a trip to their attorneys.

But that's not how it *has* to go, and there are plenty of folks who manage to stay married. The question is how: **are they just lucky to have found "the One"? Or are they just *better at being married* than everyone else?**

With the allure of nearly risk-free infidelity constantly on the horizon, both parties are far more vulnerable to cheating spouses than ever before. Keeping a fuck buddy secret isn't hard – there are plenty of websites that can advise you how – and finding out about your spouse's indiscretions is harder and harder. So trust becomes an over-riding issue. Yet plenty of couples manage to maintain a healthy marriage without freaking out over every phone call. Is it the drugs?

Actually, there's plenty of interest and insight into the issue in the Manosphere. Indeed, there is a veritable font of masculine wisdom about being married, the province of the **Old Married Guys (OMGs).** The men for whom marriage is an art, not a minefield. The men who might – just might – have a way forward from the current mating chaos.

## OMGs

# Old Married Guys



If the bulk of this book has been about how impossible it is for men and women to get together in this chaotic time, and how men are giving second thoughts to the feminist-inspired Marriage 2.0, then this last section should be a relief of sorts.

It's actually about people who are *trying to make the whole thing work.* Old Married Guys, or OMGs. (ED. I'm keeping the title despite Athol Kay's objection to the term, as he finds that he does not like being referred to as "old"; I assured him that in this context, "old" implies "married only once and for ten years or more." His objection stands.)

Believe it or not, not everyone in the Manosphere is a bitter divorced conservative who can't get laid. Not everyone thinks marriage is inherently a bad deal for men, or that it is impossible for men to be married and still live an existence of positive masculinity. There are indeed those who stare matrimonial danger in the face every morning and grapple daily with the maelstrom of intergender relations.

We call those men "husbands".

There are plenty of happily-married husbands in the Manosphere, myself included. While we enjoy our marriages tremendously, we're quite aware that our happiness isn't so much a fluke of luck or happenstance as a result of hard work, dedication, and patience.

From everything that has been said about the modern institution of marriage in the Manosphere, one might conclude that finding a decent mate and marrying and having kids is doomed . . . but that's not entirely true. Those who can get past the 50% coin flip that is Marriage 2.0 for the first few years have, by necessity, had to figure out how to negotiate a modern post-feminist marriage without recourse to legal representation.

That's not very easy. But if the future of Western Civilization is based on the idea that a **husband and a wife can live together and raise a family without being hassled, then knowing how to be married becomes an essential civilization-building skill.**

In a lot of ways, that fact makes **Athol Kay** the most important man in the Manosphere. Athol Kay, for all practical purposes, refined what we know as the **Red Pill**.

**The Red Pill**

The Red Pill metaphor comes from the popular Matrix film franchise. The main character is given a choice: take the Blue Pill and remain in a realm of illusion and willful self-deception. Take the Red Pill and see the objective truth behind the reality; "down the rabbit hole" as it were. This parable was adopted by the Manosphere to represent the two approaches to developing a mating strategy.

Simply-put, the Red Pill symbolizes the conscious decision to eschew the fiction of idealology when it comes to intergender relations and instead utilize the observable truth on the ground. The Blue Pill symbolizes the willingness to substitute ideology for objective reality and hope no one notices. When a man "takes the Red Pill", he has given up his illusions about women, mating, dating, reproduction, and the way men are treated in our society and he has substituted a cold analysis of objective reality to inform his choices.

In this context the Red Pill is a personal, not a political, solution to the issues that feminism brings to bear on a marriage. Taking it is powerful medicine, and the cure may kill your relationship if it's not strong enough to handle it.

But the point is that there is no political ideology around the idea of the Red Pill. While the OMGs and the MRAs overlap at several points, the focus of the Red Pill isn't changing the world to make it a better place for everyone . . . **it's about changing *yourself* to make your relationship a better place for you and your wife.**

The Red Pill isn't a political ideology, ***it's a course of personal transformation that re-frames your social architecture.***

Here's the deal, fellas: ***what if you ignored feminism?***

Seriously. As a man, what if you chose to ignore the idea that men and women – in relationships – were "equal" in that way that really means she's more equal than you? What if you were the *actual* "captain of your ship", without female input, without the need for female affirmation or the necessity for female approval?

**What if you conducted your affairs as a man-and-wife as if you were *actually personally in charge of your fate*, not co-hosts on the same dreary syndicated morning talk show?**

I'm not talking about ignoring the women you work with. Good, bad or indifferent, **women are not going to get out of the workplace, and at this point we've evolved the social conventions for men and women to work together professionally without too much overt sexism or sexuality interfering.** There are still gaping wide gaps in this, but for the most part our society has made the adjustment. My generation of men grew up working with women, being professionally supervised by women, and having women work under us.

I'm talking about ignoring feminism *as it allegedly relates to your personal life.* You've likely grown up with dominant female figures and distant male figures in your life, if you're like most Gen-X men. If you got married, likely it was with the expectation that you and your wife would co-lead your family, that you would defer to her judgment and speak your mind like equal partners, yadda yadda yadda.

And if you proceeded along that course, you discovered *very quickly* that being equal partners really sucked. Suddenly issues that would be no-brainers in our grandfathers' day are major concerns.

The root of the problem is economic. In the old days, when we all grew wheat for a living, then the security-for-sex-and-reproduction model of marriage worked just fine. The woman got protection, physical security and food security for her offspring, and the man got reproductive rights and sex more or less on demand. When we industrialized and women could make their own money, the need for the security of a husband lessened. When men could safely get sex outside of marriage without getting shot regularly, the need for the sexual and reproductive capacities of the wife lessened.

After 40 years of feminism, industrialism and post-industrialism, we're now at the point where men and women are both eager and willing to commit to a permanent relationship . . . but are having a really, really hard time finding a compelling reason to do so.

Wives don't "need" husbands any more . . . but men still need to be needed. Men don't "need" wives anymore . . . but women still want to be wed. It has left us with little to negotiate with in the Sexual Market Place except our sterling personalities. And no one wants to go out with someone because "they have a

good personality", much less marry them.

No matter how dedicated to feminism a woman is, she's likely more dedicated to the idea of "true love" than the idea of equal pay for equal work, when it comes down to it. Of course, once they do find themselves in an actual relationship with a man, in danger of "true love" or the various varieties of less-than-true-love, then their idealistic vision of what a "perfect marriage" looks like starts to get challenged.

Couples fall out of attraction with each other, fall out of love, and then fall into the arms of another, usually. There's no sexual compulsion to stay in the marriage or even be faithful for men – a good twenty minutes scouring Craigslist will get him laid in most cities, now, and if there's a town that's not crawling with women looking to poach a good dude, I need to hear about it.

Likewise, there's no security component compelling a woman to stay in a marriage, now that she has her own money, own career, and own security. Both of those sound like coercive things, sex for security, but that was the economic reality of the last ten thousand years or more.

Now the only thing compelling a couple to stay together is "true love" and economic convenience, if you take reproduction off of the table.

Those coercive, compelling things that kept women enslaved to the Patriarchy for all of those millennia, fiendishly giving them mere food security and civilization while they brutally demanded regular marital relations, were also the things that allowed the long-term prosperity and social security that created the surpluses that lead to industrialization which allowed women the freedom and security to pursue individual careers.

We've got "true love" and both names on the mortgage, and sometimes it's just more of a pain in the ass to fix up the house for sale than it is to put up with whatever bullshit your mate is throwing at you out of boredom.

You get two people who each work a busy day, have separate interests and separate circles of friends, slowly losing touch with each other as the attention demands of a 21st century keep our level of interaction with each other as spouses low. All too often the next step is sexual dysfunction, which leads to marital troubles, which can make all pretense of "true love" wilt under the heat

of two strong, independent people . . . or two weak, co-dependent people. Either way, it's rarely a recipe for long-term success.

That would be sad, but not tragic, if the problem was limited to two people who can't get their shit together as a couple. But it's not. People have babies, and those babies grow up. When you add in the reproductive angle, then marriage stops being about whether or not you both like reality television and World of Warcraft more than sex, and more about being the parent of a sixteen year old kid in another state who breaks into old people's houses at night to go through their medicine cabinets, looking for quality pharmaceuticals. When couples become parents, their bad decisions start having repercussions that affect lots of other people.

(A reader of mine pointed out that the book ***The Unexpected Legacy Of Divorce: A 25 Year Landmark Study*** by Wallerstein, Lewis, & Blakeslee states that *divorce results in the loss of childhood*, as described by most children of divorce. When your parents split, you might not be grown up . . . but you ain't a kid anymore.)

This is a scary, scary time for the modern young parent. Poor economy, uncertain climate in so many ways, tumultuous world events in the background . . . and *now there's a kid in the equation*. As stress goes up, the temptation to "fix" your problems through a quickie divorce and do-over is *tantalizing*.

And the only thing really stopping you from pulling the trigger isn't sex, it isn't security, it isn't societal condemnation**, it's the fact that you probably know all too well how divorce can damage a kid that keeps you working on your marriage because, shit, if all of our ancestors managed to do it, shouldn't we be able to?** That and the prospect of trying to date in the current Sexual Market Place has replaced sex and security as our compelling reasons to stay married, once True Love runs out.

So . . . wouldn't it be easier to just not let the feelings of attraction and infatuation that *initially* fueled your commitment to your partner fail than to try to grind your way through marriage like a long prison sentence? Isn't having wild, passionate, crazy sex all the time and enjoying the pleasure of each others' company and working together toward a common, mutually agreed-upon goal – you know, all the things marriage is supposed to be, ideally – wouldn't that be more fun than getting your house painted and your bushes trimmed to add to the

curb appeal and therefore your final settlement in the divorce?

Well, think about it.  Athol Kay did.

Athol Kay's expertise in sex is not in his formal education – he is a nurse (NOTE: I didn't say MALE NURSE, because his gender has nothing to do with his vocation, and *vice versa* – any dude who looks down on what a nurse does as 'women's work' is a self-professed idiot), which my experience working with nurses tells me that he has a whole lot of practical clinical experience backed up with a demanding and difficult medical and scientific education. Being a nurse is not easy, and what you have to go through to get there is hard.  In addition to his nursing degree, he has a BA in Sociology.  He is not without some intellectual street cred.

There's another element of his nursing background that Athol tells me is handy in his new job as Marriage Guru: despite mad attempts to the contrary, nursing remains a predominantly female occupation, just as engineering remains a predominantly male occupation (this remains true even in Scandinavia today, after four decades of the biggest anti-gender-stereotyping effort a culture has made in human history).  So Athol points out that for 14 years he was, in a very real sense, conducting field research on his co-workers.

But he holds that his lack of formal education is one of his greater strengths, allowing him to bring a fresh perspective to the subject untainted by the quest for tenure and a cushy sabbatical.  It also allows him to be a generalist, whereas most Marriage experts are highly specialized. Athol's genius is that he's able to concoct a number of different disciplines into a coherent system and still make you giggle at the dirty parts.

In consideration of the echo-chamber of academic feminism in the northeast, in which the collision of gender theory and academic politics produced a small cadre of ivory tower sophisticates who quickly lost touch with reality, I can see his point. Feminism may have had strong roots in academia, but as social theory goes, the Red Pill's strength is its grass roots approach.

Athol runs the highly popular ***Married Man Sex Life*** blog, (kind of a gateway drug for the Manosphere) from which many chapters of the book have been culled, distilled, and refined.  The man knows how to do research and relate it in a useful and entertaining manner.  As you can guess from the title, it's about

being married, being a man, and having sex.  With your wife.

A lot.

Athol's story is similar to so many dudes in America it's almost cliché.  Fell in love, married young, had a couple of kids . . . and then the long post-partum sexual malaise set in.  The sex never stopped, but Athol found himself struggling with feelings for another woman, and Athol started to panic.  He loved his wife. He had sex with his wife fairly frequently.  *Why was he then actively contemplating an affair?*

He's a nurse – he works around women *all day long*.  Women who work long hours, devote their lives to a thankless career, and don't have the time or energy to date – if you're going to contemplate an affair, being a nurse beats the *hell* out of construction work purely on opportunity.

Athol remembered that he had a hot wife who he loved, the family they had, the good life they had together, and he was perplexed why his junk wanted to fuck that all up.

Now, in the traditional Hallmark sappy rom-com, this is where he runs across town, breathlessly pledges his love to his wife who instantly understands exactly what the hell he's talking about, and they meld into a passionate kiss, fade to black.

Only, Athol wasn't stupid or sappy.  Like most men of his age, he gave up on the Instant Happily Ever After fix as unrealistic fiction a *long* time ago.

That might sound unrealistic, but the fact is that both men and women *want* to believe in the power of True Love and Happily Ever After, dudes as much as girls.  We've all been fed our entire lives on the Disney-version *HAPPILY EVER AFTER* fairy tale story.  In real life, researchers have found that better marriages have a more realistic and pragmatic expectation going in, which makes meeting those expectations more likely compared to this unrealistic fairy tale bullshit expectation of a spouse fed to us by rom-coms, romance, novels, vampire porn, 50 Shades of anything, Disney cartoons and the like.

Happily Ever After is frequently what a man turns to, when his marriage is in trouble.  That usually leads to kissing your wife's ass, perhaps a few pieces of

jewelry, a vacation or something to mask the problem. Athol was too smart to think that he could distract himself from the real issues with such fantasies.

Instead, he did something far more productive. He took his problem to the internet and began to do some basic research in the field of long term human mating and attraction.

He started to reverse-engineer his own desire to stray, and in the process he learned an awful lot about monogamy, human desire, and dominance. There is a lot of compelling scientific research on the subject that says all sorts of things. He dug into the project in his spare time, boldly searching for the secret key to sleeping with his wife more.

He began by starting with the Hite Report, one of the original and seminal scientific examinations of modern sexuality, then went to the work of Biological Anthropologist **Dr. Helen Fisher**, an author and Rutgers professor who is also the chief scientific officer at the dating site **Chemistry.com**. If anyone knew about how two people were attracted to each other, after all, it would be the person whose job it was to match them up. She explained the neuropsychiatry of desire and led him to the realm of evolutionary psychology.

Athol's practical explanations of the intricate science behind human desire and mating that he expounded upon in his eventual landmark book on the subject, ***The Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011*** is one of the best, most complete and concise discussions of the subject I've ever read – and I've been a practicing Sex Nerd for years (and a promising amateur long before that).

Athol absorbed as much about the evolutionary underpinnings of human and general primate mating behavior, the really good stuff about sexual attraction and desire, as he could. He already had a good working knowledge on the importance of serotonin, oxytocin, vasopressin, and other hormones and neurochemicals that are largely responsible for how we feel at any given time, thanks to his time as a psych nurse. He incorporated what is known about how the human female estrus cycle has an impact on desire and mating.

He looked strongly at Evolutionary Biology, which led him to the highly controversial field of Evolutionary Psychology, which basically uses science to establish how we really mate and as a result undermines 50 years of feminist theory.

(It's interesting to note that the feminist's only real response to the inconvenient truth about human mating is that Evolutionary Psychology "can't prove that". Which is precisely what the murderer says when they've tacitly admitted the crime, but are struggling for a way out. Interesting, no?)

But Athol didn't stop there – he wanted a pragmatic answer, and while Science is great on theory and basic research, Athol recognized that the complexity of an adult long-term relationship was probably not going to be found in simple primate studies. If you were really going to understand this whole human mating thing, you needed real field research, not lab studies and bullshit voluntary response Sociology questionnaires filled out by white middle-class Art History majors. Athol was genuinely moved by the stories – people were suffering. He's a nurse. He felt compelled to help them with their issues of desire in marriage, even as he was learning to repair his own.

So Athol went back to the internet to find some more resources about how you can actually sleep with your spouse, not just kiss their ass. In the process, he stumbled across the rudimentary Manosphere, particularly the sections on Game.

After all, if you want to learn how to fish, you ask a fisherman. If you want to know how to seduce your wife, you ask a PUA. He may have already done if for you, for all you know.

Athol discovered Mystery, first, and the flamboyant PUA made a lot of sense in Athol's context. Mystery's technique of adding comfort-building BETA during a pick-up was reminiscent of what Athol saw as required for Married Game. He studied Roissy (back in the day) and the other great PUAs and studied them as diligently as he studied Dr. Fisher's work. He broke down the practical techniques the PUAs were employing to their theoretical constituents, and found a way to codify them in the greater context of female desire.

Between Science and street lore, Athol started to figure a few things out. But even *that* wasn't quite enough – Single Game worked okay in a bar or with a girl from work who still didn't know you very well, but when one seduces one's wife, a quick "Nice shoes, Babe – you DTF?" is unlikely to do the trick. You just can't use something gimmicky in a long-term relationship or a marriage and expect any kind of decent results unless you accidently stumble across some

heretofore unknown wild fetish your wife has. Marriage is work, and wives are jaded and cynical about sex by default.

So Athol made the rounds at websites and forums devoted to marriage in general, and keeping marriages together in particular. Of particular use was the ***Talk About Marriage*** site, a kind of last refuge for the desperate. It's frequented by husbands and wives, and some of them have a great deal of insight into how successful relationships work (even if it's on the basis of what patently didn't work). In the light of the ease of no-fault divorce, the folks who end up looking for answers at TAM are often in the last throes of a troubled marriage headed for the jagged peaks of dissolution.

The stories told there can be very revealing, and often horrific. Sex, in particular, is seen as a key indicator as well as a source of real problems in marriages, and when there is another problem a couples' sex life is often the first sign. Infidelity and emotional distance were frequent subjects.

Spouses stuck in relationships with LD ("Low Drive") spouses frequently complained and begged for help as their troubled marriages headed for the wall. Sexually incompatible people who truly loved each other struggled with their own desires or lack thereof. The ruins of one marriage after another served as cautionary tales. Relationship-wise, it's kind of like wandering through a junkyard full of wrecked marriages. It makes you wince to see them, when you realize there were people inside. But it is *instructive.*

Nor were these folks ignorant of relationship basics. On the contrary, thanks to the brutal cycle of divorce, most of these folks had a history of exploring their relationships in popular culture terms that went back decades. The marriage-saving-and-ending industry is booming, after all, and most of these folks had run through all of the low-hanging fruit of the marriage-saving tree.

They know the jargon, and it's almost boilerplate. Everyone has a secret – or better yet, *seven* secrets, or nine habits, or fifteen rules, four precepts, ten cardinal points, seventeen key concepts, or five extremely thoughtful observations on the subject of how to conduct your intimate affairs. Some were more successful than others. Mostly they just gave you something to talk about at parties to make you appear culturally educated.

But in the quest to understand why their personal relationships kept crapping

out, these folks had looked everywhere, from scripture to psychology to meditation and beyond for the answer to the universal question: *How do I live with him/her without choking him/her to death in the middle of the night?* Metaphorically speaking?

Athol began seeing patterns in married relationships, particularly the sexual components. Noting how the usual disastrous implosion happened, with either an affair or an ultimatum, and recognizing that a couple's sex life is the canary in the coal mine of their matrimony, Athol started seeing that *attraction*, *desire*, and *fidelity* were all part of a complex dance of basic human mating, even in a marriage. Perhaps *especially* in a marriage.

Along the way he began to assemble a lexicon of terms-of-art useful for describing heterosexual relationship dynamics. Not the usual Greek-and-Latin derived scientific terms, which were boring and confusing. Instead he went with simple, easy-to-understand shorthand terms which any dude can relate to. He kept religion and politics out of it, especially the preconceived notions popular in feminism. And of course as he spent more and more time researching the subject on other people's blogs, he began to blog himself: the **Married Man Sex Life blog (MMSL).**

And damned if he didn't figure it out. It started by taking the Red Pill.

Our society has been looking for a "female Viagra" for years, now, at least as long as we've been looking for the male Viagra. The problem is, female sexuality is vastly different both physiologically and psychologically than male sexuality, as you may have picked up. Unlike the feminist ideal of both sexes being "equal", in point of fact our biology steers us so profoundly in different directions that in the realm of sexuality men and women are as different in what turns them on and keeps their motors' humming as you could imagine.

As my fellow Sex Nerd **Dr. Emily Nagoski** is fond of saying, there is no "Little Pink Pill" like Viagra is the "Little Blue Pill". Female sexual response is dependent on a host of factors, and while some of them are, indeed, chemical, it's unlikely that we'll ever have an *actual* pill that you can pop to get wet panties and throbbing bosoms.

That's largely because female sexuality is generally *context dependent*. There's a lot of stuff going on in there, and if everything isn't lined up right, then discord

results. Male sexuality is like a *bow and arrow* . . . female sexuality is like a *harpsichord*.

But women do get turned on by stuff, and when you sift down through the commonalities of reported experience and make an exhaustive enough set of observations, you can start figuring out what some of that stuff is. That's more-or-less what Athol did.

And in the process, he discovered how to introduce the *Red* Pill into his marriage.

Athol started out frustrated. He knew how love and attraction and marriage were supposed to work. Boy meets girl, boy and girl fall in love, boy and girl have a tumultuous courtship, an amazing wedding, and then happily-ever-after. But that's not how things worked anymore, if they ever did.

Dudes were supposed to relax, be themselves, try to be funny, respect women, and never, ever do anything sexual without prior permission or at least a whole lot of legwork. If they managed to find a woman who would marry them, then that same approach should take them through the trials and tribulations of marriage successfully . . . only it didn't work that way.

Part of the problem, he realized, was the wives he was reading about were regularly falling into patterns of attraction that just as often led to acrimony and miscommunication than to the coveted nookie. Wife would ask husband to do something, he would do it, and then he would expect her to be grateful and appreciative of how nice he was by having sex with him. (***No More Mr. Nice Guy*** calls this a "covert contract" . . . in that the man is engaged in a transactional relationship, and the woman wants her lawn mowed and doesn't think a blowjob is required for the act.)

Only what actually happened was that the wife got more moody and cranky the nicer – and the more sexually desperate – the husband got, until her attraction for him was crushed under the weight of his own attentiveness.

The husband got frustrated, the wife got frustrated, and when that happens enough times over enough years, people in our society usually end up finding a reason to get a divorce, because things *"aren't working out"*. Someone contemplates an affair or actually has one, and it's often Game Over.

Athol didn't *want* to have an affair. He loved his wife. He got along great with his wife – if he was a Nice Guy, she was a Nice Girl. He wanted to have sex with her. A lot. Every Day. But all of his Nice Guy, Be Yourself stuff *didn't work* in most marriages, he realized. The nicer a husband was, the more distant and unapproachable the topic of sex was to his wife.

As Athol worked, he slowly realized that his approach – **and the approach of the vast majority of married dudes these days** – was just *wrong*.

Wives, like their single contemporaries, don't want "nice guys", no matter how many times or how loudly they say it. If they did, then Nice Guys would be getting laid like linoleum, not divorced. While Nice Guys *do* make great dads, they just don't pull the trigger for their wives' sexual response . . . which leads to disinterest, boredom, and an eventual quest for excitement that can all-too-often lead to infidelity.

Wives also don't want their men to be "sensitive", despite what they say. Sensitive bleeds into whiny, and no matter how devout the feminist, the woman who gets damp panties from a whiny dude is as rare as dudes who get off on nagging.

Women don't want to "baby" their husbands – that's a libido-killer.

So, as the eternal question has raged since **Socrates'** time, ***what the hell do women really want?*** Because the feminist-standard answer of "a nice sensitive guy who isn't afraid to cry and can handle housework" seems to be a recipe for divorce.

To answer that question, Athol turned to the same resources used by **Ogi Ogas and Sai Gaddam** in their groundbreaking book ***A Billion Wicked Thoughts: What The World's Largest Experiment Reveals About Human Desire.***

The authors, two number-crunching neuroscientists with dirty minds, were doing what Athol was doing, they were just doing it wholesale, not retail. Instead of attempting to piece together what human desire is out of a multitude of clues, they did what most people do these days. They hit the internet. Specifically, search data on porn terms, and eventually they broadened this statistical analysis to include terms associated with male and female desire.

As a result, they got *huge* amounts of data not on what people were ideologically supposed to get turned on by – tasteful nudes and female-positive softcore – but what people *actually paid money* to masturbate to, both men and women.

Unsurprisingly, despite five decades of feminist rhetoric against poor body image and self-esteem crushing skinny supermodels, apparently dudes like skinny young chicks with big boobs and an enthusiastic attitude about sex. And women still like tall, dark, and handsome broad-shouldered billionaires who may or may not suck blood or sparkle.

***A Billion Wicked Thoughts***, like Athol, broke down human desire and attraction into its constituent parts, but unlike Athol, they didn't rely on anecdotal evidence and hearsay. They had raw, hard data on what people paid money to do to explore their own sexuality. What they actually do. What they actually like. What they are *actually attracted to*.

Ogas and Gaddam caught a lot of flack – some of it blatantly politically-generated – for flawed methodology, poor datasets, and the occasional contradiction, if you weren't careful about how you read it. But I can't fault their conclusions.

Indeed, their book is becoming the standard by which the billions-of -dollars porn-and-romance industries hone their marketing efforts.

We'll get to this in a bit more detail in a moment, but for now put aside all of the "critical" disdain Ogas and Gaddam have suffered for the simple reason **that their assessments were seen as accurate enough for very smart businesspeople to make decisions that made them millions of dollars**. Their conclusions are also congruent with forty years of adult consumer product and entertainment purchasing decisions. Like Roosh, their kung fu *works.*

In formulating a new model, Athol adopted the traditional sociodescriptive Manosphere terms of ***Alpha*** and ***Beta***, but instead of using them to describe people, as the PUAs often did, he used them as a term-of-art to describe *behaviors*. alpha and beta.

In a marriage, he contends, a husband and a wife do their sexual dance largely around how the woman *responds* to the man. That is, **the *man's* actions within**

**the relationship are the prime agency around which their mutual sex life revolves**.

It's partially dependent upon her menstruation cycle, energy level, and other factors – those are the context in which a woman mates -- but in general **the set of behaviors associated with inspiring sexual excitement and attraction, creating a cascade of dopamine in a woman's brain Athol called *alpha* behaviors, while the set of behaviors associated with building comfort and security – also attractants, but not *sexual* attractants – he considered *beta* behaviors.**

And it turns out that if a man wants to get wildly laid by his wife on a regular basis, then managing his ability to display the appropriate levels of alpha and beta at the appropriate times tends to *build a long term sexual interest and excitement* in a wife that keeps the marriage functioning sexually.

So what are these "alpha behaviors"? They look *suspiciously* like a dude running *really tight Game.*

Let's go back to the PUA's basic Alpha/Beta language for a moment. Imagine the "hawt dude" at the party that every woman is gushing over. He's tall, well-built, dresses well, has a commanding manner, is smart, funny, charming, bold, aggressive, and possibly strongly opinionated.

He's the Bull Alpha, the Player who attracts women like iron filings to a magnet. *All* women, even the married ones. Indeed, his ability to attract women often leads to developing a "harem" of women who pursue him, not the other way around. He's the cad that women's panties dampen over. The Alpha.

Now imagine the typical "loser" dude at the bar – not even necessarily the fat Omega with the skin problem who still lives in his mom's house, but just the normal, everyday Beta dude who dresses unimaginatively, clutches a drink protectively in front of him like it's a shield, can't say five words to a strange woman without stammering or looking away, and generally apologizes his way into some chick's panties after she's been pumped and dumped by "hawt dude", above. He's the dad that women settle for. And eventually divorce out of boredom or "unhappiness". The Beta.

These two stereotypes represent the balance that Athol advocates a man present

in a relationship in order to inspire sexual attraction in his wife, which therefore leads to an increase in sexual activity. By using his masculine skillset to control a woman's context as much as possible (invoking her desire for beta comfort) while simultaneously presenting a strong, dominant and decisive figure for her to admire (thereby inciting her desire for alpha excitement) at the appropriate times, Athol invented ***Married Game***.

While most Single Game advocates push being more alpha all the time, because that inspires excitement and sexy thoughts, Athol recognized that a relationship built on alpha alone was hot . . . but extremely short lived. A relationship based on mostly beta was tepid, at best, and eventually doomed to dysfunction. **Only by a husband striking the proper balance at the proper time can he ring his wife's bell over and over again the way she likes it.**

If you're wondering why Athol focused on the husband, and not the wife is simple. **Sexuality is not equal**.

Just ask Dr. Nagoski, who in her quest to scoff at Big Pharma for foolishly pursuing the Little Pink Pill repeatedly points out that **female sexuality is responsive in nature**. It *reacts,* unlike male sexuality which is usually *spontaneous* in nature. Therefore giving your wife a Little Pink Pill won't work, if she spent all day worrying about her mother in the hospital or the kids' shoes and whether or not she's going to be promoted -- the *context* is wrong.

But if a *man* "takes the Red Pill", displaying an adept combination of supportive beta and sexually aggressive alpha at the right times . . . *damp panties.*

Athol recognized that the primary issue with today's failing marriages isn't the lack of communication or equality – it's ***too much*** **communication of the wrong sort and *too much* equality.** In general husbands want more sex from their wives, and in general wives want more . . . *something* they can't really describe but they read about it once from their husbands.

By taking the Red Pill, husbands learn what that indefinable something is: (a)lpha, with a generous side of beta.

(I say "in general". I do understand implicitly that there are millions of wives out there who would love to see more native, spontaneous desire in their husbands, and more sex in general, but are frustrated with how to ask for it

without either hurting their husband's feelings or having an affair. Sexuality changes over time for women, too – whereas once-a-week was fine when you had two small kids underfoot, by the time they're teenagers a lady might like it a couple of times a week . . . but by that time hubby is content with his Saturday Night Special. Keep reading, ladies, if that sounds familiar, there might be something in here for you.)

If you ask a bunch of women in poorly-faring relationships what they *really* want, they'll describe their usual fantasy laundry-list of romance novel tropes. And when you break that down through the prism of the Red Pill, what they're usually asking for – and divorcing over – is a lack of alpha in their men.

Even hardcore feminists complain about the lack of backbone in their husbands, the constant deference, and the hesitant approach to sex. Even hardcore feminists (especially around ovulation) apparently desire to be taken without a complex, libido-killing negotiation about their feelings and whether or not doggie-style sex is inherently sexist and oppressive. Scrape all of the feminist frosting off the cupcake, and most women just don't respond sexually to the type of man that they *say* that they want . . . and that many of them find themselves with.

What they want, as Athol discovered, is more alpha in their diets. **Male dominance.**

Let's take a brief intermission for a moment while every feminist who read that screams hysterically. And . . . *there.*

We're not talking about the whips-and-chains BDSM scene – Athol discovered that the key to turning a wife on revolved around the husband's ability to **project a strong alpha image, conduct strong alpha displays, and consistently and regularly *take the lead* in how the affairs of the family are conducted.**

He tested his theory on his sweet and loving wife, Jennifer, by suddenly taking a far more active role in leading his family. That is, **he started actively leading his marriage with the expectation that Jennifer would just naturally follow him . . . and darned if she didn't.**

He didn't do it just sexually, but in *all* aspects of their lives. **Because you can't be beta all week and then suddenly turn up the alpha on Saturday night and**

**expect it to work.** The key to the panty-dampening nature of the Red Pill is for the husband to assume an Alpha persona – to be the dominant partner in the marriage. *Every day.*

Now, one would expect that any sane woman of the feminist post-industrial era would naturally bristle at the suggestion that she needed or even wanted *management* from her husband. The very idea that a husband should be the dominant partner in a marriage is a challenge to basic feminist principals. It's sexist, it's demeaning, and it's an affront to the dignity of women to think that a man could and should be the head of a modern household by default. Indeed, make that suggestion to a single woman and it *enrages* them more often than not.

Talk to a wife of thirty years, however, and she might disagree with her.

Athol consciously took control of his house . . . *without asking his wife's permission.*

He started being more socially and physically dominant, incorporating the best Single Game recommendations concerning personal appearance, kino, and other physical presentations. He started being more *sexually* dominant, using the Game technique of frame-controlling to not only initiate sex more with Jennifer, but to operate with the *expectation* of regular hot sex. Regular meaning more than thrice a week, in his case (don't be jealous) daily. Hot meaning . . . well, you know. *Hot.* Intense. Soul-cleansing.

He began assembling an arsenal of techniques and tips and rules-of-thumb about just how to be gently dominant in his marriage, from how to schedule his day to how to react to his wife's rare unreasonable demands – "fitness tests" or "shit tests" in Red Pill parlance. He worked to establish *himself* as the primary household decision-maker, encompassing everything from where to live to what to have for dinner.

That's not saying he didn't solicit the advice and counsel of his wife . . . he just quit waiting for her to be all equal and cooperative and consensus-building and he *just handled it.*

And lo, Athol was amazed. Jennifer ate it up like a fat kid with a bowl of frosting. He started getting laid like tile, enthusiastically and eagerly. She

started to really enjoy their marriage. His "stepping up" or "manning up" or "being a dominating dude" or "taking the Red Pill" or whatever you want to call it *made her life easier* . . . because, come to find out, **the big complaint from the post-industrial working wife is not that her husband is too domineering and demanding** . . . **it's that he's an indecisive pussy.**

Even Nice Girl Jennifer and Nice Guy Athol could get deadlocked in passive-aggressive mutual submission deadlocks that made her nuts . . . and less attracted to Athol.

From *her* perspective, that is – from *his* Blue Pill perspective he's just trying to **respect her independence** by **giving her options and choices**, because men have had it *drilled into their skulls* that women like options and choices and being in charge all the time because it makes them feel all independent and strong.

The Red Pill fact is that the modern post-industrial woman is often working a job that demands she constantly make choices and decisions to the point that by the time the inevitable *"what do you want to do for dinner tonight?"* question comes up, nine times out of ten she'd just prefer someone to *tell her* what was for dinner.

Decisiveness is one of the key elements of Athol's program of steadily-progressing Alpha-style presentations. Because nothing dries up panties more than the phrase *"I dunno, whatdyouwannado?"*

Athol Kay went on to develop an entire program of work in this direction – not just learning to up the alpha, but learning to up the beta and *knowing when it's time to do which.* He added a mandatory physical fitness regimen (because womens likes the abs, they do, and exercise increases male testosterone levels which in turn increase aggression), made a concerted effort to balance his newfound alpha with deliberate applications of beta, and, importantly, *he quit kissing his wife's ass in the hopes that she'd deign to have sex with him*.

He instead proceeded with the understanding that having sex with her husband was naturally part of the program, and not only did he start boldly initiating sex more, he worked out a set of protocols for dealing with escalation and rejection and seduction. And she was far, far more enthusiastic about the enterprise with her new Alphafied hubby.

The most important element to my mind was this: **Athol made the decisive leap from understanding his marriage as a poorly-functioning co-equal partnership to seeing it instead as a dynamic opportunity for him to demonstrate *attractive male leadership.***

He didn't hold Jennifer down and make her acknowledge him as her lord and master (to my knowledge – what happens in the bedroom, and all that). He just stepped up and took responsibility, leading his wife and his family without permission or apology . . . and with the expectation that they would follow.

Durned if he wasn't right.

As Athol developed his idea into a blog and then into a book, he took a lot of heat from some quarters. Large parts of the Manosphere were skeptical of the whole idea of a properly-functioning marriage that didn't look exactly like the nearly-extinct Marriage 1.0. And feminists saw the idea of male domination in a relationship as atavistic and foul.

Jennifer, on the other hand, was a whole lot happier. And so was Athol. And so the word spread.

Don't believe for a moment that taking the Red Pill and telling your wife what to do will give you a perfect marriage – it's a lot more complicated than that, and mandates a good understanding about the forces involved. It's kind of like knowing the chemical formula for dynamite, but not knowing chemistry.

Athol's Red Pill approach to marriage requires an awful lot of ground work on the part of a husband before he can expect to reap the rewards. It's a natural reaction to being exposed to a calm, dominant man in control of his situation, not a forced acquiescence based entirely on the fact you have a penis. The Red Pill is the result of a wife *respecting the decisions and actions and leadership of her husband.*

In other words**, if you don't act like so much of a pussy all the time, you get laid more.** *Who knew?*

Athol maintains (and I and many other Manospherans support) the idea that a Red Pill marriage is *not* a betrayal of either the humanistic pursuit for political

and social equality between the genders nor is it a betrayal of the quest for a more authentic masculinity. He sees it, as I do, as a variation of MGTOW.

The whole point of the MGTOW movement, of course, is in response to the depressing state of marriage, family, and women in general in our culture, a way for men to work in their own best interest toward their own personal masculine goals.

But what if your own personal masculine goals include reproduction and a long-term stable relationship? Does that necessarily make you a *pussy?*

Well, as it turns out, no. Making the active, purposeful decision to have kids with a woman, and living with her under the same roof and under the same personal commitment, is also a valid way for a man to Go His Own Way.

The difference is that a man with Game, the wisdom of the Wise Old Men, the understanding of the fungibility of women in relationships and the knowledge of his own masculinity can *thoughtfully and deliberately* weed through the vast numbers of modern women who are, simply, not "good wife material" and narrow his focus only on those he finds worthy. Then after an intense period of mutual vetting and investigation, a man can take a wife and become a father in a more enlightened, less-hazardous way than the traditional "True Love/The Condom Broke" sort of way.

Athol and the married men who follow him are not simply BETA pussies talking a good game online**. They're married men who love their wives and are *just now discovering* that what their wives love about them includes more romance-hero-style bad-boy alpha sexatude and less obsequious beta whining that encourages IV drip sex (that is, just enough to keep the marriage from dying).**

Unlike the Bull Alphas who skip merrily from pussy to pussy, dangling the hope of commitment before the noses of dozens of women without ever quite pulling the trigger, the committed family-man in a Red Pill marriage is a *Wolf* Alpha. **All the sexy Alpha traits, but paired with a deep and profound sense of commitment and dedication to the family unit.**

Wolves are social animals, unlike bulls. The social hierarchy in a canine pack is simple and straightforward, but it's also ever-present. There is an Alpha leader,

and there is the mate of the Alpha leader, and everyone else takes a place in line after them. The welfare of the pack is more important than the welfare of an individual of either gender. Study canine social dynamics and you learn a lot about our own – after all, we probably learned a lot from them. Canines are the oldest of man's domesticated critters, and for the last 50,000 years we've been sharing waterholes, discarded kills and campfires with them.

Wolf Alphas are the ultimate Dads. They often assume a leadership role, often have the respect and admiration of their fellow men and the attraction of other women, and they are devoted to the welfare of the family and group before their own welfare. When Athol took the first tentative steps in improving his marriage by telling his wife what to do, not asking her what she would *like* to do, he was on the way to becoming a Wolf Alpha.

Of course, when the inevitable "I don't want to be dominated by my husband!" shrieking began, Athol had to find some better way of describing the model without invoking images of whips and chains. **How can one portray dominance in a civilized, easy-to-get way without inspiring angry protests from manly-looking women?**

The key is to understand that the Red Pill, as compounded by Athol, isn't merely the idea of a man dominating his *wife*. It's the idea of a man dominating his *life.*

Domination and submission are tricky subjects when it comes to sex, marriage, and politics. It was the domination of the Patriarchy that enraged Third Wave feminists, it was the domination of men under the law and in society that inspired First and Second Wave feminists (by the Fourth Wave, men really just weren't dominating anymore . . . which kinda pissed off the Fourth Wave).

But domination and submission are essential elements not just in human mating, but in *all human society*. When we go to work, technically we are "submitting" ourselves to our supervisors as representatives of the company. In turn we may be the dominant members of a team, with subordinates answerable to us. Dominance and submission are merely active and passive models of behavior.

A dominant male initiates sex, a submissive female eagerly accepts that initiation, hilarity ensues. That's basic biology, not even remotely restricted to human mating.

So how do you convince a “strong, independent woman” to accept dominance from her husband without pissing her off or making her call him ‘Master’?

Athol settled on what he calls the **“Captain/First Officer” model.**

Anyone familiar with ***Star Trek: The Next Generation*** (and that should be everyone excluding the Amish) understands the role that Captain Picard plays on the ship – he’s the *Captain*. He makes policy decisions and gives orders.

Mostly, he gives orders to Commander Riker, his *First Officer*, who then sees the orders executed. It rarely occurs to viewers that Riker is *subordinate* to Picard – that Picard is, in fact, the *dominant* one – but once it’s brought up, they understand that implicitly. Picard is Captain. Riker is First Officer. Picard gives orders, Riker makes them happen.

It’s not a coercive relationship or an unhappy one. They are two passionate professionals dedicated to a common goal – and more, they are two strongly opinionated, highly competent men dealing with issues of life and death and authority and responsibility. There is mutual respect and eventually admiration on both parties’ part. There is no defiance or resistance to the giving of an order because Picard demonstrates over and over that *he knows what the fuck he is doing*, and even if he doesn’t he’s still the Captain.

And Riker has demonstrated over and over that his success and achievement is due largely to his ability to execute Picard’s orders efficiently and – when necessary – creatively. That doesn’t make him less valuable or less important to the functioning of the ship. That makes both of them *equally* important . . . as long as Riker continues to understand his subordinate role and Picard doesn’t back away from his dominant role.

While that might seem a simplistic assessment of relationship power dynamics, the fact is that it *works*. Well. A man who feels his marriage is in trouble (and that’s a WHOLE lot of dudes) often finds that by running Athol’s MAP (“Male Action Plan”) of getting in shape, learning Married Game including understanding his wife’s and his own sexuality better, and adopting a more dominant presentation, that his marriage improves . . . *dramatically.*

Even in cases where the changes are subtle, a woman’s subtextual radar responds to dominant displays. That doesn’t mean that she will necessarily like or enjoy

those displays, but as long as she stays interested and intrigued, not bored and apathetic, she's invested in the intimate relationship.

I can hear an entire chorus of feminists and Blue Pill dudes out there asking, *"well, why can't* the female *be dominant, then? Isn't that fair?"*

It *might* be fair, but it doesn't work out nearly as well as feminist theory says it should, because **women still stubbornly persist in being attracted to *dominant* men, not *submissive* men**. Unless a woman's own kink is dominating a dude 24/7, and she finds a dude who enjoys that sort of thing, "taking turns" or actively deferring to your wife all the time does *nothing* for your sex life. On the contrary, it often kills it.

Athol makes several compelling points about this as he dissects the anatomy of the typical affair. In the context of both hypergamy and "oat sowing", he learned how to look at a marriage and predict (with a relatively decent degree of accuracy) who is likely going to be more tempted to cheat.

Is it the husband who isn't getting enough sex and doesn't feel "understood", particularly with the 25 year old Zumba instructor, or is it the wife who has lost almost all attraction for her milquetoast hubby and fucks him just enough to keep him from leaving . . . until she meets that hot guy at work?

By reducing marriages to dominance and submission, alpha and beta displays, ***spontaneous desire*** and ***reactive desire***, and seeing marital sex lives through the perspective of menstruation and ovulation and hormones, Athol manages to bring a whole new language to the problem.

A recent post sums up some of his more profound insights about troubled relationships:

> (1) You can't fix Batshit Crazy. Only medicate it, or run.
> (2) If you are being beaten by your spouse, or they are smashing up the house… film it and dial 911.
> (3) You aren't a doctor. Don't start, stop, change, or throw away any medication.
> (4) If there was no sex at the beginning of the marriage… don't expect any now.
> (5) If you take a cheater back, do it only once. Otherwise you'll just be

cheated on forever.
(6) Don't fuck other women behind your wife's back. Don't send dirty texts to other women. Don't send pictures to them. Shit tends to come back around.
(7) Stop getting drunk.
(8) Start working out.
(9) If your wife disappears all weekend and comes back "with a UTI"… she cheated.
(10) If they move all their shit out of the house without telling you why… change the locks and don't let them come back.

This is all good, solid, practical marital advice, but it's *elemental* to the Red Pill to understand it in context. And it's a lot more practical than muttering *"bitches be crazy"* under your breath as you give up on ever understanding women for the *n*th time.

The men who follow Athol's blog and have adopted the strategies in his book have, for the most part, seen some resolution in their marriages. In a few cases they have recognized that there were *no* solutions (see: *Batshit Crazy*) and proceeded to divorce. The number of positive reviews of Athol's books on Amazon tells the tale better than I. But in most cases where men and women have been able to apply his advice, they've seen some remarkable – and positive – changes in their marriages.

Like, *getting-laid-three-times-as-much* changes. Like, *my-wife-surprised-me-at-work-with-a-nooner* changes. Like, *my-wife-can't-shut-up-about-how-great-I-am-to-her-jealous-girlfriends* changes.

Indeed, the most common comment following a man's successful adoption of Married Game is *"it's kind of like discovering you suddenly have superpowers."*

And what do the poor wives have to put up with, besides nearly constant sex? Athol's recommendations for the successful running of the MAP include such bold alpha and strong beta moves as:

Doing laundry ("Hitting her L-spot")
Pressing her up against a wall for a deep, forceful 10-second kiss.
Deciding on dinner and making reservations and handling all the

details.
Making sure the kids' homework is done.
Taking pride in his appearance and paying attention to his attire.
Seeks to be socially dominant and successful in his worklife.
Being assertive and even aggressive when it comes to challenges in everyday life.
Letting her know which bills she is to pay and when.
Working toward having Rock Hard Abs.
Cultivating a permanent funny/cocky attitude reflective of confidence.

Sounds *oppressive*, doesn't it Ladies?

Athol's suggestions for men are highly controversial: stop apologizing for stupid stuff. Quit being so available to do her bidding. Quit allowing her to volunteer your labor or your time without consultation. Announce an agenda and your expectation for her to perform and how. *Tell* her, don't *ask* her. And above all, ***demand that she treat you with respect . . . or else.***

Or else?

There are few fundamental things a man can insist on in a relationship – demanding that he be treated with respect by his wife, even when they are fighting, should be one of them. Indeed, in the Manosphere, under the influence of the Red Pill, it is. And under Athol's MAP, it's absolutely required.

I cringe at the number of times I've seen some poor BETA husband shrivel under the nasty, emasculating comments of his wife even though he's *busting his ass* for her. With the Red Pill, if there is not at least a civil and respectful tone toward both parties, at all times, then there is a problem. Athol recommends a husband discontinue the conversation suddenly and immediately until things cool down and his wife is willing to offer an apology.

But walking away in the middle of an argument isn't the only response a Red Pill man can give a wife who doesn't treat him with respect. Not the fawning, obsequious devotion many women imagine a man means when he says that sort of thing, but a simple avoidance of treating your man like a child, not calling him names, and not interrupting him while he's speaking shouldn't be too much

to ask in any marriage.

It's axiomatic of the MAP that a man approach his relationship from a position of strength, and allowing yourself to be disrespected without answering in your own home is not alpha. **The rest of the MAP is designed around just this thing: making a man as individually strong as possible.** Strong men tend to be dominant. Dominant men tend to get laid. Q.E.D.

Athol had plenty of competition, of course. Around the same time he self-published ***Married Man Sex Life Primer*** in 2011, there were a couple of other, more standard books on improving your marriage and/or sex life floating around. For a lark, I decided to compare one to Athol's book, side-by-side. I chose the fairly typical, unoriginal book ***How To Sleep With Your Wife***, by **Dr. Vicki Levkoff**, published around the same time.

Unlike Dr. Levkoff's fairly standard-issue "just be a nice guy, be yourself, and do *whatever the hell* your wife tells you to or no nookie" book, the ***Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011*** speaks directly to men in language men can understand. Whereas HTSWYW offers essentially an elaborate plan in how to kiss your wife's ass and why you should love it if she makes you crazy before she deigns to grant you her favors, Athol's approach is nearly the polar opposite.

Far from condescending, it is one of the more empowering books on sexuality I've ever read. It begins with the premise that it is ***perfectly normal and natural*** **for a man to want and pursue a profoundly sexual relationship with his wife**, and proceeds with how to attain that golden goal through a comprehensive examination of the known science of sexual attraction, desire, and courtship.

That might not seem like such a radical notion to you, but the fact is that feminism has often sought to shame men about their sexuality, inside of marriage and out, to the point where men themselves have questioned the normalcy or natural origin of his libido. Convincing dudes that it was okay to want to fuck their wives all the time – and that didn't mean they were perverts or deviants, just dudes – was an important first step.

Athol's coverage of testosterone and estrogen, vasopressin and of course the all-important dopamine and oxytocin, and their various effects on men and women as they go around pairbonding, falling in love, and otherwise trying to have sex with each other are essential to understanding. Knowing to initiate sex during

her ovulation period (and maybe a little hairpulling in the heat of the moment) is just one of the many pieces of advice he goes to. Cranking up the beta during her period is another.

But he doesn't stop there. Athol continuously refers to Evolutionary Biology and its role in the way our mating evolved, and makes quite a point of invoking prehistoric necessity (humorously called *The Time Before Writing*) to explain particulars of human sexual behavior. He brings a nurse's familiarity with anatomy to the discussion about a wife's menstrual cycle and what it means to her husband; he expounds on the sex lives of our paleo ancestors (and why it's important to us) in a way that any dude can appreciate.

**Married Man Sex Life Primer 2011** makes a strong case for monogamy and against any kind of mate-sharing – but it's not a standard-issue American quasi-monogamous marriage he's proposing, here. (Partially because he's a Kiwi from NZ). Instead he proposes that **the best way to a man's happiness is to get laid like tile within the bounds of his marriage.** And then he gives his reasoning against infidelity just as powerfully as he runs step-by-step through the stark decision-making process a man uses to consider a divorce.

But it's not a mere "demand for service" he's proposing, either. PUAs have a device like that, known as "dread", in which they seek to inspire dread that they will abandon the relationship in their women. Athol advocates using that or a divorce ultimatum only as a last resort . . . but he does suggest that a man in a Red Pill marriage do his best to ensure his wife knows that he's willing to walk away if necessary.

Partially because that's the best response a man can make to a hysterical shit-test, and partially because women, as the PUAs noted, seem to despise men who "can't live without them" . . . while the boys who could care less if they lived or died they'll do in the parking lot.

No, instead of merely demanding sex, Athol's advice is much more insidious. He suggests *keeping your wife attracted and aroused virtually all the time*.

**The MAP**

The centerpiece to the book is his Male Action Plan (MAP). It's a comprehensive method for a man to reinvent himself in a way which will leave his wife little choice but to either fall in healthy lust with him again or admit to mental issues and seek professional help. Or it will at least force the issue in a bad marriage and allow a man to cut the bonds cleanly before pursuing a better match. Along the way key traditional elements of masculine identity combine with an enlightened approach to modern sensibilities.

In Athol's MMSL world, alpha and beta aren't opposite ends of the dial, they're two separate, distinct, and important controls a man employs to attract and keep a mate. Simply put, you use alpha to attract her and hold her sexual interest, and beta to make her comfortable and assure her of your commitment.

Alpha doesn't mean be a dick all the time. Beta doesn't mean be a pussy all the time. But you have to know *how* and *when* and in *what proportions* to be both nurturing (in that specific fatherly sort of way) and commanding (in that strong Captain Picard way) without being abusive.

Included within the MAP are suggestions for improving both alpha and beta qualities; the use of physical fitness in your regime; the importance of setting boundaries within your relationship; holding your wife accountable; the use (not abuse) of domination strategies to encourage your wife; the potential consequences of ignoring major problems in the relationship; and the importance of a good, healthy, and attractive physical appearance in your relationship. The MAP is the first step toward developing Married Game.

Athol presents some intriguing strategies for Married Game, as well as examples from his own life that illustrate *how* to apply Game to your marriage. He and his wife Jennifer are very much in love, love each other, and apparently have an enviable amount of lusty sex while maintaining a two-career life with two adolescent daughters to raise.

That's a perspective many men can relate to in contemporary America, and the fact that both Athol and his wife freely use humor as an essential part of their marriage to disarm potential negatives and accentuate positives gives us an outstanding example of how to do likewise in our own relationships. Dude is funny, no joke.

There's a lot of specific terminology to master, much of it which has been discussed at length in this book and some which has barely been touched: Sex Rank, Rationalization Hamster, Red Pill/Blue Pill, Sex Strategy, Body Agenda, Preselection, Fitness Test, Beta Orbiter, Nice Guy, Oneitis, L-Spot (women *love* that one!) and of course the all-important term, ***Game***.

Athol tries to be comprehensive, and he's looking to find good, common rules of advice while acknowledging all of the really bad advice couples have suffered through over the years. He revisits some pop-culture answers to marital problems, addressing the importance of Date Night and what it entails from a male perspective, for instance. (We spell that S-E-X, ladies. Just a hint).

Athol is devout about his insistence of positive affirmations, saying *"I love you"* and meaning it on a daily basis, for example, and other beta-oriented stuff. But he puts it in Red Pill context, which makes it less demeaning to the masculine spirit and more approachable as a practical matter. Such displays of affection aren't weakness, when sincerely given and properly warranted. It's when they are compelled or expected that we start to lose control.

While Athol's focus is clearly on post-marital life, he devotes a good amount of space to proper ***Wife Selection*** – something far too few men even consider while they're searching for a decent date. He points out some telling red flags in a potential wife, things that we rarely think of as we're ogling the boobs across the room that could spell our doom.

Athol empowers husbands to take control of themselves, their wives, and celebrate their sexuality and masculinity without shame or remorse. His MAP is far more about tearing yourself down to the bare metal as a man and rebuilding your masculinity and your control over it without fear of being judged. The MAP emphasizes the idea that dominance comes from strength, and therefore a man should be strong. Workouts are a priority. So is improvement in dress, hygiene (if necessary) and style. Making more money doesn't suck, either.

All of these things contribute to a husband raising his objective attractiveness – his Sex Rank – slowly over time. Being assertive, taking responsibility, taking over control of decisions from what to cook for dinner to where they'll spend their retirement. Who can argue with becoming a better man?

Athol also respects the power of porn. He is neither a crazy advocate of porn or staunchly anti-porn, he freely acknowledges the role that porn can play in a sexually healthy marriage, and for a sexually healthy man.

But he also points out that constantly whacking off to porn is not *real* alpha behavior, and is ultimately *not* going to get you laid. Unlike others on marriage, Athol understands the dangers of porn in a relationship, but he addresses it with acceptance, without judgment, merely as a practical matter.

Resistance to Athol's message is high in feminist quarters, mostly because they can't get past the "male domination" meme and understand what's actually happening. They're appalled at the notion that men should "game" their wives – that's manipulative and coercive, goes the theory. Men should only have sex with their wives when their wives *want* to have sex with them.

From the Manosphere, the reaction was more muted but no less ardent. Men weren't supposed to do laundry and other household chores – that was part of the problem! Male dominance is great, but how can you be dominant when you're in a relationship with a woman who refuses to accept your dominance?

This issue is also important because of the whole "gender pay gap": for the first time in history, a demographic cohort of women is out-earning their male counterparts. Newspapers and magazines are running stories on the lack of men, and the lack of "desirable" men – *men that can out-earn their women*.

Why is this important? Because the consensus of opinion, based on their patterns of marriage and divorce, indicate that despite their own successes and achievements, **women still prefer their mate to be more successful, achieve more, and enjoy a slightly higher social status than she does.** All of those are alpha-building traits, issues of male dominance that inspire a sexual response. When a woman comes home from a hard day at the office and discovers her husband has been "working on his music" all day, it's just really hard to get excited.

But the "Mancession", the Great Recession of 2008, decimated the male capacity to perform, even if the desire was there. Since it hit industries employing lots of men, men were the ones hardest hit economically, men and the families which depended upon them. Traditional muscle jobs in factories or in raw materials harvesting or other manly occupations dried up . . . and women

who had been planning an early retirement with their husbands were now working overtime just to pay the mortgage. When the dude you married can't even make rent, attraction fails.

Expect this trend to continue. In the future most men aren't going to out-earn their female peers anymore. Fewer and fewer are even entering the professional fields to begin with, and fewer are seeing their education through to fruition. There just won't be nearly enough professional men to marry all the professional women who want high-performing husbands.

Women, if they decide they want to marry, will have to deal with the idea that they are and probably always will be the breadwinners – there is no rich Prince Charming who's going to ride over the hill and whisk them away. More than likely *they'll* be responsible for rent, food, groceries, and retirement savings as the higher earners while their husband works on his comic strip or his disc golf game.

And just how many women will put up with that indefinitely?

While that shouldn't bother a secure, empowered feminist career woman – theoretically – in practice you get women complaining about their "lazy" husbands who don't have dinner ready or the house clean when they get home from a hard day at the office.

In other words, exactly the kind of paternalistic, patriarchal crap that *1960s housewives* got fed up with and revolted from. That was the impetus for women flooding the workforce: financial security and independence from men, and an end to domestic servitude.

But feminists see money as power in a relationship. And it is, to an extent. A man who makes more than his wife has power in his marriage. But does a wife who makes more than her husband automatically have the power? While career women are having to deal with unemployed, depressed husbands who can't find the confidence to even get aroused, their frustration at the "equal" opportunity grows palpable. And a man in such a relationship feels emasculated by it.

How can he assert himself in any way when he is dependent on his wife for everything in his life? That sort of thing doesn't build a confident husband . . . it builds a scheming gigolo.

Athol's MAP and his frank recommendation for male domination in a marriage might seem to run counter to the trend toward feminization of men and the masculinization of women feminism has fostered. As I said, he took a lot of heat for the stance from women too invested in feminism to look objectively at the issue. Over and over again he had to defend himself against those who were offended that he might suggest women in general get off sexually from being dominated in bed by their husbands and lovers.

Athol knew he was on to something because his readership was not, as you might think, made up of a bunch of hopeless, hapless Omega men. It was about half women who were interested in the Red Pill lifestyle. Some were eager, some were skeptical, but all were interested in this radical theory that chicks dig dominant dudes, despite what feminism claims. Athol said that buff, strong, assertive dudes made panties wet.

And then *50 Shades of Grey* hit the charts and *validated everything he said.*

**50 Shades of Grey**

Everyone seems to be running around being shocked – shocked, I say! – at the stunning popularity of the ***50 Shades of Grey*** e-novel, involving a virginal young woman and a dark, dominant and kinky billionaire (of course) in a series of BDSM experiences that have panties dripping across the globe.

It's the latest in mommy porn, and you can expect a lot more like them in the future, if my agent is to be believed. There will be a movie. The entire adult industry took a *serious* up-surge in 2012, thanks to ***50 Shades.*** There is a nationwide shortage of glass Ben Wa balls at the moment. People are suffering. Mommies and middle-aged spinsters everywhere are getting a *serious* case of the hornies over this book.

Good on them.

But what disturbs the feminists is the fact that this HIGHLY popular (and abysmally trite) book is, indeed, **highly revelatory about the female sexual psyche**, and those insights lead to some dangerous (to them) and politically inconvenient truths.

Among these:

a) Women like porn.

b) Women like porn . . . *a lot*. Romance novels, soap operas and celebrity rags are a massive industry for just this reason.

c) Women like their “spicy” (read: explicit) porn served up with a side of BDSM, that is, **Dominance and Submission**. And throughout all of these books, it ain’t the heroine who’s cracking the whip.

d) ***50 Shades*** is an admitted rip-off of the equally-awful and equally-feminist-lambasted ***Twilight*** books, and copies the "romance" of the original along to a depressing fault.

The massive popularity reflects the above-mentioned truths so well that a lot of men are starting to rethink their entire approach to sex with their wives or girlfriends. Why did it twist the knickers of the feminist establishment and a plethora of bloggers to such an uncomfortable sense? I can sum it up in one word.

**Game.**

The appallingly-formulaic nature of these stories is so brutally revealing about the truths behind “what women want” that feminists are referring to this book as glorifying “violence towards women” just by its male-dominant theme.

The fact that it's porn is *secondary*; the objection here from the feminists is primarily that ***men aren't allowed to be dominant with women anymore***. Despite the fact that it's clear from the sales and the hype and the *millions* of soaked panties that seems to be *precisely* what the women of America want.

What women want – that is, what gets them sexually excited, which is the part we dudes really care the most about – is dominant, alpha-presenting men.

Strong, silent, tall, dark, handsome, rich, debonair, passionate . . . it’s the James Bond/Dark Triad thing under all of that Grey. He's the ultimate romance hero, minus the sparkly vampiric abilities. That is, he's a Bad Boy with a Heart of Gold who is just Misunderstood deep down inside, and who just needs enough

Magic Vagina in his life to coax him into blissful matrimony.

But it's the Bad Boy part that sells. Feminists don't want to admit that Rich is sexy, because that would make them a classist. Handsome is sexy, but they don't want to downplay the importance of a good personality and being a "nice guy", so they don't mention that part. But dominant is sexy. Power is sexy. Masculine strength is sexy. Men who don't cater to the whims of women are *sexy.*

If you take the hero Grey and make him an affable and sensitive billionaire who just cares *so darn much* about the heroine that he does everything she says, and everyone will see the eventual high-profile divorce evolving. The Hero has to be a *Bad Boy*, because panties don't get wet over Good Boys or Nice Guys. That's why ***True Blood*** remains so popular. Add in the supernatural, and then you get a panty-drenching female entertainment combination you can take to the bank, over and over again.

Feminists have a right to be concerned. Not because these books advocate violence against women, **but because it very clearly lays out just what gets most women the hottest.** And if a man knows what gets a woman hot – and let me assure you it ain't his keen housekeeping skills – then men are going to start . . . y'know . . . *actually doing that stuff*. **The dominant stuff**. Not catering to the whims of women and being overly deferent and not asking permission to use the bathroom and everything. What a disaster for feminism!

Think about it: **millions of women just discovered that they like dominant men and BDSM-style sex.** They fantasize about *being told what to do*. They have a deep-seated *sexual desire for submission* in their soul, and if the right dude shows up and knows some Game, they'll go nuts.

Now think of **millions of men suddenly cluing in to the fact that their wives and girlfriends really, *really* want them to be more dominant,** but know if they ask them to be or tell them to be, it won't count.

That's known in the Manosphere as **Solomon's Dilemma: a woman cannot *ask* a man to lead her, or it *doesn't count to her.*** He just has to *do* it . . . and she has to decide if he's worthy of following.

Feminists often proclaim that men are afraid of strong women, and while I take

issue with the shaming nature of that statement, the fact is that **few men can cope indefinitely with a woman who is stronger than himself . . . and few women want to carry the load for the marriage on behalf of a weak husband.**

That's why ***50 Shades*** and MMSL are a potent combination. If half of the Blue Pill Beta husbands out there who busted their quasi-feminist wives reading ***50 Shades*** "just to see what the fuss is about" suddenly strapped their testicles back on and stood up for themselves in their marriages, we'd see a sea-change in how American sexual culture and the Sexual Market Place works.

Don't believe one former nurse and one sleazy, poorly-written trilogy of smut? Then see what Dr. Nagoski, who specializes in the nature of feminine desire, has to say in her blog posting "what women want" on her feminist sex blog, **the dirty normal**:

> …women want…
>
> … to succumb.
>
> I searched hard for that verb. It means "to yield to superior strength or force or overpowering appeal or desire." Other verbs I considered: submit, acquiesce, yield, relent, let go, surrender, capitulate, accede, relinquish or abandon control, be controlled, be dominated… none of those quite express what happens in this tricky little dynamic.
>
> First, you must appreciate her, then you must remove things for her to worry about, and then **you must provide a force to which she can't help but succumb**.
>
> I worry whenever I talk about this that people will get it horribly wrong and think that I mean women want to be controlled and dominated by whatever alpha male has the incapacity for empathy to do what he likes without reference to her feelings. That is emphatically not what I mean.

Emphasis mine. Note how she doesn't want you to get this "horribly wrong".

Women want to be dominated, apparently, *but only by nice sensitive guys who care about their feelings*. In other words, she's asking for alpha from a guy who

only speaks beta.

Note also the bolded part**. "You must provide a *force to which she cannot help but succumb*"**. That is, a force she cannot resist and doesn't want to.

Dr. Nagoski does little in telling a dude just what he has to do to manifest this "force" – it's not her fault, that's far outside of her wheelhouse – but this feminist sex educator is apparently in favor of . . . well, a male being *dominant.* And not providing an opportunity for resistance. In practical terms, that's like saying "be lovable" but not telling you how. But back to Dr. Nagoski.

> Here, essentially, is how it works:
>
> Women spend a lot of time having to be rational and responsible. Culturally, men are given a lot of permission to be irresponsible, to pursue sex even when it's inappropriate, and women are supposed to be the gatekeepers; women who fail to keep their gates, or who indeed pursue sex rather than wait to be pursued, are condemned as irredeemable sluts. Reputation is a big deal for a lot of women.
>
> […]
>
> So culturally there's a lot of pressure for a woman to resist. Biologically there are additional reasons; apart from the metabolic mortgage that is pregnancy, a woman has twice the risk of infection from penile-vaginal intercourse as a man. Also, with our different oxytocin receptor systems, women might be more prone to attaching emotionally to a sex partner. Sex is riskier for women physically, reproductively, socially, and psychologically. There are a lot of reasons for a woman to say no.
>
> Under conditions of great – ideally, absolute – trust, women want all those reasons to shrink into insignificance in the face of your overwhelming, passionate, barely restrained need for her.

So . . . women want a dude who can pay her scads of attention, appreciate her for whatever reason, "remove things from her worry" – that is, be rich enough to keep the wolves at bay and buy her pretty things and take care of whatever she needs you to, kind of like . . .well, a lot like some *handsome billionaire* might

do.

And she doesn't let up.  What does a man have to do to *demonstrate* this?

> Your job is to flood her reason, to provide so much evidence that you want her, that all her ideas about resisting are washed away. She should feel drowned in desire, incapable of rational thought.

I'm guessing the "evidence" Dr. Nagoski refers to isn't a neatly laid-out Power Point about why a wife really *should* reasonably consider intercourse this evening, complete with charts and graphs.  She's talking *passion.*

She advises a man who wants to give a woman what she wants demonstrate his passion – not, presumably, simpering, meek, and well-spoken passion, but strong, manly, heavily-sexualized passion in a non-sexualized manner, until the force of your actions is so personally overwhelming that the lady in question can safely discard all of the good sense and good decision making Dr. Nagoski *usually* advises her female readers to cultivate.

In other words, Dr. Nagoski is advocating that a man be the dominant, alpha-type of dude who makes panties wet and women stutter.

Of course, after 40 years of feminist browbeating, there's not much hope of that sort of thing happening spontaneously.  Why?

> Yanking off her clothes impatiently, pulling her hair, pinning her to the wall or the bed, turning her over bodily, scraping your teeth on her lips, these are all valuable forms of physical control and force that you can play with.

Doesn't sound like your average feminist sex advice, does it?  The big problem with Dr. Nagoski's approach is that it assumes an awful lot.

It presumes the kind of mental and emotional energy necessary to generate this forceful play and not have you coming off looking like a lame-ass BETA chump to your woman can't be generated out of thin air – nor can it be convincingly faked.  If the woman has the power in the relationship, then no amount of posing and pretending to throw her around or pull her hair is going to do the trick.

You might act a good game, but if you're beta Monday through Friday, you can't convince your subconscious that you checked your sneakers at the door and put on man boots. And you damn sure can't convince hers.

That's a problem with a lot of sex advice that focuses on female pleasure exclusively is that it assumes a lot about men, and how they work. While male sexuality is simple, compared to female sexuality, that doesn't make it less sophisticated.

Male sexuality is tied up with all sorts of things. A man in a marriage has a complicated relationship with his wife, assuming they are faithful. His sexuality is dependent, to a certain extent, on how his wife views him. If she treats him respectfully, he can build the kind of self-confidence that leads to desire. If she screams at him for every shortcoming, his chances of suddenly transforming into the man she wants are nil.

Women who put on some trashy underwear and demand a spanking, like one UK woman did recently after reading ***50 Shades of Grey,*** can't expect their husbands to turn into a lusty, self-confident he-man if they've treated him like a moronic child for years. The lady in the UK later filed for divorce, since her husband was incapable of fulfilling her sexual needs when she asked him to.

Personally, I think the dude dodged a bullet. But back to the good Dr. Nagoski:

> Moreover, the judicious combination of force and gentleness is particularly effective. Pin her to the bed and then kiss her very softly. Grip her hair hard and then lightly breathe along the line of her neck.
>
> Because with every display of force and control you provide, she's asking herself, "Can I trust this person? Am I safe?" The gentleness lets her answer, "Yes, I'm safe. I can let go." And then another bit of force, another bit of control lost, and she asks herself, "Can I trust this person? Am I safe?" A little more gentleness, and she can answer, "Yes, I'm safe. I can let go."
>
> She wants to let go. She wants to succumb. Take her. Prove that she can trust you, prove that she can grant you access to all of her, absolutely, and that you'll reward that trust with complete, utter pleasure and affection and love.

Only . . . **the kind of man able to generate that kind of confident masculinity is a rarity now, and one who can do it in the face of harsh feminist disdain is rarer still.** If you know one, hoard him like gold. Because most of the rest of men in this day and age aren't remotely capable of that kind of sincere action – hell, I've seen grown men stutter nervously when they've proposed sex with their wives.

This is the kicker though, Ladies. The kind of confident masculinity necessary for Dr. Nagoski's good-sex scenario *is only possible when the culture of masculinity that allows it to manifest naturally* is intact. Otherwise they're just faking it, and you can pretend all you want but your vagina will know.

Dr. Nagoski is looking for lusty leading men, and feminism has turned out an endless array of buffoonish sidekicks and loveable losers. The men who can manage to generate passion like that, through the force of their own masculinity, are natural Alphas. They're rare. And their standards for commitment are usually *breathtakingly* high.

What Dr. Nagoski is essentially describing is a man running tight Game on his wife. The only way you can get to the above scenario is if you have cultivated a consistent and constant level of attention and distraction with the woman in question. You *don't* get there by deferring to her and kissing her ass. You *lead* her there, without asking her, or she's not going to go. The only way to get there for 99% of the dudes in the world who aren't natural Alphas is *to learn Game.*

If the Betas/Gammas/Deltas in America learn Game, then feminism as we know it is headed for a rocky road. If the few "happily" married women out there suddenly stop plotting affairs and exit strategies and start getting righteously boned by their reborn husbands, then they'll be a lot less likely to explode into rage over the stupid stuff feminism throws them, like designating RooshV as a "hate group" because his kung fu actually *works.*

So does Athol's. If you want proof of his theory, a compelling argument can be made based on the wildly popular success of the birth of "mommy porn". It stands to reason that if enough women in a society can be captivated by a sudden cultural emergence, that it signifies something meaningful to them at a core level.

When ***50 Shades of Grey*** became an internet smash and then an instant best-seller in 2012, it didn't matter if "not all women are like that!" ***50 Shades*** proved enough of them *are,* and showed us just what they like to think about when aroused.

If you haven't read them, you probably don't understand what the draw is. It isn't the stunning prose. In fact, as a man who makes his living making the English language his bitch, reading even a paragraph of it is as painful as losing a toenail. It's not the bad ***Twilight*** fan-fiction. It's not even the butt plugs and Ben Wa balls.

It's the male dominance. ***50 Shades*** has the women of America leaving slug trails through Wal-Mart and taking 90 minute bubble baths, and what's curling their toes is *simple male dominance.* Apologists swear that it's the romantic and psychological elements that are responsible . . . but I've never seen anyone whack off to a relationship discussion dialog. These ladies are jilling like mad, and they're jilling to the lusty scenes of Anastasia submitting utterly to the uber-dominant Christian. Dominant. Submission. *Best-Seller.*

If one crappy book is enough to scar forty years of feminist theory about sex and gender roles and the proper use of neckties for millions of women, then how strong can Gender Feminism's intellectual arguments be? Not stronger than the collective power of female arousal, clearly. ***50 Shades of Grey*** informed millions of women about how they get aroused – my *sainted MotherIn-Law* read it.

***50 Shades*** did something else: it also gave women exceedingly false expectations about ever achieving that blissful state of being effortlessly mastered with the poor Beta chumps they married. After getting hot and bothered by **Christian Grey's** "masterful" Alpha personae (Upon closer review, he's actually not that alpha) and his fondness for butt plugs, the dude with the pot belly you yelled at about the leaves *again* this morning just doesn't have much to offer.

Of course, the dude will probably get laid just because he got in the way of her libido, and he's certainly happy about that . . . but if a man is delighted in how sexual his wife is, for any reason, that's not in Gender Feminism's best interest. Exploring your sexuality is empowering as a *woman* . . . but submitting to a man is a violation of a fundamental feminist ideal.

That's a dilemma for Gender Feminists, because on the one hand they want to encourage sexual exploration in women...just not for the perceived benefit of men. So the feminist consensus says that while that's OK for women to *read* about that sort of thing, it's JUST for women to read about. Because if this information fell into the wrong hands, then . . .

Well, then the Beta Boys might learn Game. And then the feminists lose their sexual power over them. Because, Gentlemen, according to Gender Feminism, *we are the wrong hands.*

You can dissect any of these books and the same meme comes across, no matter what the hero's specifics. He's an Alpha (or Super-Alpha, depending on the ego of the writer), dominant, and he stands up to the heroine's bullshit. He teases her, he's even cruel. He negs her. He refuses her. He insults her. He frequently calls her names. He adores her, secretly, but shows it through a conflict-laden dialog that often sounds more like a challenge than a seduction.

But that just "hides his passion" for her (and only her) until he realizes it, proclaims it publicly, and takes her to her Happily Ever After (HEA): *marriage*.

No, really. *That thing that feminists hate*.

They don't make romance novels with married women as main characters, because in the female sexual psyche, that's when romance *stops*. Try to find a single married heroine in the Romance section of your bookstore. One who ends up with her original husband at the end of the book. You won't find it. It's not commercially viable.

That should make you think. If the wedding is the ultimate-and-expected-conclusion of the idealized romantic standard for women in these books, then what does that mean for us men in the aftermath?

Well, as most of you know, it's not pretty. Women know instinctively how to *get* married. They apparently don't have a clue how to BE married, usually, because the books they read never told them about that part. They have no married-romance standard. They have no ideal of what a "good" marriage should be -- although they sure know a good divorce when they see one.

American women in general, and feminists in particular, really have little idea about how to be married, happily ever after or not. They have ***Redbook***, and ***More*** magazine, for gals over 40, instead, and the Divorce section of the HuffPo to help encourage them to flee the desolate institution for an imaginary wonderland of interesting billionaires with big dicks and a fetish for middle-aged divorcees.

While men are watching at porn on video, women have endless fantasies of masculine control and domination and eventual matrimony that they express through romance novels and soap operas. ***A Billion Wicked Thoughts*** looks at the genre in depth.

Romance novels, the popular ones, all have high Alpha leads with dominant, generous personalities. Men with controlling natures have a particular allure – domination runs extremely high on the list of common female fantasies. And the plot lines feature plenty of rape and near-rape – far more than porn can ever claim.

Let me assure you, if a movie came across my desk with a “positive outcome rape” scene, it *wouldn’t get sold*. But hundreds of romance novels sell every hour on Kindle and Nook, replete with control and male domination. You want “rape culture”? Check out the Romance section, Ladies. Video porn is *wholesome* by comparison.

Even for "happily married" women, these stories are designed to take them back to when they were single, horny, and looking for Mr. Alpha Dick again, not to the middle-aged married pot-bellied clueless Beta husbands they're struggling to deal with now. That's telling about the sexual psyche of America's collective womanhood, because right now these awful books are selling like Jenna Jameson's used underwear.

Don't believe me? Go look at the Amazon Kindle stats in the Romance genre. Some women are buying and reading up to *six books a week*, now that no one can see the covers of what they're reading. I'm curious how many of them self-identify as "feminist".

Essentially, these books are screaming out **that women want to be Gamed, before marriage and after**, and no self-respecting gender feminist would *ever* admit to that. That would imply that women had no control of their own

sexuality, their desires, their sexual destinies. And ceding control of their sexuality to a mere man is an unthinkable betrayal of all of their feminist forebears.

So feminist bloggers have up to now either dismissed these books as “harmless fantasy” by whistling past the graveyard of the truth, or they form a harshly-expressed condemnation of the poorly-written books because of their abusive nature . . . while likely hoping that they don't alienate their own fans (who are buying these books like hotcakes) by calling them out.

Why are they so pissed off? Because these exercises in literary mediocrity and sexual excess are telling the Truth About Women's Sexuality, and that has to remain a feminist state secret, if women want to maintain power and control in America’s bedrooms.

That secret is that women’s sexual attraction is *responsive*, and that it responds the best and the most with those dominant cues associated with storybook heroes: tall, rugged, muscular, broad shoulders, commanding demeanor, decisive personality, keen wit, power, money, celebrity – you know the drill.

They want Mr. Right. Prince Charming. A tiger in the bedroom and a pussy in the rest of the house. Independently wealthy, power, an inexplicably devoted to their Magical Vaginas. They want the Primal Alpha experience, the Super Alpha cock, but the whole purpose of the romance in feminist terms is the Taming of the Primal Alpha into a female-controlled situation, *i.e.* “Happily Ever After”, *i.e.* Marriage.

You can see why they are appalled, and are trying to discourage the popularity of these books.

Here’s a list of “anti-feminist” messages and “dangerous myths” in ***50 Shades*** from a feminist website, **Her Circle Zine** by **Marina DelVecchio.** It’s not exhaustive, but it gives you a good place to start.

> **The Virgin Vs. The Deviant**
> “Steele has to be a virgin in this book, because another experienced woman, like her roommate, Kathryn, would never give in to BDSM willingly. And as she’s a blank slate, he can teach her a kind of sex that she had never been aware of, a kind of sex that is deviant and submissive

> and offensive. But because she doesn't know any better—hasn't had any other kind of sex—virtue and intrigue can be discovered in the sex that he offers her. If deviant sex is all a woman knows—all a man knows, since Christian Grey had only been exposed to this kind of sex himself at the age of fifteen—then that is the only kind of sex that will appeal to her until she can discover the other."

Apparently Steele just isn't slutty enough to be that slutty at the *end* of the book unless she was an ignorant virgin raised in a cave by the Amish at the beginning. Because women get very little exposure to sexuality in our culture, apparently. And "experienced" women apparently don't like BDSM or dominance and submission.

That's going to come as a big surprise to a LOT of folks out there.

According to Ms. DelVecchio, Mf BDSM is "deviant" sex. Lesbian sex isn't "deviant" these days, cheating isn't "deviant", divorce isn't "deviant" to feminists…but *put a man in charge* and all of a sudden you're a *deviant.* Show the remotest sign of backbone, and feminist doctrine calls for a nasty reaction. Try to actually be dominant in your relationship? You're one step away from being a rapist.

If you're a woman, Ms. DelVecchio wants you to go out and screw someone -- hunky pool boy, interesting co-worker, a soldier on leave -- just so that you can have a frame of reference before your Magical Vagina is ever-after contracted out to a handsome billionaire. Or -- more likely -- the schleppy Beta husband you settled for when your Prince Charming didn't appear.

2. A Woman's Love Can Change Men

> "E.L. James also asks us to believe that we, as women, because we are innocent, soft, and inherently maternal and loving, have the power to alter a man's history, to change him. If we show him real love—that he is worthy of love—he will become virtuous. Christian Grey is not a villain, but he has a dark side that only therapy will change, not a woman. "He objectifies her, don't get me wrong," one educated woman said to me about this book, "but he changes, because of Anastasia and the love she has for him." "No one has the power to change anyone, but this trilogy offers us the stereotype that women are virtuous and self-sacrificing by

> nature, willing to give up their needs and wants in order to appease their men."

Um…a woman *does* change a man. Not necessarily her love, mind you, but no man can come out of a relationship with a woman unchanged. Of course, what women (particularly feminists) mistake for "love" is the idea that they are actually *entitled to change a man in the first place* – not just change a man, but change all men into something more like . . . well, women.

Note how Ms. DelVecchio approaches the frame: there is something wrong with the hero of the story because *he doesn't do things the way she thinks he should*. He is damaged and flawed, and while the Manosphere understands *why* the heroine is attracted to the Uber-Alpha stud, Christian Grey, she's blaming the heroine's deeds and decisions all on "love".

DelVecchio's essentially taking issue with the Great Rationalization Hamster, the cultural hamster that American women frequently listen to instead of feminist theoreticians when they want to get righteously laid without guilt or self-loathing or concern for the Patriarchy.

True Love is for vapid idiots, seems to be the feminist rhetoric. Unless they, themselves, are in love, in which case all bets are off. The Gender Feminists who does find a man who will consent to marry her is rare, and even rarer is such a relationship that doesn't implode under its own weight. Even if it survives those critical first years, rarely does love persist to the extent necessary to sustain the marriage, and life under such a regime is often unbearable for both parties.

A life as a corporate spinster, on the other hand, is rich, fulfilling and full. *In theory.*

American women are not listening to feminism when it comes to relationships any more, however. That's because the equality-driven ideology of feminism is attacking the holy concept of True Love, and **woman's allegiance to True Love trumps feminism's relatively tenuous grasp on their hearts in a big way**.

True Love is the one thing that gives single women hope of personal happiness, instead of a future of corporate drudgery, loneliness, and pathetic one-night-stands. True Love leads to a solid relationship, a devoted husband, and children

in most women's minds.

Feminist want to tackle that idea and replace it with Men Are Pigs, or at least sub-moronic idiots who need to be patronized. Add to that the idea the feminist meme that "the love of a good woman" *can't* change a man and you have an ideology at odds with the rank-and-file womanhood.

The Red Pill fact is that we do have the power to change other people – in fact, we cannot help but change other people as we influence and interact with them. But beyond that, I have to agree with DelVecchio that women are *not* virtuous and self-sacrificing by nature. That's a rationalization. In this age of entitled feminism, the woman who is willing to give up ANYTHING for a man is a rare and precious thing.

Whereas the expectation that a man has to give up ANYTHING his woman asks him to is foremost in her mind. To DelVecchio and her feminist sisters, it is only proper that Grey give up his self-crafted identity for the questionable benefit of Steele's Magic Vagina, and not the other way around. He's a *man*. He's not entitled to control his sexual destiny without the firm, guiding hand of a woman keeping his "baser nature" in check.

But this one is most telling:

3. The Female Submissive

> " Both **Twilight's** Bella and **Fifty Shades of Grey'**s Anastasia are virgins. Both of them find themselves overcome by the experienced and brooding heroes with dark histories. This idea that the good girl is intoxicated by the bad boy is a motif in movies and literature, but why is it so intoxicating? Why cannot our heroines be strong, experienced, and not so easily overcome by bad boys and by the darkness they embody?"
>
> "Feminist theory teaches that women's bodies and place in society have been defined by men, since we all live in patriarchal societies ruled by them. Even though two women have written these books, they are reinforcing the erotic representation of women as men would portray them. Men love the sweetness and innocence of women, but they also

> want to see that innocence turn to a dark and erotic form. Both Bella and Anastasia do turn. In **Twilight**, we see Bella's sexual desire for her vampire hero, Edward. She tries to have sex with him for a few books, but he denies her because he may hurt her in his passion. With Anastasia, we see another virgin chained to a rack, being introduced to an anal plug and one orgasm after another. But she loves it. They're both innocent "submissives" with sweet and quiet strength; and they are both turned, by the men they love, into dark mistresses intoxicated by sex."

Now we're *getting* somewhere!

Ms. DelVecchio recognizes the allure of the Super Alpha for women, but thinks it's a *minor cultural thing*, not a deeply-embedded biological draw. The fact is, even hardcore feminists can fall for the "bad boy", no matter how strong and experienced and informed they are. And while Ms. DelVecchio expresses confusion at why this happens, I think anyone with any familiarity with Game will recognize why. And that's what is scaring feminists about this book.

This demonstrates the difference between what women *want* – that is, what they want from men in terms of social and interpersonal relationships – and what women "want", the things that arouse them sexually and drive their *desire*. The Blue Pill is essentially mistaking the former for the latter. The Red Pill is essentially saying the former is *predicated on the success* of the latter.

Feminists want to deny the power of Game (the use of dominance cues to arouse sexual attraction for use in seduction) because they want to deny that *sexuality has anything to do with how things are supposed to work in our society*.

Their struggle against sexism frequently gets turned into a struggle against sex, specifically male sexuality. Feminism won sexuality in the divorce, seems to be the attitude, and *only feminists* get to say what *is* and what *isn't* "real" or "good" sex. There is never an acceptable time under feminism for men to take control, especially of sex.

Game *has* to be bad, therefore, because it removes the control and the initiative from the woman. Possessing a poorly-understood sexual desire that responds to *the very behavior feminism sees as a threat* is a serious Achilles heel to the movement. Women are free to make their own decisions about their sexuality, they say, and Game is an unfair and worthless attempt at reestablishing male

control of women.

Feminist objection to the book is basic and pretty revealing: *If the man controls the sexual relationship, then he's going to want to control the rest, isn't he?*

They're right. Because as I mentioned earlier, **you can't be "just" dominant in the bedroom.** You either carry it with you *all day* or you leave it at home, **but you can't be Beta all day and then flip a switch and suddenly be the Alpha she wants once the bedroom door is closed.** You have to present Alpha in everything you do throughout the day, or it won't hold up.

If you're dominant, then that means your wife must, by default, be *submissive,* and submission to a man denies female empowerment. At the very least, under feminism, the two partners in a relationship are *nominally co-equal* (with the female holding *de facto* power over her male "partner" by virtue of her Magic Vagina and threats of divorce).

Only you can't have a "co-equal" dominance in a relationship. That's a poor rationalization at best.

One of you must lead, and one must follow, or you don't get anywhere. And ***50 Shades*** reveals just which one most women want to be. Not only are they not railing against the idea of male dominance, American women are all but demanding more backbone and more muscle in their men even as they complain about how unjust life still is for women.

It's Solomon's Dilemma: **She cannot respond to your mighty Alpha mojo if she gets a vote about where and when you deploy it.** Either you are in control . . . or you aren't. And if you *are*, then they *aren't*, and that doesn't work for them or their ideology, no matter how damp their panties get.

So feminists have a choice. **They can either admit that they "like" dominant men** (or at least most women "like" dominant, masculine men) and deal with us honestly about sex, society, equality, and everything (highly unlikely) or **they can get pissed off with their non-feminist sisters and blame them for the fact that women think with their crotch a lot more than they want to believe.** I wonder which way they will go?

Feminism is at an *impasse* with femininity. It's kinda cute.

That's where **50 Shades** and the feminist outcry that followed stems from. **Women clearly seek sexual fantasies where they are the submissives in the relationship. They overwhelmingly identify with characters who are dominated by their men.**

No matter how strong, smart, and resourceful the heroine is, it's inevitably her beauty and sexuality that get her out of trouble and into a wedding dress. She "tames" her bad boy, be he pirate, vampire, or billionaire playboy.

Weak-willed feminists and non-feminist women say it's just harmless fantasy – and to them, it is. It's a way they can stretch their sexual imaginations, they argue. Sex isn't all about orgasm and sweatiness, they explain, there's romance . . . and THAT'S what women want.

Which seems to be another way for American women to say "yes I want to be dominated, but I don't want *you* to dominate me".

Sex just isn't that compelling for most women. They don't have the kinds of spontaneous desire men do. They often can exercise their need for entertainment and titillation, maybe jill-off but probably not, and count it as a sexual, sensual experience, the end.

What it reveals about them isn't important because it's *private*, which means they don't have to talk about it and reveal the "weakness" of their desires...*to the men who are supposed to be in charge of pleasuring them sexually.*

For dudes sex is a different thing altogether. It's one of our prime motivating factors. When you boil down competition, money, success, acclaim, respect – it's all part of our innate masculine mating strategy to *get laid as often as possible.* We will do *whatever* it takes to get the poon. It's easily the most reliable thing about men. For men, sex is one of the top three things on our minds at any given moment.

Women score the success of a relationship based on how secure she is before sex even enters into it. Men score the success of a relationship based on how much and what kind of sex they get. Period.

A woman often will use this knowledge to their advantage – using sex to

influence men or get something is as old as Magic Vaginas (see how **Enkidu** got tricked, trapped, and "tamed" in the ***Epic of Gilgamesh***, over 5000 years old).

Even die-hard feminists don't hesitate to use this power in their personal relationships. They see it as a legitimate tactic in their struggle against the Patriarchy, and a perfectly reasonable one against their poor, misguided, hapless husbands.

How much would you like to wager that the majority of feminist marriages that end up in counseling are there because of sexual starvation of the poor Beta/Gamma/Delta husband? Keeping the initiative – the "hand" – in a sexual relationship gives a feminist *power* over that man.

And Game fundamentally changes that around.

When a man finally understands the things that trigger a *subconscious sexual response* in a woman – constantly teasing her throughout the day, distracting her with innuendo and flirtation, eluding her attempts to shit-test you, and generally be the cocky asshole that makes her pussy wet – then he gains power not just over his own libido, because he can better judge his chances, but over his relationship.

Once you learn Game and have "hand" over her, *the sexual initiative is yours.* If she tries to "use" sex to influence you, she knows she's going to have to commit to an *awful lot* in order to get the edge back. That might be problematic. Women don't think about sex spontaneously nearly as often as men. They think about it responsively. If you are constantly throwing her sexual cues, she has little choice but to *respond* .

If American wives start to be sexually (and otherwise) satisfied with their lives and deeply attracted to their husbands, *they might stop trying to hate men*. Feminism's success is *predicated* on American women being uniformly dissatisfied with their sex lives. **No husband is going to be as good as a handsome stranger or brand new vibrator.**

But the Red Pill counters that **no sated wife is going to be tempting the Divorce Gods with a girls-night-out gone awry.** If Beta husbands and Gamma LT boyfriends start leading and acting all Alpha, *in the bedroom and out*, then feminism might lose some of its most passionate adherents: divorced women.

Athol's take on Married Game, and the commentaries by other bloggers who have adopted it, have been profound. They've started no less than a movement among married men and single men looking to get married, a movement that raises the standards on women in some uncomfortable ways.

In creating Married Game, Athol's book brought all of the Manosphere under one roof, so to speak: it demonstrated how to deal with a post-industrial heterosexual relationship from a male perspective in a way that wasn't inherently punishing to either men or women. It took into account the different divisions of labor, the difference in incomes, the difference in sex drive and it found reasonable counters to them. In the process, Athol revalorized the idea of the Husband.

The Husband . . . as Captain of the metaphorical ship that is his family. And the wife as First Officer. The submissive one.

The fact that the radfems haven't firebombed Athol's house by now is a testament to a) his eloquence and disarming writing style and b) the inability of iOS6 Maps to reliably find any given location. Switch to Droids, ladies, you'll thank me later.

Not only was his book a hit on Kindle, but it sparked a wave of Red Pill blogs across the Manosphere, as men picked up the book, swallowed the Red Pill, and began to exert a more dominant force in their own marriages. These are the Old Married Guys trying to teach each other as we go . . . and it's going pretty well. .

Let's start with *me.*

**The Red Pill Room**

I started my OMG Manosphere blog ***The Red Pill Room*** literally moments after I finished Athol's book. I was already intrigued by the Manosphere, and was considering writing a book, when MMSL galvanized me in a way I thought I was too jaded to feel at this stage in my life. Not because I "hate women" or am "inherently misogynistic" or even "probably a sexual deviant", it's because I realized that, as good as my relationship and marriage to Mrs. Ironwood was over the last 20 years, there were still a lot of ways we might see an improvement.

I decided to attempt an experiment – one which will be detailed in a forthcoming book – and institute the Red Pill into my marriage without explaining too much to my wife, just to see what would happen. The blog is the sum of my observations about my own experience and my insight on the Manosphere on the subject.

Popular topics include discussions of female solipsism, the Female Social Matrix, understanding male and female group dynamics, the alchemy of desire, the whims of fate affecting a Wolf Alpha, and my increasing disappointment with collective womanhood. If you hate me because of what you've read here, you should really go to my blog – you can really find a good reason to hate me over there.

Among my contributions is an eight-part description of the perfect Red Pill date – an actual date I took my wife on last spring, broken down into its constituent components for easy study. There's also the *Masculexicon* (terms of art for the Manosphere), and tons of vintage 1940-1960ss commercial pulp art, including an obsession with the Vargas-style pin-up. There's also links to my other blog, The Sex Nerd. Come on by. I like to chat.

But a few months after my blog started rolling, a curious thing happened: a lot of other blogs about the same subject, more or less, sprung up. They were folks who were likewise taking the Red Pill, running Athol's MAP, or otherwise attempting to fix or sustain their marriages.

I call them the Red Pill Rangers, for their brave discussion of the sometimes-ugly parts of married life. But as far as I can tell, there have been few allergic reactions to the Red Pill. Apparently just some increased work performance,

calmer moods, and increased sexual activity – not bad side effects for any medication.

# The Red Pill Rangers

**Average Married Dad**
Average Married Dad's blog began as a specific Red Pill Marriage blog and segued into a broader discussion of being a husband and father in the 21st century.

AMD has an Everyman feel about his blog – he really is an Average Married Dad. Feminists searching for blinding misogyny will be disappointed – he's just a dude who wants to sleep with his wife more. AMD found the Red Pill in the first big wave, around the time Athol first published his book. This is actually AMD's second blog attempt – the first one he did anonymously, without his wife's knowledge.

But after taking the Red Pill, AMD stepped up his Game in the MAP-approved manner . . . and he started getting results. Enough so that it got his wife's attention, and after he hemmed and hawed he told her what he was doing. Believe it or not, she did not demand a divorce on the spot – she told him she approved. Apparently this new captainy stuff he was doing was really tripping her trigger, and with her encouragement he re-launched his blog to cover not just his marriage, but issues of fatherhood and family life.

AMD is a prime example of how the Red Pill and the Manosphere can have a positive effect on a man's life. Before the Red Pill, AMD had a fairly generic "co-equal partnership" marriage, where both he and his wife were vaguely unsatisfied in that way that often leads to an affair. The Red Pill gave him a nomenclature to use to manage his marriage more effectively, which in turn increased his marital sex life to a place where both he and his wife are happier.

Average Married Dad is important because of his complete averageness. He's the typical white guy with a typical white guy job, trying to live his life. Before the Red Pill, that was a struggle. Now it's a very rewarding struggle.

Moving toward a Paleo diet, increased workouts, and Gaming his wife on a daily basis has reinvigorated his relationship and energized his feelings of fatherhood and his desire to be an active, positive paternal role model. AMD takes his responsibilities as parent and husband very seriously – like most married men, his family is the center of his universe.

His blog's best stuff is just the kind of thing most married men his age are looking for: ***Fight Club*: How does Brad Pitt look so good?, 12 Types of Sex**

**for Married Couples,** and **What's the Point of a Sexy Wife if You Don't Get to Hump Her?** are popular posts. Seeing how this utterly average married father uses the tools he found in the Manosphere as empowering factors in his life gives hope to the millions of dudes just like him who are in despair about their marriages. Here's how he defines the Red Pill:

> The Red Pill is seeing how the world really is in the way of interpersonal male and female relationships. The Red Pill unlocks the keys to these interactions and shows men how to take off the emasculating shell we're forced to wear and how to cultivate masculine values and behavior. As a result he sees the world for the first time as it is, and can actually become the man he is destined to be.

This guy hasn't been taken to the cleaners by a bitchy ex, ladies. He's not bitter because of a personal tragedy. He's not the kind of sad, perverted loner the Manospherans are often made out to be. He's *utterly average*.

But when even an utterly average married dad can see that men today live in an "emasculating shell we're forced to wear" and recognizes the disrespect given to "masculine values and behavior", feminism should take note. This is the dude you needed to convince the most . . . and you've lost him.

He's becoming the man he is destined to be.

**Adventures In Red Pill Wifery**

There are women in the Manosphere. Some, like Susan at ***Hooking Up Smart,*** are seeking ways to advice young women on how to pursue a productive mating strategy. Red Pill Wifey seeks to implement the elements of the Red Pill into her marriage voluntarily.

I know to a lot of feminists that sounds like blasphemy. But Red Pill Wifey, like many, many women today, is as upset with the way men and masculinity are treated as men are. She sees her femininity as a dominant force in her life, but acknowledges that in important part of that femininity is the willingness to submit to her husband's leadership.

Red Pill Wifey actively promotes the art of wifery, that is, **the art of being a wife.** She has firmly adopted Athol Kay's Captain/First Officer approach, finding empowerment in her willingness to support her husband's policies and leadership.

In response to one reader who was reluctant to take a look at MMSL due to it being "too alpha", RPW says this:

> The message to "alpha up" is in direct contradiction to what society tells us is proper and politically correct. The natural dominant inclination of the male sex and the natural female submissive response to displays of male dominance are often shamed and boiled down to the word "misogyny". It's in direct contradiction with what most women say they want. It's in direct conflict with a million books, movies, television shows, and magazines.
>
> But it's so true. A husband's dominance naturally brings out a wife's submission, adoration, and attraction.

RPW focuses on her relationship with her husband ("the Captain") in a fun an affectionate way. But she acknowledges that it is work, and she details some of her discussions in her blog in a way that might give insight into how a Red Pill marriage should work:

> Had a great, long conversation with the Captain about several things on Saturday evening, driving the kids back from a friend's house. Discussed

> some things I'd been reading in the Manosphere, reminisced about life before marriage (I didn't realize that I never really talked to him about my time in the military, other than how much I hated going back to it after a weekend with him. I'm remedying that). We talked about previous partner numbers, and how it seems that women don't care quite as much as men do. That's the case in our relationship; I don't even remember my own number, nor his, but he knows, and both numbers bother him. I assumed that he regretted that his number was smaller; to the contrary, he regrets that it was so large. I warned him that I may make a post about my previous relationships at some point, and he seemed warily ok with it. No specifics, but some generalities. He gets slightly miffed anytime I mention an ex boyfriend, so I need to tread lightly. He had some interesting thoughts on it all, and I told him that if he felt the need to write it down, I'd be happy to let him take over the blog for a post or two. We learn a lot from each other via this and forums, so it's a good communication tool.

Yes, that's the horribly oppressed little Red Pill Wifey . . . having a deep and intimate conversation with her husband about their complex relationship, within the context of all of their relationships. Just one step away from clubbing her over the head and dragging her back to his cave.

Of course, there just *might* be some cave-dragging, too. As RPW reports from time to time, she and the Captain like to take full advantage of their newfound marital attraction to each other . . . and it ain't all wine and roses:

> *We got back home and chatted with the grandparents a bit before they left. Kids all tucked snugly in their beds. Once they left, he grabbed me and said "I want to see that lipstick on my dick", swatted me on the ass, and sent me to take a shower. I put in a black nighty and some pink lacy panties. (Side note: I originally went for the red panties to match the lipstick, but realized those are too big for me now. SCORE. Nothing like that to make a girl feel sexy.)*
>
> *He let me wait a few minutes, then came in and we got down to business. Without going into graphic play-by-play, there was a blindfold, a belt, and lots of spanking. And hairbrushes sting like a motherfucker. I'm not even sure how long I was pushed face down on the bed, but by the time he flipped me over, I felt like I was in a place I'd never been before. He made me beg for my orgasm, and when I finally did…. Erm, well, it was rather*

> *messy, if you know what I'm saying. First time for that. It was so intense, I started crying and nearly hyperventilated. First time for that too. He held me close, stroked my hair, and calmed me down because I think he thought he hurt me, but I told him I was fine, and he finished soon after.*
>
> *I woke up this morning feeling completely destroyed, in a wonderful way. I'm kind of drifting off trying to recall the feeling as I'm writing, because it was so amazing.*

Yep. That's the lot in life of a poor Red Pill wife. Sex with her husband. Frequent sex, too – she charts it to keep track. Sex so good *it makes her cry*. In the context of a warm, loving, highly fulfilling marriage.

*Why won't some brave feminist go liberate this poor woman from her suffering?*

**Aleph One**

Aleph One is a particularly interesting blogger to me, because I actually know him personally. He was already investigating the Manosphere and discovered my blog, and it was only by accident that he figured out who I was. My secret is safe, however – he's a stand-up guy.

Aleph and his wife are both in their second marriage, so they're both casualties of Marriage 2.0. In addition, Aleph's wife lost a ton of weight and looks fabulous now – and that started getting her attention. From Aleph, and from others.

They're in their 40s, so they aren't kids anymore. Aleph knows how the world works, and when he saw his wife starting to show signs of discontent, he knew he had to do something. What he ended up doing was taking the Red Pill . . . and things turned around dramatically.

Aleph understands the Red Pill as a tool for male empowerment, and has used it effectively to keep his relationship safe. More, his blog chronicles his use of Athol's MAP to keep himself fit, Alpha, and in charge of his relationship. Mrs. Aleph was impressed, without knowing why. When he told her, she ended up reading my blog and his, as well as many of the other Manosphere blogs.

She's a career professional, and has worked in a female-dominated career for years. She should be the first one in line during Free Ice Cream for Feminists Day at Ben and Jerry's . . . but she'll probably be working out, instead. Mrs. Aleph is enjoying her husband's newfound backbone. And now that she understands why and how he's doing it, far from seeing it as oppressive or demeaning, she sees it as a manifestation of Aleph's love for her. (And since she reads my blog and knows Mrs. Ironwood, she keeps an eye out for anything Mrs. I would disapprove of. Nothing, so far . . .)

Red Pill husbands aren't dictatorial assholes. They're Captains, firmly in control of their ship. They treat their wives not as slaves, but as valued First Officers. Watching the evolution of the Alephs' relationship from Blue Pill insecurity to Red Pill passion has been highly enlightening . . . and entertaining. It's watching two people in love, but the mature kind of love, where they understand just how deeply the other can hurt them from personal experience.

The Alephs are both adults in their relationship. They both understand what they have to lose, and what little they have to gain, by sabotaging their own marriage. They know all too well just how easy it is to end everything, and how hard it can be to keep things moving forward. The allure of "someone new" is always there . . . but by understanding how and why that allure exists, the Alephs have a much better handle on how to respond to each other to stay infatuated.

As I said, it's been entertaining to watch. And as their Red Pill relationship has progressed, I felt a reward was in order. One advantage of knowing someone in the Manosphere who lives in your home town when you work at the Giant Lube Factory is that you can reward their progress with something a little fun from the giant toy closet. And I get CRAZY discounts on sex toys.

I'm just not sure if the Alephs are going to need them any time soon.

**Marriage In The Bedroom**

Ponyboy is a Canadian Manosphere blogger who started the MITB blog after being inspired by what he saw. He explains why:

> I'm a happily married father of two. I started reading blogs online as an outlet and a resource to see what other married guys like me were going through. The wife and I were having a tough time in the sack back then and I stumbled upon some blogs that really helped.
>
> As I read more I discovered I enjoyed reading about others and having conversations about various marital and relationship issues.
>
> I am an anonymous writer and intend to stay that way. I don't feel I would have the freedom to write what I want to write if I was publishing with my real name. Also, my wife isn't aware that I blog. I don't like hiding it from her because I think it would be great if she could enjoy this with me, but as of right now, having her involved would ruin the outlet that this has become for me. In time I may let her know, the only change that I can see happening if she knows is that I might ask her to add her perspective to some stories in the blog posts.

Ponyboy is a pretty typical Red Pill husband, but he has some very good insights

on the power dynamic within his relationship. Not just his relationship, but workplace relationships as well. He's taken the Red Pill approach to not just his family life, but has employed it to great effect at work as well.

On leadership, Ponyboy says

> I have a hell of a time accepting leadership, probably why I am best suited to owning and running my own business some day. That way I can do things the way I want, if I run things into the ground it will be my fault. I really struggle having decisions being made for me, or being told what to do.
>
> The same thing applies in a marriage or a LTR. In the interests of harmony, someone has to be the ultimate decision maker and whoever is not the decision maker needs to accept that leadership.
>
> It can be the man or the woman, (I'll just stick with heterosexual relationships here for ease) but someone has to take a leadership role and make decisions that are in the best interests of the group (even if that group is only 2 people).
>
> That doesn't render the non decision maker voiceless.
>
> He or she certainly still has a say or an opinion on how things are done.
>
> Just like at a well run business, the leader typically takes recommendations and opinions from the group and makes what he or she feels is the best decision for the group.
>
> Same thing in a marriage or an LTR. No good leader wants to make decisions that are only in his or her best interest, no one wants to follow someone like that, that type of leader will find him or herself without a job or a partner if he or she behaves that way.

Ponyboy points out the Red Pill reality of modern marriage: that most decisions *can* be made by either party without too much difficulty. Male dominance, per se, isn't his focus as much as sex with his wife (the only woman he's ever been with). But that didn't mean he didn't step up his alpha, once he realized what

that meant, and before long she was responding beautifully and loving every moment:

> I tease her about being so professional at work, and a loving mother during the day, and then an absolute dirty girl (I won't use the word slut) in the sack in the evenings. I think she likes the challenge and the dichotomies of the two "personas" if you will.
>
> Nothing wrong with a little gentle manipulation to get us what we both want and enjoy right?

Ponyboy demonstrates how complex a modern marriage can be, and how essential good communication is. The fact his wife doesn't know about the blog allows him freedoms that other married bloggers don't enjoy – but also provide some risks.

Still, he's more than happy to take the risks if it brings him these kind of results. Popular posts of Ponyboy's include **Why Building a Snowman With Your Kid is Hot To Your Wife, Tweaking the Beta/Alpha Balance**, and

**What Changed Me From A Complete Beta,** however, shows how Ponyboy, like a lot of Red Pill men, started finding the Red Pill before they knew what it was. It began, as such things often do, with a bad relationship with a bad girlfriend:

> When it was all said and done, I enabled and dated a girl who publicly disrespected me, who took advantage of my niceness, who essentially made me look like an idiot in front of my friends, friends of my friends, her friends etc... And still, I was the one who got dumped.
>
> I was never angry at her. In fact, it wasn't long after we broke up that I saw how much of a loser she was and was happy to have nothing to do with her. But man was I mad at myself for being a pussy for such a long time. I was embarrassed, actually stronger than that, humiliated. Not for the fucking around she did, but for not manning up telling her to fuck off.
>
> In fact, the cheating didn't really bother me. She wasn't my possession, if she wanted to suck some dicks go for it, it was more about me allowing it

> to go on without me doing something about it. About believing obvious lies, that I knew were lies but didn't have the balls to push further, about not standing up for myself and about how everyone in my circle of friends, and beyond, knew all this.
>
> So because I have some pride and some self respect, I vowed to never allow myself to be disrespected like that again. And that doesn't just apply to cheating and relationships with women. I'm talking in general.
>
> I've never had a confidence problem, why I put this girl on a pedestal and allowed her to behave that way was beyond me, and still is.
>
> So today, I still put my wife on a pedestal, she's a wonderful woman and deserves to be. But I put myself on that pedestal with her, cause I deserve to be too. The moment you start looking at the other person as "better" or "too good for you" or whatever; you're fucked.
>
> I demand respect, I don't allow myself to be lied to, pushed around, walked all over etc... The nice thing is my wife doesn't try to push me around, lie to me etc... But in other aspects of my life, this attitude has paid off. Like work.

While its debatable among feminists whether or not Ponyboy's wife could be considered "on a pedestal", one thing is perfectly clear: his experience helped make him into the passionate, resolute, and thoughtful man he is. He, like most Red Pill husbands, honors and respects his wife, but he demands honor and respect in turn. He puts his wife on a pedestal not because she happens to have a vagina he enjoys, but because she is a worthy wife . . . in complete contrast to so many women.

Ponyboy has taken a break from blogging recently, but his voice will echo around the Manosphere whether he speaks again or not. Hopefull we'll see more of his no-nonsense observations in the future.

**I Will Never Say No In 2012**

Mrs. Yes is another female Red Pill Ranger is the woman who writes the ***I Will Never Say No In 2012*** blog. The blog title reveals her angle: she made a promise to herself to **always say yes to sex with her husband**, whenever he

initiated it. After reading so much about how important sex is to men in the Manosphere, she felt compelled to give her husband this gift . . . but not to tell him she was giving it to him:

> I was thinking a bit more about my motivation for keeping this resolution a secret. I haven't told anyone about it except anonymously here in the blog world.
>
> Initially the official reasons were:
>
> If my husband knew he would be very tempted to dare me to have sex with him in some inappropriate places or situations.
>
> I will say that I trust my husband and he respects me - he would do this jokingly and expect me to say no, I need to make sure that this was not about how far I would go to keep the resolution and more about living up to the promises I made when I married him.
>
> This was a change in me and I didn't want my husband to have to change anything
>
> I am not sure if this holds water, but could it be that I didn't want him to feel like the pressure was on him more now to perform? Who knows what I am thinking sometimes.
>
> I think now that there were some unofficial reasons:
>
> I've never actually kept a resolution for an entire year. Thinking back now I was probably subconsciously protecting myself and allowing that out if I failed.
>
> I did keep one resolution but it almost feels like it doesn't count because it isn't daily and it is fun - one year I resolved to get back into sports by joining teams, that was 14 years ago and I still play on various sports teams. But this isn't a constant thing that I feel like I had to work at daily.
>
> I think that if I told him and then there was some annoyance or disagreement I could actually use the resolution as a tool or weapon and decide to take it away.

> Wow isn't that bitchy, I'm not sure I would but that I could even think about it now is really repulsive to me. I think sex is a powerful force in a relationship and can be used as incentive and can be held back as punishment or some sort of power struggle.
>
> If I tell him I will never refuse him, will I feel rejected if he isn't after me all the time
>
> This is a thought I had yesterday while I was responding to a comment on my last post. This one is pretty scary for me because as I have said this resolution will continue for the rest of my life. So I better get some realistic expectations and be ready for 2013 and beyond.
>
> Its fun to have a secret
>
> This secret blog and my secret dedication of myself to my husband I think it makes things more exciting. This makes me feel a bit guilty and question my motivation, fortunately I am pretty good at debate and can get myself past it.

While not explicitly “Red Pill” in nature, Mrs. Yes has adopted the female-submissive posture in her marriage, and wants to see how her husband reacts to such positive reinforcement.

Interestingly enough, when Mrs. Yes did finally expose her secret to her husband, her blog went dark for a while. It was one of the mysteries of the Manosphere how well Mr. Yes reacted, until recently, when she laconically broke her silence to mention that 1) he loved it and 2) blogging just doesn’t have the same allure as when it was her dirty little secret.. Hopefully they’re just too busy having sex to write.

These are all married couples, mostly happily – and some deliriously happy. Reflection on that fact caused me to pen my own ode to love and marriage during a very bad week this summer: when my father, Papa Ironwood, had to have his leg amputated. It was a momentous occasion, and the bravest I have ever seen the most important man in my life.

But watching his interactions was impressive, and it caused me to write this about the “real” Happily Ever After. It kind of sums up the commitment Red Pill couples feel to each other . . . the kind of commitment most people seem to crave like a drug, but find as elusive as a dream:

> The Real "Happily Ever After"
>
> It’s rare that I run across anything Red Pill friendly over at HuffPo, but the other day I came across a very telling post from a blogger, Martha Lyles. She is essentially writing a letter to herself, from her modern perspective as a wife and mother and grandmother to the 20 year old woman she was, who was so excited about her Big Party.
>
> [T]here is one quote I want to hone in on:
>
> “...The same goes for being a wife. You'll marvel at Dick's unswerving commitment. You'll learn to put him first and -- believe it or not -- you'll delight in doing so. You'll see your role as his helpmate and cheerleader. You'll pack his bags for business trips, tucking love notes under ties. You'll view all the joys in your life as gifts from above, like the six wide-eyed, rosy-cheeked grandkids who clamor for your cookies and your kisses. And you'll sense, time and again, the grace conferred in your wedding Mass sustaining you as husband and wife.”
>
> Religious sentiment aside for a moment, consider the perspective: **“You’ll learn to put him first and – believe it or not – you’ll delight in doing so.”**
>
> This is not, as you might think, a “see, I toldya so!” about male dominance in a relationship. This is a “see, I toldya so!” about how you *don’t get divorced.*
>
> It's also a glimpse into the real, Red Pill reality of Happily Ever After (HEA), the romantic nirvana that inspires romance novels, mommy porn, and soap operas.
>
> When women in their youth begin to form their True Love inspired Happily Ever After fantasy, it rarely includes things like packing suitcases

for their husband’s business trips or struggling through childbirth alone while your husband is on deployment. Or the ugly reality that is early childhood development. For many modern young women, the idea of “having kids” is so abstract and glamorized and sanitized for them by our culture that they don't understand the level of involvement necessary to keep them from becoming willfully ignorant drains on society.

To young women today, it's as if children were a status symbol, not a new life, merely an option like a new car with leather interior, and not a life-long personal commitment. They are allured by the feminist ideal of “equality” and "equal opportunity", which means that they see family and children (and eventual divorce and remarriage) as part of the expected checklist -- and their dedication to "equality" means they expect that whatever poor Beta chump they marry will handle all the details. (Or, conversely, that she will marry well enough to have servants to care for them like her favorite celebs.) "Happily Ever After" is a gauzy vague cloud of ill-defined bliss that follows the Honeymoon to them, the natural and inevitable conclusion to "True Love".

But True Love, Red Pill style implies a host of boring, mundane, petty little compromises that do little to empower you as a woman or see you reach “your full potential” in the feminist sense. Likewise motherhood. Motherhood, to feminism, is a *bother*, a needless distraction away from the self-indulgent achievement-based Matrix climb for fame, cash and prizes.

The term “wife” is anathema to feminists. When a feminist reflexively uses the term, it’s almost apologetic. “Husband” is often used with a proud sense of ownership, like she just got a great lease on a car, but a feminist woman rarely describes herself as a “wife” unless she’s in trouble. And a feminist has very little, if any, ideological instruction on being a wife save how to end the practice. Feminism celebrates divorce and punishes success when it comes to marriage.

Feminists can often manage to get married . . . they can rarely manage to stay married. And very, very few can be said to be in "happy" marriages (marriages in which *both* parties can *consistently* say that they are happy with the way things are going). And part of the reason has nothing to do with ideology -- it's because *they don’t know how to be married*.

In attempting to re-write the social rules of marriage, feminism's built-in escape hatch made the effort to work on a marriage a lot harder than ending it. Feminists can become brides pretty easily, thanks to the power of pussy. They can just as easily become ex-wives, with a stroke of a pen. They rarely become "wives" (under the Rectification of Names). So for all of their vaunted empowerment, it seems that feminism insists that an empowered feminist woman can do ANYTHING . . . *except be a good wife.*

That, of course, fuels hypergamy and divorce and other crap, but the plain fact is that feminism has rejected the Happily Ever After in favor of the EPL ("Eat, Pray, Love") divorce, and now we have a nation of women bellyaching that they STILL aren't happy, despite getting everything their heart desired for 40 years. They want their Happily Ever After, but *they aren't willing to do the work required.* And Happily Ever After requires a lot of work. Just ask Martha Lyles.

This woman was a *wife*. She had a *husband*. She didn't have a co-equal partner in her relationship, she had a *captain of her ship to whom she was loyal and respectful*. She did things for him that a feminist considers demeaning: packed his suitcase, quit school, ended her career aspirations for his benefit, raised his children, cooked his meals. She deferred to him in important ways, and often in unimportant ways, not because the custom or religious rite demanded it, but because *that's how successful marriages work.*

She doesn't write about the sacrifices her husband may have made -- that's *his* story, not hers. She doesn't write about how hard it was and how regretful she is of her missed opportunities. She writes of the sacrifices of a woman in her marriage, but she also writes of the rewards. The Happily Ever After.

Grandchildren, a big happy family, and a great husband she adores and looks up to. And she doesn't just mention he's a "great husband", she describes an important attribute of his greatness in his devotion and thoroughness in helping her fight cancer. No mere domineering chauvinist is likely to do that. He repaid her sacrifice and devotion with his loyalty and steadfastness, not merely providing practical support

during her struggle, but being her unwavering rock to which she clung as she wrestled with her own mortality.

Any of your weak-willed Beta future ex-husbands going to do that, feminists? Good luck.

The important thing to take away from this success story is simple: the author was not merely extolling the virtues of marriage, but she was demonstrating the necessary dedication to fulfilling Happily Ever After.

You don't ever plan to get cancer in Happily Ever After. But you do get a strong and resilient Prince Charming willing to stand over your wounded body with a sword, keeping the monsters at bay. You don't imagine that you'll get piles of diapers and bills and bad report cards and problem children in Happily Ever After. But you do get a strong, disciplined father to keep order and enforce policy among your children until they can do it on their own.

You might conceivably envision grandchildren in your Happily Ever After, sitting around rosy-cheeked and respectful of you. But you probably don't understand how to get to that point – and truly appreciate it – because you have to first raise your own brood to adulthood and steer them toward their own productive relationship before you get rosy-cheeked grandbabies.

For those feminists who feel they can have a "co-equal partnership" with a man, while secretly exerting feminine privilege as a means of manipulating and controlling your husband until you lose all respect and desire for him, *you are forever denied this Happily Ever After.* Because you refuse to do the work and be a wife to your husband. You get the EPL version, in which you marry a billionaire after spending your ex-husband's money on eating, praying, and loving. Oh, and good luck with that billionaire – I hear there are simply *scads* of them around.

But it's not just a bust for single feminist career gals. It works both ways.

For those men who have eschewed the possibility of marriage in the pursuit of a permanent ticket to the Puerarchy, letting your bad experiences and fear of rejection give you a rationalization why you

shouldn’t be required to invest in a 50-50 shot at success, please believe me when I tell you sincerely that I appreciate your willingness to Go Your Own Way.

But you, too, are exempt from this Happily Ever After. In truth, you may change your mind at some point, when you are older and your perspectives change. Our sperm is viable into our 70s, and a mid-life family has a lot of advantages. But if you are committed to being uncommitted to a woman, then expect a long, slow decline with fewer friends alive every year, until you are alone, babbling incoherently to robots in some distant future retirement community.

Marriage is by no means for everyone. But it is not, as some would contend, not for *anyone*. It’s a trade-off, an exchange of commitments and obligations and sacrifices and dedications and courtesies and fears and delights and secrets and trusts and weaknesses and power and – yes – financial considerations and sex, and if you are not prepared to indulge in that kind of personal commitment and dedication (and few 20 year olds of this generation are) then I encourage you to avoid the issue entirely. Believe me, it will take the pressure off to not have to worry about marriage and family.

So put “Happily Ever After” away in your mind not as "mythical" but merely as forever out of reach. Substitute some government-subsidized retirement plan at a tropical resort where you’ll expire on the golf course or in your sleep . . . alone. Imagine a world in which you are by yourself at age 50 and the doctor mentions cancer and you realize that since your sister died you have no one in the world to call and talk to about it. That’s the "swinging single" alternative to Happily Ever After.

When you’re writing up your last will and testament, and you realize that everything you own and collected and cared for will go to your niece in nephew who live in another state and who might pass you in the grocery store without recognizing you, that’s what you get when you’ve lost Happily Ever After. The *real* Happily Ever After.

Because Happily Ever After doesn’t mean a blissful paradise of champagne and strawberries and anniversary dinners in four-star restaurants. It doesn’t mean kinky hotel sex and romantic walks on the

beach as a matter of course.  There are few diamonds in for-real HEA.

You want the truth?  Happily Ever After can be brutal, as anyone's life can be *brutal.*  But Happily Ever After softens the brutality with a thick protective layer of humanity, wherein the love you pledged at the altar has grown between the two of you and expanded and transformed until it supports a web of such love that echoes across generations.

When you're surrounded by your wife and your children and their spouses, all deeply concerned about your well-being and quality of life when your body betrays you, that's Happily Ever After.

When your sons, grown men all, and your grandsons drop everything in their busy lives to rush to your bedside and then spring into action to build a wheelchair ramp you didn't think you'd need, that's Happily Ever After.

When your daughter-in-law enlists the aid of experts and researches the furthest reaches of medical science on your behalf, motivated by love and pure, unadulterated respect for the only father she has left, that's Happily Ever After.

When an entire community floods your house with calls assuring their support, based on their deep respect for who you are and what you've done to touch their lives, that's Happily Ever After.

When your wife holds your hand and cries so you won't have to when you tell the doctor to go ahead and take the leg, that's Happily Ever After.

## The Future of The Manosphere . . . And Masculinity



It would be easy to finish this book with a bitter misogynistic screed – that is, if you didn't think that the whole thing was a bitter misogynistic screed. As it is the end of this book, I'd like to address the core groups of my readers, depending upon how you perceived the work.

If you found yourself more offended than intrigued by the evolving state of masculinity, I have two things to say to you: you aren't paying proper attention to what is happening with men, and your being offended doesn't bother us anymore.

If you found yourself agreeing with the idea that men are not the sinister oppressors of women and humanity they're made out to be, but that the anti-feminist rhetoric was so vicious and vitriolic that you're amazed anyone could get that through the noise . . . hey, you paid attention. Congratulations. Perhaps next time you hear about some male issue or masculine interest in the future, you will stop and give thoughtful consideration how it might appear from a man's perspective. If this is the only thing this book accomplishes, I can count it as a success. I am an open *agent provocateur*, and my purpose is to get your attention.

If you found yourself realizing that, perhaps, the way that you thought things

worked when it comes to intergender relations was faulty, and a fresh look at the observable reality of the situation is in order, congratulations. I won't tell anyone you snickered at the funny parts. If you don't trust me or believe me (and why would you? I'm some dude on the internet) then look this stuff up for yourself.

I'm not insisting that you accept anything that is said in here as any kind of doctrine or manifesto – I'm merely reporting what other people are saying and doing. If you have concerns or questions, exercise the magnificent tool that is the internet and discover the answers for yourself. You don't have to agree with me about the answers . . . but ask some damn questions.

If you are a **die-hard feminist womyn** and think that this is the biggest pile of shit you've ever read in your life, allow me to provide some creative and interesting review quotes, to save you the time and mental energy. You *know* how tired that makes you look.

> *"Ironwood has put together nothing less than a putrid indulgence in misogynistic filth; clearly a man with deep-seated personality issues and an abiding hatred for all things feminine, this waste of electrons should be executed and its head put on a stake outside every Harley-Davidson dealership as a warning to others. If Ironwood points the direction toward a new masculinity, the human race is doomed!"*

or perhaps

> *"Using his knowledge of marketing and psychological manipulation, Ironwood seeks to create a new movement of women-hating, misogynistic douchebags dedicated to nothing less than the overthrow of Western Civilization and a return to the oppressive dark ages exemplified by the worst days of the Patriarchy. Foul humor, cynicism, and an abysmal and twisted perspective on feminism and its goals make this crude 'masculinity manifesto' ultimately nothing more than a cynical and blatant attempt to sell more porn DVDs. Ironwood purposefully misinterprets both the history and the philosophies of feminism in all of its forms to forward his own personal agenda – what that might be, his ranting and occasionally incomprehensible prose does not clearly distinguish. One thing is for certain, however: if this is the worst that feminism has to face, its place as the dominant paradigm for the 21st century is secure."*

Or, if you're REALLY pissed off . . . and have a college degree . . .

> *"Ironwood uses anecdotal stories and blatantly misinterpreted scientific studies to attempt to support his misogynistic philosophy, tying together a wide-ranging group of extremists, con-men, and societal rejects into some sort of 'order' and trying to call it a 'movement'. While nothing could be further from the truth – there is no real sign that American Men, today, are "suffering" to the extent he reports, and his declaration that they're feeling 'oppressed' is laughable, at best – Ironwood attempts to polish the turd of the so-called Men's Rights Movement and other subversive or radical organizations into something noble. It's not noble, Mr. Ironwood. It's disgusting, puerile, and dangerous. Your support of anti-feminist rhetoric and outright lies about feminism borders on the criminal, and suggests not only personal shortcomings and potential mental illness, but is indicative of the reactionary tendencies shown by the Patriarchy when straight white men feel under attack by strong women.*

> *"Never has the loss of male privilege been celebrated with such petulant disregard for the truth. Never have angry white men sounded this childish as they whine and bitch from behind the protection of internet anonymity. And never has feminism and its precepts been so blatantly and cynically misinterpreted in order to promote a socio-political perspective, even one*

*as foul as Ironwood's. Clearly this kind of filth requires reconsideration of our dedication to free speech – freedom of expression might be sacred, but to allow this unrepentant misogyny and unbridled rage against all things female into the public venue strains the idea to its capacity.*

*"Don't recommend this book, even as humor. It's dangerous. Every copy that's read sets back intergender relations by decades. And in the hands of the unstable or the socially maladjusted, it has the potential to be a handbook for hatred the likes of which are rarely tolerated in the public discourse. We beg Ironwood to cease this pathetic attempt at self-aggrandizing rabble-rousing amongst the masculine masses. Men have enough issues to deal with without being given the false hope of a collapsing feminism. If there is any justice in the universe, Ironwood will end this farcical persona, cease spewing his vile hatred, and seek personal professional help, preferably at the hands of a skilled psychiatric professional. That's the only venue for which this bile is appropriate: the ravings of a heavily-medicated madman."*

There. If you can't write a negative review more creative than that, *don't bother trying*. NONE of you can trash me more than I can trash myself. But let's see if any of you have the talent to try. And expect me to call it out in the blog if you fail. Or call attention to you if you actually succeed. I eagerly anticipate your efforts, ladies, try not to disappoint.

If you're a dude who is suddenly intrigued that there is a world out there that doesn't entail capitulation to an antiquated, terminally-splintered ideology against your best interest . . . congratulations. If your eyes hurt, it's because you haven't used them before. Get in there and start exploring the rich, murky primordial soup of the Manosphere, and pick a direction in which to involve yourself. Have a cigar. Scratch your balls. We don't mind.

If you're a middle-aged man who has found something useful in here, something you can use in your own relationship in the pursuit of your personal reproductive strategy or even your personal sense of masculinity, then I'm glad I was able to help. That's what Old Married Guys are supposed to do, point the direction.

Take the Red Pill, educate yourself, and start becoming the man you want to be . . . *for yourself*. Lose societal expectations, take a deep, introspective look at yourself, and decide what your priorities are. The first step to becoming a

mature Man is having a plan. I recommend Athol Kay's MAP, in his brilliant ***Married Man Sex Life Primer***, but if you find it more expedient to start by going Paleo, working out until your bones ache, or upgrading your wardrobe, then more power to you.

If you are an older woman who is in search of a decent man, for companionship or reproduction, and you are in despair over the current state of masculinity and your chances of finding a meaningful relationship with a dude who isn't an abusive turd, I beg you not to lose hope.

Why? Because despite the current nasty situation, the fact that you have armed yourself with even this much information on the subject gives you a dramatic advantage over your entitled, solipsistic competitors. You know, those women who tell you that your hair would look even cuter *even shorter*, who introduce you to a string of losers, who tell you that it *shouldn't matter* what you look like, if a dude really loves you he won't care? **Those women are undermining you with every word out of their mouths, while pretending to "help".** Then when you have yet-another disastrous relationship, they talk shit about men and convince you that we're all pigs.

That's only partially true. There are PLENTY of decent guys out there. Not perfect guys, not wealthy guys, not Prince Charmings or Christian Greys, but if you're more concerned about someone to come home to and spend cold nights snuggled up to than what kind of car you want to drive and where you want your mansion to be, then open your eyes and see the wealth of masculine talent around you for what it is.

If you want a man, then discover what you need to do to be *wanted* by one. If you want love, *be loveable*. If you want warmth and romance, then *be warm and romantic*. If you want a big, strapping, masculine dude, then be the kind of feminine woman he's attracted to.

If you want a productive career and a shot at senior management before you're 40, then knock yourself out . . . but also understand that you're making a trade-off.

To that end, if you're a younger woman, in your 20s and possibly reading this as part of assigned Women's Studies coursework on the reactionary nature of the Patriarchy, then I hope you will at least consider this important fact, if nothing

else: **feminism lied to you when it said you would have plenty of time for family after you successfully built a solid career and established personal security.**

They lied to you about how easy it would be to find a decent husband, and how much harder it gets every year. They lied to you about what men want from women and what we're willing to put up with. They lied to you about the happiness you'll experience when you're 45 and STILL swilling Chardonnay and spinach salads at brunch and pretending you're Carrie Bradshaw when, in reality, you'll just be a desperate old drunk woman who will only have the comfort of her girlfriends – and her nieces and nephews, if any – to console her about her personal life. They lied to you about how fulfilling it is to live "strong and independently", without a man.

Try this helpful exercise: go talk to five single 40+ year old women. Ask them if they'd rather be single, strong, and independent, or in a stable relationship with a decent dude. See what they say. I'm not saying you need to run out and start popping out kids the day after graduation, but you need to *seriously* re-examine the "life plan" feminists have been feeding you. **Because the women of the previous generation bought into it, and now they're freaking—*the fuck*-out.** So examine the fine print carefully, Ladies, because once you sign on, you're *committed* . . . one way or another.

If you're a young dude at the cusp of manhood, and you suddenly realize that a lot of what YOU have been told about how men and women work has been a lie . . . congratulations, my brother, you've begun. I'm not selling you anything more than this book, and I'm not asking you to take my word for it. Just go out into the Manosphere and decide what your life as a man will look like.

Whether you've got an inner Conan, James Bond, Sherlock Holmes or Captain Picard within you, allow it to flourish. Go put your brain between the hammer of truth and the anvil of subversion and let the Manosphere beat your head into a well-tempered sword to your custom specifications.

To everyone who is so fucking confused after all of this crap, I ask you to consider this: after all of the pain, anguish, anger and bitterness you've read about, you might think that the Manosphere wants nothing less than a return to the oppressions of the past. But that's not how I roll, and that's not what the Manosphere really wants. Not at all.

**What the Manosphere wants is to see masculinity respected again in our society for the vital, valued asset it is.** It wants to see an end to the denigration of men and male sexuality. It wants to see men develop their masculinity on their own terms, combining classic, traditional elements from the past with the realities and the necessities of the 21st century. The Manosphere is a reaction, an opportunity to share and to rage in a safe environment against the slings and arrows of misandry, and a place for communication and bonding between men.

**But it's not complete**. The Manosphere is a nascent thing. It's only been around in recognizable form for a few years, and it's still just bursting out of its orbit. It's going to grow, as more people know about it and join in. As Jonathan Frost of **Freedom Twenty-Five** says, "quit bitching and start a blog." That might seem a contradiction in terms, but its advice that's being heeded all over the place, now. The Manosphere has endless potential for growth. We'll run out of writers just as soon as men stopped being pissed off.

The Manosphere lacks several distinct voices that are needed to lend a more comprehensive perspective on western masculinity. Manhood is not the sole province of the white, middle-class heterosexual American. As much as the Left would love to equate it with former Romney supporters, the fact remains that masculine issues cross the boundaries of race, class, religion and ethnicity. Black men, for example, have borne the brunt of perpetual misandry for *decades*, first at the hands of stupid white people and now at the hands of their own communities . . . and stupid white people.

Yet black men are also arguably seen as the primal American expression of physical masculinity in its purest form. They certainly get stuck with a lot of misandry about their sexuality, and the scorn and suspicion they are often greeted with by the women of their communities is *appalling*. The Manosphere needs far more distinctly African American voices, bringing their insights and experiences to add to our dirty snowball.

And I don't just mean college-educated, *thoughtfu*l black perspectives. Let's bring out the crazy, too. There are white supremacists aplenty in the Manosphere – some black supremacists would be a welcome balance. The thing is, **they're both men**, dealing with the same issues – women, marriage, divorce, work, kids, visitation, child support, dating, relationships, achievement, respect, strength – as the rest of us. The more the merrier.

(It would probably be in your best interests, too. During the first Obama campaign I attended an event sponsored by a local feminist group – basically all the Hillary folks who didn't want to work under the Big O without protest – at which a local African American political leader was a guest speaker. After hearing the increasingly adamant list of feminist grievances and policy proposals, and a wholesale condemnation of the white conservative patriarchal power structure and its support of various elements of rape culture, the black dude spoke.

Nothing major happened – he was eloquent and impassioned and went a long way toward healing the rift between the two factions, locally. But afterward, when we got a chance to speak in private, he confided in me, *"Thank God I'm black. If I wasn't, I would've thought they were talking about* me.*"* The point was well taken. **Race is skin deep. The XY chromosome is in the *nucleus*.**)

Black men get the absolute worst parts of being a man in our society. They are the ultimate expendables, historically speaking. If men in general have received the majority of the dangerous jobs in our history, black men have done a disproportionate number of them, often involuntarily. In war, they have traditionally been given the most hazardous duties. In war movies, the black dude always dies heroically, sacrificing himself to save everyone else. There's a reason for that.

Black men are incarcerated at a higher rate than any other group. Growing up in the 80s, during the worst of the crack epidemic, actually arriving at age 18 alive and out of jail was a pretty decent accomplishment for a lot of my black friends. Few actually got married and had families, and those who did still struggled mightily. Black men die faster than white men.

Black men wear the same shroud of sexual suspicion due their gender that white men do, but carry the additional burden of racial fears and cultural baggage that make a black man in this country subject to being stopped and searched no matter what kind of car he drives or where he went to school. Being black and male is like walking around with "PROBABLE CAUSE" tattooed across your forehead.

Some of my black friends are the biggest pussies I've ever met, yet if they get on an elevator with women, white or black, they are viewed with suspicion. The

historic prejudice against black men, from the Tuskegee Experiments where they were used like disposable guinea pigs to the Wilmington riots of 1890 (the only successful *coup d'etat* in American history – against black government officials) to the use of black labor for every disgusting, godsforsaken nasty and dangerous job possible, has made being a black man an especial burden. **Even you white supremacist motherfuckers have to admit that.** If you're a black dude, everyone is *always* looking at you like you did something.

Yet it is among black men that some of our most stunning examples of masculine courage, ingenuity, and fortitude – masculine values all – are found in our culture. Black men are the backbone of our civil service, our middle class, and our working class. They are not monolithic.

There are poor Southern rural blacks, African and Afro-Caribbean blacks, there are relatively wealthy middle-class black suburban professionals, and there are wealthy upper-class black families that maintain a Country Club and Cotillion upper crust that parallels the white variety. Black culture is the driving force of the American media empire, and the burden to be hip and give awkward suburban white kids something to dance to is great.

There's all that pressure to sexually perform to match cultural expectations. Not to mention having a big dick. And it really sucks if you belong to a group that is rumored to have big dicks and have a small dick.

Globally, black men have become one of the fastest-growing tourist destinations in the world. Thanks to divorce and middle-age career spinsterhood, middle-class white women from the US and Europe fly to third world countries in Africa or the Caribbean to engage in sex trafficking. They and haunt resorts known for such things, and engage in heated "affairs" with lusty, well-hung black men. Thanks to ***Stella Got Her Groove Back***, it's become socially acceptable for a distinguished middle-aged account executive to pay for the Mandingo treatment by the hour in Kingstown or Sun City.

The same women who frequently decry prostitution in their own communities as exploitive are stuffing hundreds in the pockets of working-class black boys after getting righteously boned. They dismiss what they do as a service, due to the extreme poverty in such places. Turning a sex vacation into *noblesse oblige* seems a little like an over-rationalization to me, but the fact is these rich white women are paying poor black men for sex, and there's nary a murmur from the

antisex-trafficking forces because they are just men.

Black men have their own issues and concerns in addition to the industry-standard male ones. But they're important, even vital to the equation. I hear one even runs the country at the moment. To not hear what they have to say about our gender and their perspective on divorce and family law would be intellectually dishonest in any discussion about masculinity and male issues. So please. More black dude blogs.

To that end, a Latino perspective would also be welcome. With Hispanics being the fastest-growing ethnic demographic in the country, the story of Men in America will increasingly be told with a Spanish accent. That's not a bad thing – Latino culture is replete with colorful masculine imagery and a tradition of machismo that's legendary. *Latinos estamos muy macho*.

From the handlebar mustache to bull fighting to dueling with swords to cliff diving to revolutionary armies, Latino culture presents some of the most basic and visceral stereotypes of masculinity available. "The Most Interesting Man In The World" is Latino, for example, part of the *Dos Equis* beer campaign that combines the traditional Latin macho trope with the exaggerated cockiness found in Game, and BAM! Sales go way up and a cultural icon is born.

While I love the masculine imagery associated with Latino culture, the fact is that in America we usually see Latino men *at work*. Hispanic men provide a huge pool of labor across the nation, far in excess of Latinas in terms of man-hours. Of course the Latino community is as varied as the black community – Cubans in Miami have far different political values than, say, Mexicans in Texas or Puerto Ricans in New York. But the common descent from a strongly masculine culture allows a certain sense of cultural ownership of their masculinity. I've gotten some of the best advice about women I've ever gotten from Hispanic men.

(This is, of course, where Third Wave Gender Feminists shriek with horror over the cultural oppression of their Latina sisters and point out that the rate of domestic violence is higher in Latino communities than the average. But the time you can automatically equate domestic violence with masculinity is over.)

Further, the Latino community offers a strong model for good patriarchal leadership. Fathers in traditional Hispanic cultures tend to dominate the affairs

of the family and extended family, allowing mothers and wives to dominate the domestic world. While it can no longer be said that Latino culture is exclusively or even predominantly Catholic, the respect in men engendered by the Church infuses Latino culture even after the people have converted to *norteamericano*-style Protestantism.

We need Latino voices in the Manosphere. They're the folks who invented "macho". Bravery, hard work and masculine respect are still valid coin in the Hispanic world. In many ways they have access to a vital cultural tradition of masculinity that white America has lost in its quest for homogenization. It would be foolish to revalorize masculinity in the Manosphere without hearing from many, many more Latinos.

Asian men, too, need to be included. Asian men suffer the worst sorts of emasculation in our culture. Once, if you were an Asian dude portrayed in popular culture, you fall into two varieties: Bruce Lee the martial arts badass and Harold, from ***Harold and Kumar,*** the struggling Beta calculator jockey who gets bullied by stupid white boys into doing their work.

Since most Asian dudes are no more badasses than anyone else, the Kung Fu mystique has largely given way to the Asian Nerd. The Yakuza and the Triads aside, Asian men are seen mostly as harmless, small-dicked technocrats with no ambition.

In reality, Asian men have usually dedicated themselves to the enrichment and prosperity of their extended family. The Confucian tradition of advancement and achievement in exams has led to a brutal culture of culturally-strict parents who, despite otherwise being well-acculturated into American culture, persist in not being slack unto the third or fourth generation. While a lot of attention has been given to Tiger Moms, and the way they impose unreasonable social and academic standards on daughters far in excess of the hated Patriarchy, the fact is that the brunt of the Tiger Mom's energy is usually reserved for their sons.

In traditional Asian culture it was the men who dedicated themselves to the pursuit of passing the lucrative civil service exams that granted prosperity to your extended family. It wasn't uncommon, in traditional pre-industrial Asian culture, for three generations of your extended family to pool their resources to pay for the tutor and other requirements of Confucian scholarship if you turned out to have enough of a brain to handle it. While your siblings toiled in the

fields all day, you could be reading and reciting and learning calligraphy – cushy work compared to subsistence farming.

But the pressure to succeed could be unbearable. Boys as young as fourteen or fifteen would have dozens of relatives depending on his successful passing of the exam, and subsequent job posting with the civil service. Not only did it often pay handsomely, but it allowed access to official favors, the lifeblood of the Chinese bureaucracy for over 5000 years.

That culture has been translated today into an obsession with academic performance that regularly skirts the abusive. The goal of the Tiger Moms and the Tiger Dads isn't merely getting a good job, its utter domination in competition. And if you fail . . . well, let's just say your folks aren't likely to take you out for ice cream to cheer you up.

(Plus, you get the undeserved reputation for having a small dick. That's just wrong. The fact is, while Asian dicks are, indeed, slightly smaller than the human average, that they can easily range in size from the Comfortably Snug to the Get That Thing Away From Me in any given individual. Anyone who thinks all Asians have small dicks need to check out Anglo-Asian porn stud **Keni Stiles**. Dude is swinging some pipe, and he knows how to use it. Plus he's just a *helluva* nice guy. But Asian dudes' dicks are plenty big.)

How high is the pressure on an Asian son? There's a reason that they pioneered the use of suicide websites.

Let's take a quick peek at Asian Masculinity, shall we? Not just in the West. There are some serious crises for Asian men on the horizon in Asia. They may well be instructive to how the gender debate in America may turn out, too. Particularly Japan.

**The *Sōshoku-kei***

In Japan, you have the phenomenon of the herbivore, the *sōshoku-kei*. This is a whole class of Japanese men who shun marriage and even girlfriends in favor of an austere lifestyle that includes indulgence in personal hygiene products, like the American Metrosexual. Only the herbivore takes the idea to the extreme . . . and has **absolutely no desire for any kind of romantic commitment whatsoever**.

A 2010 survey in Japan revealed that over 1/3 of Japanese men viewed themselves that way. Among men in their 20s and 30s, *over 70% do*. Philosopher Masahiro Morioka redefined *sōshoku-kei danshi* as men who are "the nice guys of a new generation who do not aggressively seek meat, but instead prefer to eat grass side by side with the opposite gender." A nation of docile, non-aggressive men completely content not to ogle women in public, but do it in the privacy of their cubes on their iPhones. **The feminist utopia.**

So how are the women of Japan greeting this phenomenon? According to traditional feminist ideology, they should be welcoming it with flowers, relieved that, at long last, the power of the hated traditional Japanese patriarchy is broken and women can assume their proper role as co-rulers over the placid island domain. Right? Women should be in a rape-free, utterly fearless state of gender freedom.

Only . . . not so much.

Japanese women are not amused by the *sōshoku-kei danshi*. In fact, they're pretty pissed off. Instead of leaping for the golden opportunity to achieve and succeed in one of the biggest post-industrial economies in the world that this should be providing them, as feminism said they should, Japanese women are bitter about the fact that they have *virtually no hope of having children.* And you thought Western women are having a hard time finding decent husbands.

The men they meet might be interested in a platonic date, but trying to get them to initiate sex is difficult, if not impossible. *Sōshoku danshi* are the ultimate Beta orbitors . . . *only they don't really ever want to land*.

Why are the *sōshoku danshi* instructive? Precisely because Japan is one of the biggest post-industrial economies in the world. Japan has pioneered much of what we can expect socially, in the context of the post-industrial economy. You can look at the metropoli of Japan and see the way things will eventually look in America. And while it might be an ideological victory for feminism, it would be really, really bad for women in general.

The herbivores have taken the Puerarchy to its logical conclusion. They grew up as the sons of the 1980s *salariman*, the loyal and hard-working company men

who built Japan into the financial, industrial, and technological powerhouse it is today. They also spent the vast majority of their time at work while their lonely wives browbeat their children into preparation for the all-important college exams. For cultural reasons, the sons got the lion's share of this attention. And the pressure.

The *sōshoku danshi* have withdrawn their participation in greater Japanese society, because *they see no incentive to pursue the traditional marriage and family*. Their distant, overworked fathers provided no guidance or impetus for having a family. Their economy and the spoiled, entitled nature of Japanese girls have given the *sōshoku danshi no incentive whatsoever* to procreate. None.

The extra demands a wife and children place on a Japanese worker are tremendous, and social expectation mandates that he work his ass off to support them. The *sōshoku danshi* is utterly disillusioned with the highly structured, highly gendered achievement, the high expectations of Japanese women, and far more content to pursue quiet hobbies and masturbate than actually go on a date.

That's a bigger deal than it might seem. The Japanese have been the leaders in masturbation technology for decades – we had a short-lived dominance due to the Fleshlight, but after that Japan blew us away with the Tenga.

The Tenga, for the uninformed, is a disposable egg-shaped plastic male masturbator that you can buy in a vending machine for a couple of bucks, use a dozen times and then throw away. The Tenga egg comes in many different styles, offering different types of stimulation, but one thing is agreed among all who use them: it's a better blowjob for a cheaper price than you can get anywhere.

The Tenga allows the *sōshoku danshi* – or any man – a way to slip away, knock one off, and get back to work without the necessity of a woman involved. It's cheap, it's convenient, and it won't insist on wearing your sweaters. And it's getting more sophisticated every iteration. The device has such an appeal that the government is considering regulating them, to help encourage the birthrate.

That's important. Japanese women aren't the only ones upset with the *sōshoku danshi*. The phenomenon is having real social repercussions. It's such a big deal, in fact, that the Japanese government is actively trying to discourage *sōshoku-kei* behaviors, because it's leading to a dramatic decline in the birthrate.

And if they can't sustain the birthrate, then the weight of caring for the Japanese elderly will fall to a smaller and smaller number of working Japanese. So the Japanese government has offered generous cash rewards and tax incentives for young couples to marry and have babies.

Which puts the average young Japanese woman in the unenviable position of having to work to pay taxes to subsidize some other woman's ability to have kids.

Think about it: you have to do overtime to keep your expensive apartment, but the girl down the hall gets time off and extra money to raise her new baby, since she actually found a husband. And *you're paying for it*. Bitter, yet?

The *sōshoku-kei* are particularly instructive because they have, for all practical purposes, **totally invested in the feminist ideal of true equality between the sexes**. They have institutionalized Betadom. They have done their best to remove the complicating influence of women from their lives. And they have succeeded, regardless of what it does to Japanese society.

In the ultimate passive-aggressive protest against the social expectations, the *sōshoku danshi* are doing the bare minimum of what is required of them and spending the rest of the time playing video games or whacking off to porn or watching tv or on the internet. Anything but going out and talking to girls.

So what's a girl to do? Go to a prostitute.

Well, kinda. While the Japanese hostess bars are pretty well-known to Western businessmen, they're specific to that clientele. Native Japanese men go to similar places, but reserved for Japanese only. It's not personal, it's not racist, it's just . . . well, it's just Japanese. Some of these parlors are merely entertainment, some are involved in some kind of paid prostitution. But recently a new kind of hostess bar has arisen, one designed to cater to desperately horny and romantically forlorn young women.

These bars hire well-built Alpha studs to linger and play "host". For a fee a woman can have the "boyfriend experience", an attentive man who listens to her and flatters her and pays her attention. And she buys champagne. A lot of highly overpriced champagne. Between the fees and the drinks, a young woman

can drop a thousand dollars in a night if she isn't cautious. If you feel outraged by the cold manipulations of American PUAs, ladies, consider these fellows.

They're handsome, they're hunks, and they usually grow to despise the girls they're paid to flatter. American PUAs have nothing on the brutally cold way these men abuse the affections and expectations of vulnerable young girls. It's not unheard of for these girls, many of whom think it's hopeless for a real, regular boy to find her attractive with the lure of the *sōshoku kei* on the horizon, to run up debts to these bars in the tens of thousands of dollars. Often they must become prostitutes themselves to have any hope of paying off the debt.

Ironically the girls who needed to pay to get a handsome boy's attention end up getting paid to give head to sweaty old businessmen their fathers' age. The next generation of Japanese will be much, much smaller, and the result of the few "carnivores" who managed to have kids. But the worst is yet to come. Literally.

As mentioned, the Japanese are the leaders in masturbation technology. In addition to the Hitatchi Magic Wand and the Tenga, Japan will also be the first nation to produce a fully animatronic sex doll.

That doesn't sound like a big deal, considering the state-of-the-art demonstrated at the annual AVN show in Las Vegas, but the fact is that thousands of inventive Japanese are working on the problem. Indeed, they are obsessed with it.

The goal is to produce a mechanical sex doll so realistic as to be indistinguishable from a human girl. While the state-of-the-art at the moment is still on the clumsy side, there's also a kind of kinky Moore's Law in effect: the dolls get significantly more realistic and closer to the ideal every year. Right now they look like mannequins. In a decade, they'll walk next to you in the grocery store and you won't realize they're not human.

Those ladies reading this who think that this will be the sort of thing only pervs and Omegas will buy need to consider the possibilities through male eyes: someday, within your lifetime, it will be possible for a man to go on-line and order a perfect mechanical girlfriend.

Perfect skin, perfect eyes, perfect face and figure, forever young and with a 1 year limited warranty. She will be flawless and completely programmable.

Racial preference? European, All-American Girl, African, Latina, Arab, Asian, and South Asian – ask about our ethnic customization package! Hair color? Get all five natural wigs! Voice? Choose from over a hundred distinct tones and accents! Personality? Select from twenty two different adjustable templates!

Her ladyparts will be designed to do things the human vagina never could. Sweet and submissive? Click here. Sassy and naughty? Click here. Super-slutty? Click here. She'll tell you anything you want to hear and be eager to do anything you want to do. She'll never judge you and she'll never reject you.

Suddenly your husband's jealousy over your vibrator doesn't seem quite so funny, does it?

And if she can be programmed to suck a dick, she can probably answer the door, wash dishes, and never, ever cheat on you because your toaster is gay. All that for the price of an economy car.

How is some awkward 20 year old *real* woman going to compete with *that* for a man's attention? How is some middle-aged 40 year old wife going to compete with that? A man doesn't even need to own – rental agencies are inevitable.

(Sure, they'll probably turn out to be Cylons and end up killing us all. But I can think of worse end-of-the-world scenarios than being finished off by lusty nympho sexbots.)

Sexbots sound like science fiction, but considering the prevalence of the *sōshoku danshi* in our model post-industrial society, there is a real danger of them eventually becoming a social hazard. If a dude can turn 18 and order his own perfect girlfriend, you can bet it won't be a beater car his lawn-mowing money will be saved for. Once the Puerarchy gets access to them, it's going to get crazy.

Will there be a female equivalent, a clockwork boy with a custom-sized penis and a passion for listening to all of the exciting, interesting things that happened in your day? Of course. But women require social context and human social networks far more than men do.

A woman might buy or rent a sexbot, but not nearly as often as men. With a sophisticated and clever enough AI, it would be fun for a while, but it's unlikely

the sort of thing a woman would build a lifestyle around.

Dudes on the other hand can build a lifestyle out of NASCAR and Natural Lite. It doesn't take much.

Lastly, there's the final frontier.

Not space. *Homosexuality.*

Along with the re-adjustment of our intergender relations, last century also brought us another small but vitally important step for masculinity. The Stonewall Riot. In 1964 some cops thought it would be fun to go down and bust up a gay bar and arrest some queers – always good to show you're working hard against vice in an election year. Only the gay men in the club were fed up, fought back, and started a multi-day riot that may well be the most revolutionary act in American social history. Gay men stood up for the right to be gay, in public, without it being a crime.

Homosexuality and Masculinity have always been uneasy partners. But in the 21st century it will be vital for the voices of gay and bisexual men to be heard. Before those of a more religiously conservative bent freak-the fuck-out, allow me to explain.

Mostly when we speak of male issues and masculine interests we're speaking about them in *heterosexual* terms. That's reasonable enough – the majority of men are openly heterosexual.

But it's also important to remember that our masculinity is *not innately tied to our heterosexuality.* Some of the most masculine men I know have never touched a tit voluntarily. Being a man doesn't necessarily mean loving a woman. It doesn't reduce his masculinity, unless he purposefully endeavors to be effeminate.

But even effeminate gay men are XYers. And *all* gay men suffer with the same family court system, the same Selective Service requirements (and being gay isn't going to keep you out of any future draft any more fellas – sorry!) and the same issues of fatherhood and divorce that straight men do.

The homophobia that infects the Manosphere is partially humorous, in the

emasculating teasing dude sort of way, and I know that some of you ladies find that offensive and appalling. Deal with it. The gay men who lurk in the Manosphere do. Just like the black men deal with the asshole white supremacists who seem to infect everyone's site from time to time.

If you can perhaps lay your homophobia aside (because, honestly, you *just aren't that hot*) for a moment, gentlemen, you can find a world of useful information from gay men. If you're single, try using a gay dude as wingman. (For that matter, try a lesbian, too – I've seen them work *wonders*.) Gay men often have insights on the subject of women that they've gleaned through their disinterested status.

And lesbians provide an interesting perspective as well – the most misogynistic things I've ever heard in my life I've heard from the lips of a lesbian. Lesbians can look at women with more objectivity than men. They can often explain female behavior you just cannot understand. And they have like *every freaking power tool* in the universe, sometimes.

I'm not trying to be patronizing here, I'm dead serious. Gay men and lesbians can inform our masculinity. Now that they are no longer socially ostracized by their sexuality, they are free to add their voices to the discussion of masculinity, and they're worth listening to.

But the straight Manosphere needs to be making room for gay voices because they offer incredible insight not just into gender relations, but into the heart of masculinity itself. Gay men represent what it is to be a man without the context of woman. I've spoken in this book occasionally about Bull Alphas and Wolf Alphas, but there is also another kind of masculine leader type: **the Bear Alpha**.

Only partially tongue-in-cheek, **the Bear Alpha is the kind of man who attracts the attention of other men as much or more than he does women.** Bear Alphas are not necessarily gay – or at least openly – and often appear far more invested in dedication to some ideal or purpose than the pursuit of sex. But they are *undeniably* masculine, and their ability to attract and captivate other men into their circle, much the way a Bull Alpha attracts women, is a defining characteristic.

You will find Bear Alphas at sea, on oil rigs, in the military, in the priesthood, in the wilderness. They are a man's man: rugged, tough, and supremely self-

confident. The tough old inner-city priest. The boxing coach. The fishing boat captain. The tough-as-leather old cowboy. The Bear Alpha represents an expression of masculinity that is not explicitly homosexual in nature, but there's no denying that such men in such positions feed into gay sexual fantasy.

Their presence, their confidence, the sheer power of their masculinity inspire loyalty and adoration from both men and women. They are often uncomfortable with such attentions, particularly from women, and often end up as permanent bachelors. If they do marry, they tend to marry high Alpha women who are strong enough to manage the majority of family matters while he tends to the affairs of the world. If they are openly gay, then they often settle into a marriage with a solidly Beta bottom who fulfills the same role.

But truthfully the Bear Alpha is as likely to be uncomfortable with the sexual attentions of men as much as women, whether through social pressure or personal inclination. His dedication to a relationship with the elements, or the rig, or the job, or whatever is what makes him attractive to both, socially and sexually. Bear Alphas are the ones who can show us what it is to be a man independent of woman. They are MGTOW by their very nature. To discard them as "unmasculine" simply because they like hairy man ass is just unfair – to straight men *and* gay men.

We straight men owe more than we realize to Stonewall. Before Stonewall and Gay Rights, gay men usually chose a life lived in the closet. They married just slightly less than their straight peers, and it was not uncommon at one time for a pretty young wife to unexpectedly find her dapper husband in the arms of another man…and just "not see it" before developing a discreet drinking problem. Gay marriage has always existed – it's just usually the wife was the last to know.

When gay men came out of the closet and demanded the right to marry other gay men, they did straight men a valuable service**. They took themselves off the straight marriage market for good.** If a young gay man realizes his sexuality before he comes of age (and most do), then they won't even flirt with the idea of getting involved with a woman for "appearances sake".

This means that the pool of handsome, well-dressed, well-spoken and socially ambitious young men available for courtship went down dramatically, and straight women were stuck with the rest of us. No more could they find a

socially-advantageous match with a closeted gay man who wanted a wife to keep up appearances and bear an heir.  Gay men are now tantalizingly out of reach for straight women – and we should appreciate that.




Regardless of who ends up adding to the Manosphere, one thing is certain: **the impetus toward a redefinition and revalorization of masculinity is underway there.  Men are looking for advice and counsel there.** Men are sharing their opinions, wisdom, and insight there.

It is becoming a training ground for negotiating the tangled and dangerous waters of the Sexual Market Place, arming confused young Betas, Deltas and Gammas with the means of leveraging their value instead of becoming the timid stepfathers to someone else's kid.

Men are discovering who they are at a younger age and making better decisions because of the information that they're finding on the Manosphere.  They're expressing themselves using the anonymity and the outreach potential of the internet to escape the social punishment men usually get if they speak as men.

Men are discovering that they exist not in isolation within a matrix of feminine social networks, but within a much larger context of masculinity, one which can improve how they behave and function as men.

The Manosphere is empowering men to take charge of their own lives, for their own interests. If feminism has opened negotiations on the intergender contract, then the Manosphere, for all of its goofiness and hyperbole and locker-room teasing, is where the conversation begins from the male side. It is there that the interests of men can be discussed without fear.

That atmosphere can convince a young man to dedicate his life to something meaningful . . . or indulge in something meaningless with equal facility. It can tell a Beta dude how to act like an Alpha enough to get laid like a rock star, or actively seek out the kind of woman who's worth the investment of his time and commitment. It can offer the young man considering marriage a toolkit for evaluating and vetting a potential future wife.

It can encourage a husband in an uncomfortable marriage to take charge, assert himself, and figure out just who he is and where the marriage is going. It can give valuable insight to women who want to understand the essential nature of men, who are earnestly pursuing a thoughtful reproductive strategy. It can offer solace and support to men who have been victimized by women, and arm them with the tools necessary to pursue their own interests.

It can provide wisdom about childcare, parenting and fathering, giving resources and context to those dads who are ushering their sons into manhood in this frightening time. It can offer support and guidance to fathers attempting to communicate with their own sons in a meaningful way. And it guides the fatherless through the harrowing rites that life conspires to throw at us to make us men, whether we want it to or not.

As I complete the draft of this book, it's the day before my eldest son's 13th birthday, and my father's 67th. They are the two most important men in my life. My father has always been there, always been supportive of my efforts, even when they don't seem terribly productive at first. He has never failed me. My son is entering manhood in a frightful time, in a climate that is hostile to him and his gender.

It's also going to be a time in which the strength, the courage, the ingenuity and the abilities of men are going to be needed the most. We cannot save the world from the results of climate change and the evils of dictatorship and extremism, and the vast social issues that plague us without first embracing our masculinity without apology and without shame.

We must continue to invest each other as men with the respect and admiration we feel, and voice our gratitude for that experience. We must pass along the masculine strength and wisdom we possess, and be willing to learn from those whose wisdom and strength are available for our study. We must celebrate masculinity, from the devious naughty boy behavior of the Puerarchy to the solid force for order and reason that the Patriarchy, for all of its bad press, has gifted us with.

And if that pisses off feminists or women in general, so be it. They've been pissed off at us for decades. We can handle it. It's time for us to step up and be the men we want to be, without their permission and without their guidance.

This book is a legacy for my sons and a tribute for my father, the reasons I undertook this exploration in the first place. It is in their honor that I submit this book to the universe, in hopes that the world my son inherits will serve him better as a man than the world my father and I witnessed.

This book is finished, but there will be at least two more to come. One will be **The Red Pill Experiment,** chronicling my search for meaning, masculinity, sex and perspective over the course of the last year as I researched this book and employed the Red Pill skillset. It'll be a hoot, I promise.

But the other will be a second Manosphere book, because as much of a mess as I've made describing it, the fact is that I've barely scratched the surface of the Manosphere. And, hopefully, after this book is published *thousands* of new men will be inspired to talk about their experiences and share their insights in our dirty little snowball.

So go ahead. Start a blog.

Everyone's doing it.

You wanna be *cool*, don'tcha?

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I could go on, but I have to stop somewhere. Of course Mrs. Ironwood deserves a medal – or at least a hot sex vacation – out of all the crap she's had to wade through for the last two years.

Now y'all stay tuned. There's lots more to come.

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